JOHN L. STODDARD'S LECTURES

IRELAND I — IRELAND II

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A TYPICAL IRISH VILLAGE, GLENCOE.

JOHN L. STODDARD'S LECTURES

SUPPLEMENTARY VOLUME

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IRELAND I

WHERE THE CABLE LANDS, VALENTIA.

IRELAND

PROLOGUE

THE buffer-State of Europe, the first of Old World countries to confront and check the surges of the North Atlantic, which have till then felt no curb for two thousand miles, Ireland looks, half lovingly, half sadly, over the waste of waters toward the distant continent that has received so many of her children, having long held her face averted from that nearer land where few of them have found a home.

BEAUTIFUL IRELAND.

AN OVERTHROWN DRUID ALTAR, ACHILL.

When one reflects that during the last eighty years more than four million Irish men and women have landed in the United States, it is surprising that Americans know so little of a country whence have come such numbers of their citizens.

Of all the thousands of American tourists who every year sail by the coast of Ireland, few care to pause there, and probably still fewer think of the island otherwise than as a poverty-stricken place from which all those who can escape, do so as soon as possible. A study of its history, however, and above all a sympathetic visit made to it, better to understand its cities, villages, scenery, and people, reveal a multitude of attractions, to which the great majority of mankind are totally indifferent, and of whose very existence few save its loyal children seem aware. My first trip through Ireland was like the tour usually made by those who, in their eagerness to reach Great Britain and the Continent, rush through the Emerald Isle as through the shabby, insignificant portal of a

splendid palace. My recent tour convinced me that on the first occasion I had ignorantly passed by objects of transcendent value, as one unskilled in mineralogy might live above the gold fields of South Africa, yet die in poverty. The fact is, that for certain forms of natural scenery, memorials of Druid paganism, wonderful prehistoric relics, and priceless souvenirs of primitive Christianity, Ireland has no equal in the world. If one begins by pitying her, one ends by loving her. Certain countries, like certain individuals, possess a power of winning our affection, when we come into their presence, and Ireland is one of them. The fascination exercised upon the traveler and student by such lands may be compared to that exerted by a charming woman; for, as a rule, these countries are essentially feminine in character. This is by no means equivalent to calling them effeminate. Effeminacy is degeneracy. It shows a weakened type, a sex deformity. True femininity, however, may be as noble and heroic, as it is beautiful and winsome; and it is worth remembering that

A FEMININE LANDSCAPE.

nations which are distinctively masculine in their aggressiveness, indomitable energy, and indefatigable pursuit of the practical at the expense of the ideal, may be most feared, but they are not the best beloved.

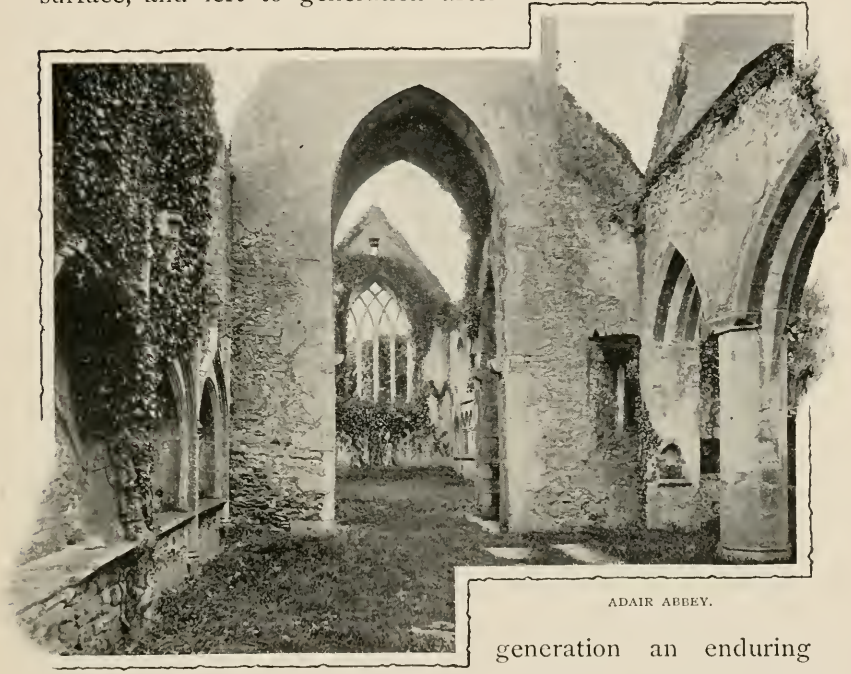
Now, whether we consider the graceful undulations of her verdant hills, her quickly varying climate of alternate sun and showers (so typical of human smiles and tears), or her sensitive, warm-hearted people, tinged with the trace of melancholy inseparable from impressionable natures, Ireland appears indisputably feminine. As such, the vision of her beauty charms us, the story of her heroism thrills us, and the long record of her suffering saddens us, until we often view her ruins through a mist of tears.

WHAT IRELAND NEEDS.

When the delighted tourist in Ireland looks around him on an exquisitely beautiful and naturally fertile land, capable, under proper cultivation, of supporting twenty million people; when he is made aware of many industries which might be profitably managed there with capital and suitable encouragement; when he beholds her many noble harbors, rarely

QUEENSTOWN HARBOR.

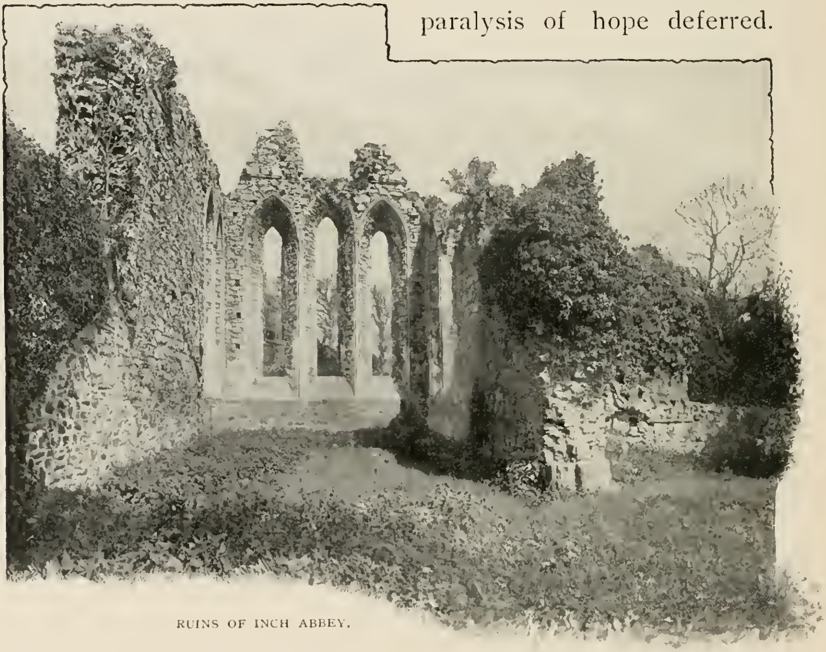
furrowed by a keel, or her magnificent river, Shannon, seldom shadowed by a sail, though rolling oceanward a greater volume than the Thames or Mersey; and when he finds in art and architecture abundant proofs of Ireland's illustrious past; he asks himself in sorrowful surprise: What is the cause of all the poverty, starvation, cruelty, and massacres which have for centuries stained the annals of this lovely section of Earth's surface, and left to generation after



ADAIR ABBEY.

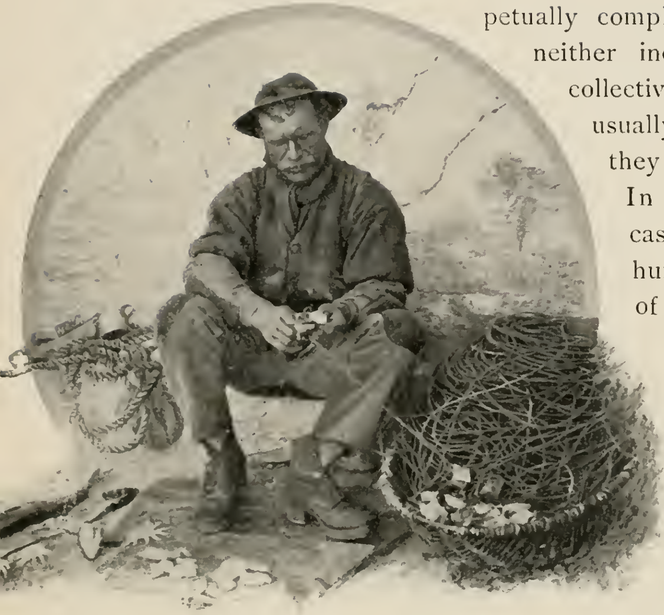
generation an enduring legacy of hatred? This question is persistent. Like Banquo's ghost, it will not down. Some terrible vampire has for a thousand years been draining the life-blood of Ireland. What is it? Can it be idleness, as is so often stated? The accusation is disproved by facts. The Irish are a race of workers, if there ever was one. The earth is full of their labors, ecclesiastical, mechanical, military, and manual. America to a large extent has been built up by Irish

brawn. Englishmen have repeatedly said to me, "The Irish do well everywhere except in their own country." But what a confession is this? What can it mean but that the conditions of their life and labor there have been made practically intolerable? If they work elsewhere strenuously and successfully, is it not fair to suppose that they would do as much in Ireland, if they found adequate incentive there? A sense of unjust treatment robs work of its joy, and what is superficially called idleness is often only the paralysis of hope deferred.



RUINS OF INCH ABBEY.

Others have claimed that Ireland's misfortunes have been due to her religion. But when and where have the Irish ceased to be religious? Have they not taken their religion with them wherever they have gone? And if this has not proved an obstacle to their success abroad, how can it have produced their wretchedness at home? It is often said of the Irish that they are never without a grievance, and are per-



AN IRISH FISHERMAN.

petually complaining. But neither individually nor collectively do people usually moan, unless they are in pain. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred a cry of distress means suffering. Dissatisfaction is frequently the child of envy, but it may also be the offspring of legitimate ambition. A noble discontent with one's inferior condition, or with unfair treatment, has ever been the spring of progress. The finer and more sensitive the spirit, the more acutely does it feel oppression, and the more resolutely will it beat against the barriers that prevent its free development. To the pro-

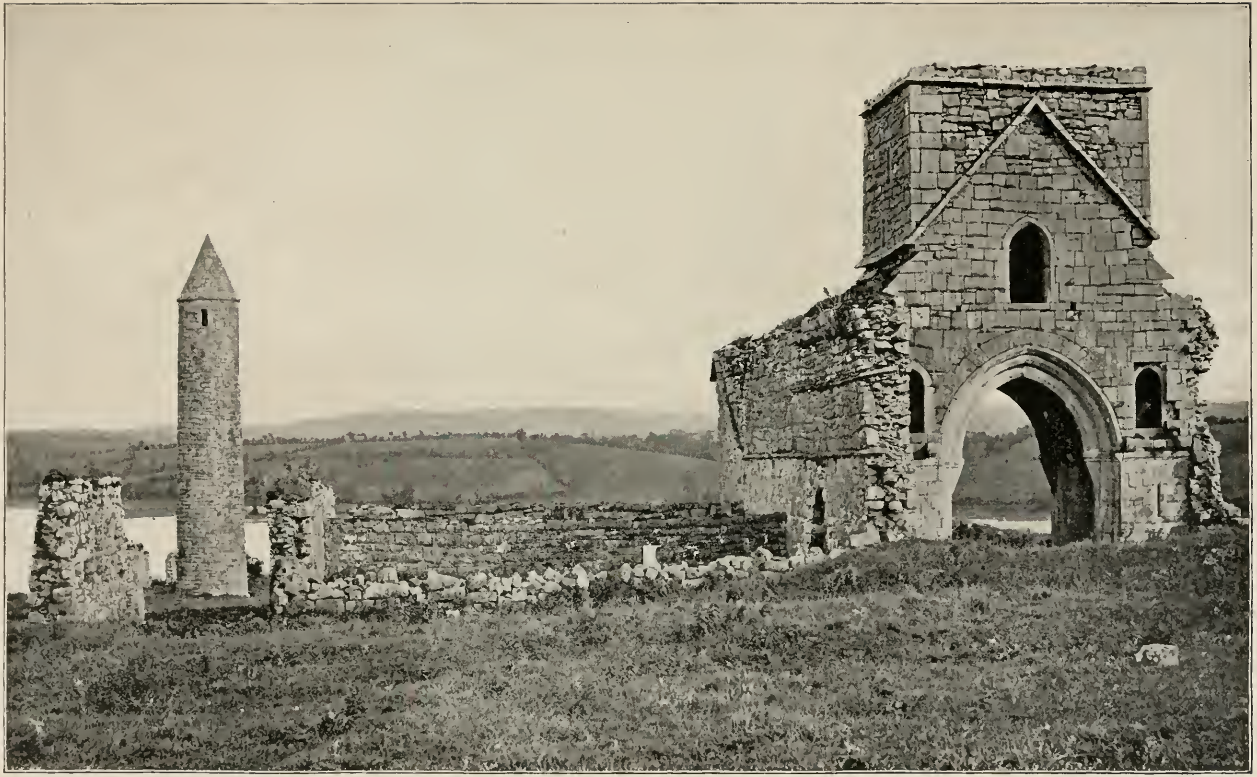
AN EVICTED FAMILY.

testing spirits of one age a happier humanity often pays grateful tribute in the next.

Whether the blame for Irish discontent should chiefly rest upon the governors or the governed, has been for years a matter of dispute; but it is quite incredible that all the misery which crushed for centuries this naturally cheerful, buoyant race was due exclusively to Celtic character and crimes. However anxious, therefore, one may be to avoid political topics in a general survey of this unfortunate country, it is impossible utterly to ignore its past, if one would comprehend its present. Hence certain facts, suggested by an approach to the Irish capital, may here appropriately be called to mind.

THE SILVER STREAK.

The first misfortune of Ireland is one of geography. The "silver streak," that is at once the glory and defence of England, divides the mother country from the Emerald Isle. Had this been otherwise, and had the Irish coast been joined to England by a strip of land, narrower even than the belt uniting Scotch and English territory, how different might have been the history of Ireland! Now that the barriers of mountains, seas, and rivers have practically sunk to insignificance, it is easy to forget how great their influence has been in the development of nations. It is, however, undeniable that



RUINED MONASTERY ON LOUGH ERNE.

they were frequently the means of fostering jealousies, promoting wars, preventing unity of thought and action, and strengthening the narrowness of spirit naturally bred in isolation. Fifty-three miles of turbulent water roll between Dublin and the English coast; nearly three times the distance between Dover and Calais. But England's southern neighbor, although nearer, constitutes part of a great continent, while Ireland's insularity

WHERE FOREIGN TROOPS MIGHT LAND.

naturally links her fortunes with those of the more powerful island which virtually separates her from the rest of Europe.

Too close to England to obtain her independence, too distant to feel satisfied with what was long an alien and unsympathetic rule, she has repeatedly been tempted to rebellion by the enemies of Britain, who promised to assist her by landing French or Spanish forces on her western coast.

There can be little doubt also that a peaceable and prosperous union of the two islands would have taken place much

sooner, had English sovereigns visited Ireland more frequently; and, better still, had they been willing to reside there for a certain portion of each year, as, by the Scandinavian Constitution the King of Sweden and Norway is obliged to spend a few months annually in the latter country. A prominent characteristic of the Celts has always been a passionate attachment to their chieftains. Hence it is probable that if their British rulers had passed even a little of their time among them, and treated them with kindness and consideration, none of their subjects would have rendered them more love and loyalty than the warm-hearted and enthusiastic Irish.

The journey of the Queen to Dublin in April, 1900, in recognition of the splendid services of her Irish troops in the Transvaal War, was the first that she had made to Ireland since 1861! But, surely, the gratifying warmth of the reception given her by all classes and conditions of the people, must have convinced the venerable Queen how greatly she had erred in never having set foot on Irish soil for nearly forty years, though traveling frequently to various parts of England, Scotland, and the Continent. Personal magnetism

DUBLIN CASTLE, CLOCK TOWER.

THE CUSTOM HOUSE, DUBLIN.

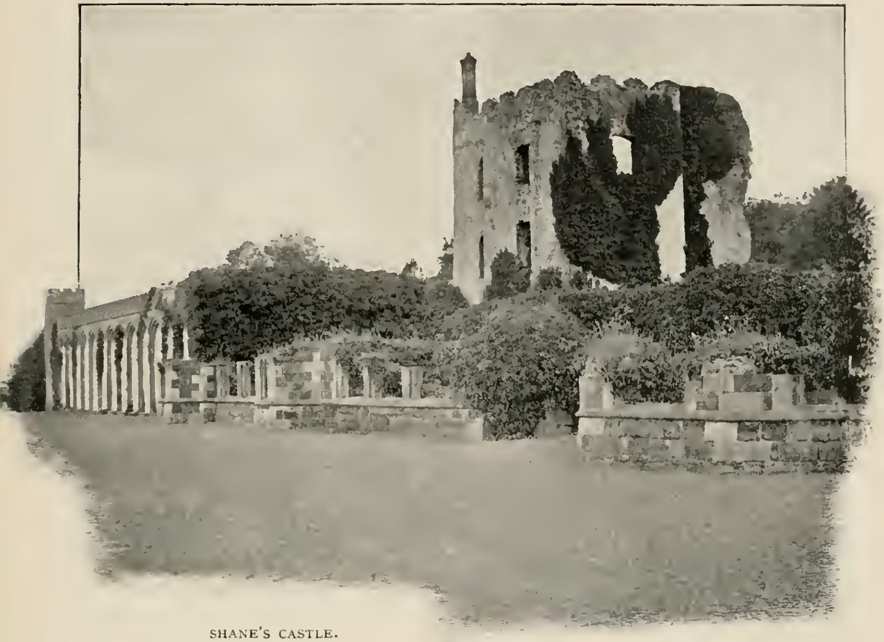
counts for much in the relations of sovereign and subjects, especially when the sovereign is a woman. The famous appeal of Maria Theresa to her Hungarian nobles is not the only instance where the presence of a royal woman, and a few words spoken by her lips, have roused her followers to prodigies of valor, and changed the fate of nations. On the contrary, indifference shown by Royalty toward any portion of its realm is never limited to the monarch's personality. Such an example is inevitably followed by the Court. It is not, therefore, surprising that absenteeism has been the bane of Ireland for centuries.

Few intelligent Englishmen of the present day would hesitate to characterize the treatment of the American colonies by George III. in 1775 as unwise and tyrannical; and perhaps nearly as many well-informed and fair-minded subjects of the Queen would now be willing to confess that

England's mode of ruling Ireland in the past finds little justification either in common sense or in the laws of God and man. The Poet Laureate, Alfred Austin, for example, has recently written: "No one can read the history of the economic relations of Great Britain with Ireland during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, without feeling, if he has any sense of justice, that reparation is due to Ireland for the monstrous commercial fetters in which it was then for so long a period bound; and any assistance wisely and discriminately given to Ireland for the purpose of stimulating material amelioration will be neither a bribe nor a dole, but the restoration of something owing." Such confessions from English scholars and statesmen do not humiliate Great Britain. They exalt her. They are equivalent to saying that the British Government has grown wiser and more just with time, and is desirous of making her past faults and failures stepping-stones to a higher plane of racial equity, religious toleration, and political fair-dealing. At all events, it is only too evident to an unprejudiced observer that the principal cause of Ireland's misery has been bad government. Her

KILKENNY CASTLE.

PICTURE GALLERY, KILKENNY CASTLE.



SHANE'S CASTLE.

poverty, starvation, cruelties, riots, emigrations, and rebellions have been almost entirely due to conduct on the part of England, which frequently was little short of madness. Here was a sister island, difficult to subdue by force, and easily made rebellious by injustice. It should, therefore, have been the first aim of the British Government to harmonize the business interests of the two peoples. Commercial concord would then have quickly spun across the Irish Sea strong threads of gold and silver, which would have knit the islands into a close union, and proved far more enduring than the stoutest fetters of oppression; for

> "He who overcomes
> By force, hath overcome but half his foe."

But, as the slightest study of the subject will abundantly prove, Ireland's cattle and dairy trades, her shipping interests,

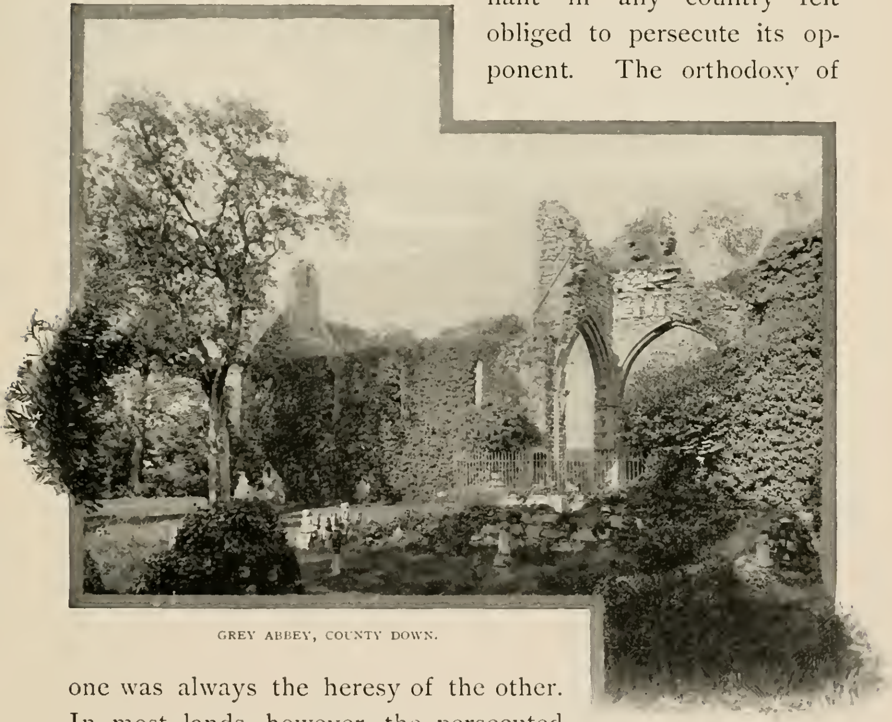
A LOW-BACK CAR.

and above all her splendid woolen manufactures, instead of being encouraged, were one by one destroyed for the benefit of English competitors; till, in the first half of the eighteenth century, the condition of the Irish peasantry was the most pitiable in Europe, and along every highway Famine drove starving beggars by thousands to the coast, and with her skeleton hands pushed shipload after shipload of them out upon the "trackless main."

There is something, however, that touches people more deeply than the indifference of their rul-

READY TO EMIGRATE.

ers, or a diminution of their revenues. It is interference with their religion. Unquestionably another powerful cause of Ireland's suffering and discontent has been religious intolerance. The bitter conflict between Catholics and Protestants which so long desolated England and the Continent naturally spread to Ireland, and made of it for many generations a scene of sanguinary struggles of more than usual intensity. In the state of opinion then prevailing throughout Europe, whichever religious party became dominant in any country felt obliged to persecute its opponent. The orthodoxy of



GREY ABBEY, COUNTY DOWN.

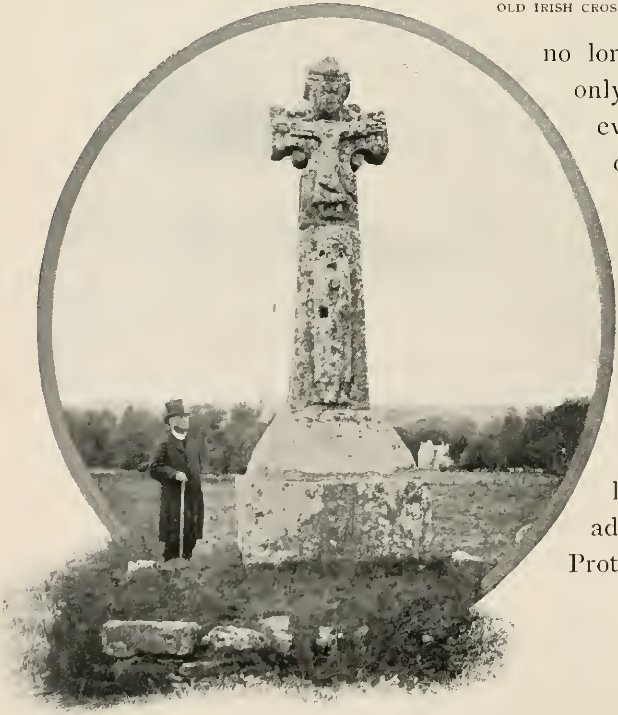
one was always the heresy of the other. In most lands, however, the persecuted party represented the minority; but in Ireland, while the governing Power was Protestant, the vast majority of the inhabitants were Catholics.

It makes one sick at heart to read of the atrocities com-

mitted on both sides, either in the fanaticism of misguided zeal, or in the fury of retaliation. Moreover, to dwell upon such dreadful scenes as those of the siege of Londonderry and Cromwell's massacre at Drogheda, is worse than useless. Both Protestants and Catholics are now emancipated from their disabilities, and any repetition of such cruelties is

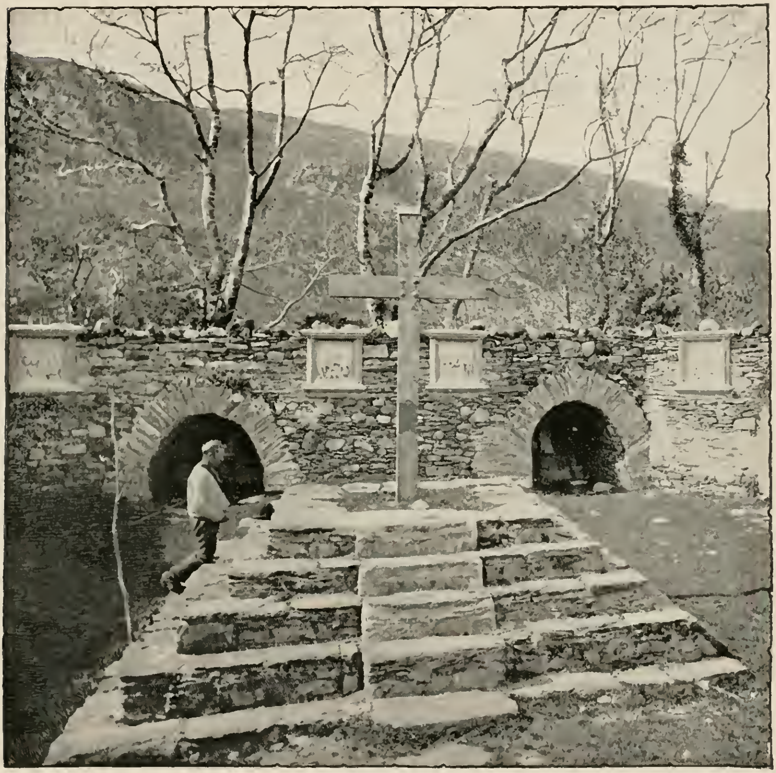
OLD IRISH CROSS AND TOWER, LOUGH ERNE.

no longer possible. Not only in Ireland, but everywhere, a spirit of toleration for all creeds, and in some instances even a spirit of fraternity among religions, have virtually created a new heaven and a new earth. The Catholics of Ireland to-day admire much that the Protestant Government



THE SAME FAITH STILL.

of Great Britain stands for in the world, and are not only loyal subjects of her Majesty, but also brave defenders of the Empire; while English Protestants in their turn render homage to the Catholic soldiers, scholars and statesmen that Ireland has produced, and gratefully acknowledge that much



A HALLOWED SHRINE.

of the Christianity of their island was brought to it by Irish monks, who hastened thither to revive a faith which had almost expired there. Among the many hopeful signs of Ireland's brighter future I find none more encouraging than the fact that on its soil the blessing of religious freedom

has been gained at last; and if one shudders at the long and bloody struggle it has cost, let him remember that it is apparently a universal, though mysterious, law, that man is powerless to produce anything permanently good or beautiful, unless he pays with death or suffering for the triumph of his dream.

THE TREATY STONE, LIMERICK.

IRELAND

THE passage of the Irish Sea from Holyhead to Dublin no longer excites the horror that it once inspired. Four powerful, twin-screw steamers make the transit in all weathers, every day and night, the whole year round, the usual time of crossing to Kingstown, the port of Dublin, being two and three-quarters hours. The Irish express from London runs directly to the steamer's side at Holyhead, and

KINGSTOWN HARBOR.

the instant that passengers, mails, and luggage have been transferred from rail to boat, the ocean greyhound's leash is slipped, and off it starts at full speed on its westward run of fifty-three miles. Built for encountering the roughest seas, these stout mail steamers of the Dublin Packet Company are nearly four hundred feet in length, with engines of nine thousand horse-power, plenty of deck room, luxurious cabins, and attentive servants. A practical illustration of the average

THE FIRST HEADLAND.

Englishman's ignorance of Ireland was given me during a voyage in one of these boats across the Irish Sea. Seated beside me on the deck were three rather elderly gentlemen bound for Dublin to attend an archæological convention. They were evidently men of education, and one of them was congratulated in my presence on some honor recently conferred upon him by the Queen. Yet, when one of the trio asked his companions what the distance was between the

"IRELAND'S EYE"—OFF THE BAY OF DUBLIN.

English and the Irish coasts, both were unable to tell him; and he himself remarked: "Well, I too haven't the least idea how far it is."

The Bay of Dublin is very similar in form to that of Naples, and if it faced the west instead of the east, and could one look across its semicircular expanse out to the glory of the setting sun, I am not sure but it would merit as high praise as its Italian rival. The climate of Ireland, however, although mild, is very different from that of Italy; and as the Bay of Dublin, like all northern waters, is often subject to bad weather and dull skies, its appearance varies greatly. I have myself beheld it under at least a dozen different aspects; and had I formed my opinion of it merely from a few unfortunate experiences, I should have wondered whence it derived its fame for beauty. But if one looks upon it, on a lovely summer evening, from either of the points that terminate its curving shores, the sight of its majestic amphitheatre, walled in by the enchanting background of the Wicklow Mountains, will leave an ineffaceable impression on the memory. Equally enduring, too, will be for me the

THE BAY OF DUBLIN

recollection of a rich contralto voice, heard at the sunset hour and in presence of that surgeless sea. The melody was that of "The Last Rose of Summer"; the song, the touching poem of Lady Dufferin; while there was just enough of the soft Irish brogue in the singer's pronunciation to make the rhyming of the lines in the first stanza perfect, as she sang:

"O Bay of Dublin! my heart your troublin',
Your beauty haunts me like a fevered dream;
Like frozen fountains that the sun sets bubblin'
My heart's blood warms when I but hear your name.
And never till this life-pulse ceases,
My earliest thought you'll cease to be;
Oh! there's no one knows how fair that place is,
And no one cares how dear it is to me.

"Sweet Wicklow Mountains! the sunlight sleeping
On your green banks is a picture rare;
You crowd around me, like young girls peeping,
And puzzling me to say which is most fair;
As though you'd see your own sweet faces
Reflected in that smooth and silver sea.
Oh! my blessin' on those lovely places,
Though no one cares how dear they are to me."

A CORNER OF THE BAY, BRAY.

ONE OF THE WICKLOW MOUNTAINS, SUGAR LOAF.

It is appropriate that these simple yet pathetic words should be set to the melody of "The Last Rose of Summer," for not only was that song composed by the Irish poet, Thomas Moore, but the air itself is the work of an unknown Irish musician, and was sung generations ago by Erin's wandering bards. It is probable, too, that the opera, "Martha," would never have acquired its long-continued popularity, but for this sweet old Irish tune, introduced into it by Flotow.

Dublin is often spoken of by Englishmen as being ugly and dirty; but, as a whole, I did not find it any more lacking in beauty and cleanliness than the great world-metropolis, three hundred and thirty-five miles away. Moreover, as the area of Dublin is much more limited, the actual amount of ugliness and grime within its walls is vastly less. Its squalor is perhaps more noticeable, because in smaller cities the extremes of wealth and penury meet more readily. But, on the other hand, the misery of Dublin is in a certain way less painful to

contemplate, because the Celtic poor appear less sullen and degraded than the Saxon, and often show for the least kindness a gratitude that warms the heart with tenderness and pity. "God bless ye', Sor, for a noble gintleman," said a pathetically humble woman to whom I had given an extra penny or two for a bunch of flowers; "may you and yours have plinty in heaven! An' ye' will have; fur a kind heart niver wants." Such an expression, genuinely felt and softly

THE ROYAL CHAPEL, DUBLIN.

spoken, or merely a bright smile and joyful look of shy surprise given me by some ragged little boy or girl in Dublin, have often made me feel both kindlier and happier all day long. For even in the city streets of Ireland one can find many illustrations of the proverb: "Sweet as an Irish smile." The better class of dwelling-houses in Dublin, particularly in the vicinity of the handsome park known as St. Stephen's Green, also compare very favorably with those of London. This, it is true, is not excessive praise; for the

A DAUGHTER OF TOIL.

architecture of both cities, save in a few fine public edifices, is painfully plain, compared with that of the large Continental cities; Great Britain's private dwellings having usually the appearance of narrow, upright tanks of smoke-stained brick or stucco, without bow windows, balconies, or even cornices to break their dreary uniformity. The only ornaments visible on the façades of London or of Dublin homes are one or two highly polished knobs of brass, and rows of flower-pots on the window-sills. It should, however, be remembered that almost all the dwellings on the Continent are large apartment-houses, which have of course a more palatial air, and admit of much more sumptuous decoration than most private residences. In Great Britain, on the contrary, the stately apartment-building is a rare exception; the individual dwelling-house the rule. In means of street communication Dublin is greatly in advance of London, an admirable system of large and comfortable electric cars connecting all parts of the city with its many suburbs; whereas the greatest city in the world even now allows an endless host of small, ill-

A TURF CART.

SACKVILLE STREET.

ventilated omnibuses to roll along its thoroughfares, threatening life and limb, like Occidental Cars of Juggernaut, with scarcely space enough between them to let the terrified pedestrian dart from the curbstone to one of the places of refuge provided at intervals in the centre of the streets. Nor does the Irish capital imitate the English metropolis in subjecting its citizens to semi-asphyxiation in an underground railway; where, since the motive power still employed is soft coal, the sooty passengers can ride, in the appropriate words of Mrs. Partington, "with perfect impurity."

Dublin contains a number of handsome edifices, one of the most remarkable of which, though but one story high, is nevertheless imposing from its broad, sturdy frame, supported by a multitude of stately columns. Though neither a prison nor a fortress, it has a little the air of both, since not a single window of the massive structure fronts upon the adjoining streets.

Numerous niches ornament its outer walls, but these are as insensible to the sun as eyeless sockets. Only the roof and inner rooms are pierced with openings to admit the light. When its bronze doors are closed, it looks, in its inscrutable reserve, as silent and mysterious as an Egyptian tomb. Yet in reality, at certain hours, visitors are welcome to this seemingly exclusive building. In fact, without them it could not exist, for this great granite strong-box is the Bank of Ireland. It is not as a monied institution, however, that it especially interests the traveler. What constitutes its glory is the fact that, previous to the union of the legislative bodies of Great Britain and Ireland, in 1802, it was the meeting-place of the Irish Parliament. The interior of the House of Lords has suffered little change, in the transformation of the building; the long table which adorned it a century and a half ago, still occupies the centre of the room, and in the ancient chairs the Bank directors sit while holding their discussions. But the old House of Commons presents nothing of its former appearance. That famous

THE BANK OF IRELAND.

FORMER HOUSE OF LORDS.

theatre of forensic eloquence has become a centre of finance, where to the flow of oratory has succeeded that of commerce, and where the chink of coin has replaced the silvery speech of Erin's statesmen. Directly in front of this old House of Parliament, where he so often pleaded for the good of Ireland, stands an admirable statue of the celebrated orator and advocate, Henry Grattan. Were I an Irishman, I should regard that statue as a shrine; for a purer patriot and more loyal son of Ireland never lived. From the beginning of his parliamentary life, in 1775, at the age of twenty-nine, until he died in 1820, his body, mind, and soul were all unswervingly devoted to the service of his country. If I were asked to name the quality I most admire in Grattan's character, I should select the impartiality of his love and labor for his fellow-countrymen. He sought to improve their condition, irrespective of all religious and political differences. In an age when religious controversy was so bitter that no Catholics in Ireland could sit in

WHERE THE CABLE LANDS, VALENTIA.

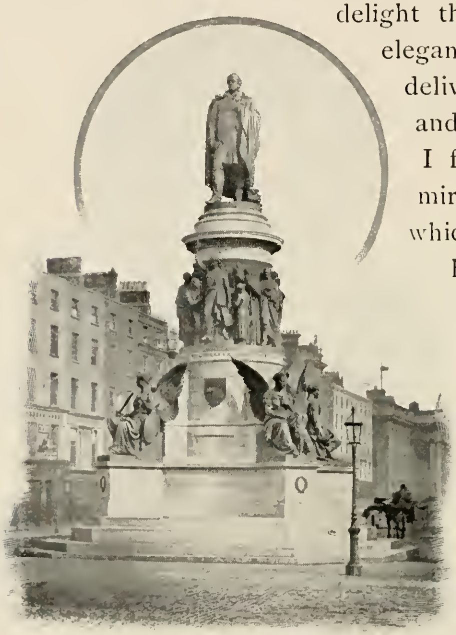
Parliament, or even vote, and when to treat them with injustice was a sure path to favor with the Government, Grattan, although a Protestant, steadily and courageously worked for the emancipation of his Catholic countrymen ; and it was while endeavoring to go to the House of Commons in London, to make a last supreme effort in their behalf, that he was stricken down by a fatal illness, and died without beholding the consummation of his hopes. His last words were of the land he had so dearly loved and nobly served ; and in view of the successor who was already appearing on the stage to carry on the struggle to a glorious victory, the dying veteran might appropriately have uttered the lines :

"Others shall sing the song :
Others shall right the wrong ;
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail of win."

STATUE OF GRATTAN.

That successor was Daniel O'Connell. If there be any Irishman whose memory is more revered than that of Grattan, it is O'Connell. Adored in life, he is not less beloved in death. The monument in Sackville Street, erected in his honor, consists of a

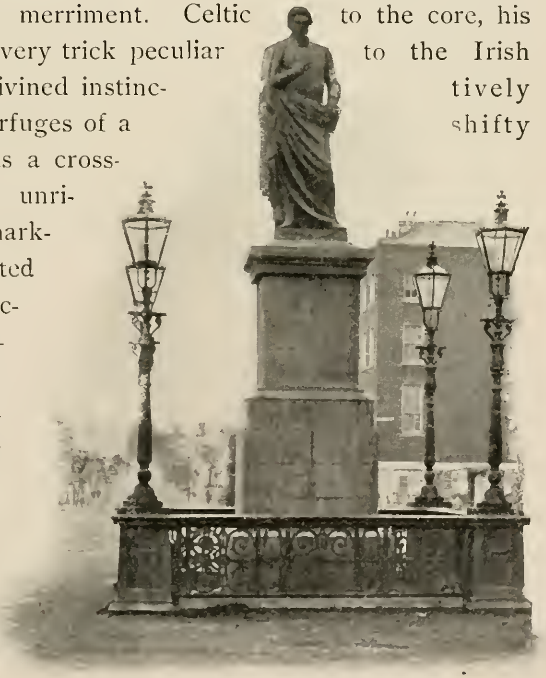
fine statue of the hero, beneath which Erin, freed from chains, is represented as grasping with one hand the Act of Emancipation, while with the other she points upward to her "Liberator." At the corners of the pedestal are also other statues, typical of O'Connell's prominent characteristics, Eloquence, Courage, Fidelity, and Patriotism. When I was a youth, in the days of the old "Lyceum," I heard with great delight that model of forceful and elegant oratory, Wendell Phillips, deliver a lecture on the life and times of O'Connell, and I forthwith conceived an admiration for the Irish leader which a subsequent study of his career and travel in the country of his birth have but intensified. It is not strange that Phillips grew enthusiastic over O'Connell. The Yankee was the disciple of the Celt. The Irish patriot had invented, and for nearly forty years maintained, the system of attacking political abuses by means of peaceable but persistent agitation; and to a similar course of action the American reformer also gave his heart and soul. Nor is it difficult to understand why O'Connell was idolized by the people of Ireland. They knew that to their betterment and defense he was devoting all his energies, and that for them he had sacrificed his lucrative profession, exposed himself to assassination, and suffered imprisonment in an English jail. But, even had he



O'CONNELL'S STATUE, DUBLIN.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

never been the political champion of his countrymen, he would, as a brilliant barrister alone, have always been immensely popular. He was a typical Irishman of the best stock — wily, witty, eloquent, emotional, and magnetic. His arrival in a town was often an occasion for public rejoicing. His clever repartees were passed from lip to lip, until the island shook with laughter. In court, he sometimes kept the spectators, jury, judge, and even the prisoner, alternating between tears and roars of merriment. Celtic to the core, his subtle mind knew every trick peculiar to the Irish character, and he divined instinctively the shrewdest subterfuges of a shifty witness. Hence, as a cross-examiner, he was unrivaled, and his remarkable skill is attested by innumerable anecdotes. On one occasion, he noticed that a witness persisted in reiterating the same words, to the effect that he saw a testator's hand sign a



STATUE OF O'CONNELL AT LIMERICK.

will "*while life was in him.*" O'Connell felt intuitively that the man, afraid to tell a lie, was trying to soothe his conscience by a quibble of words. Accordingly, he suddenly turned upon him and cried, "By virtue of your oath, did not some one write that signature with the dead man's hand, while a live fly was in his mouth?" The astounded witness confessed it in confusion, and the case was won.

On another occasion, a witness denied having been drunk,

THE O'CONNELL BRIDGE.

because "he had only had his share of a quart." "Come," said O'Connell, "on your honor now, wasn't your share all but the pewter?" The man acknowledged that it was.

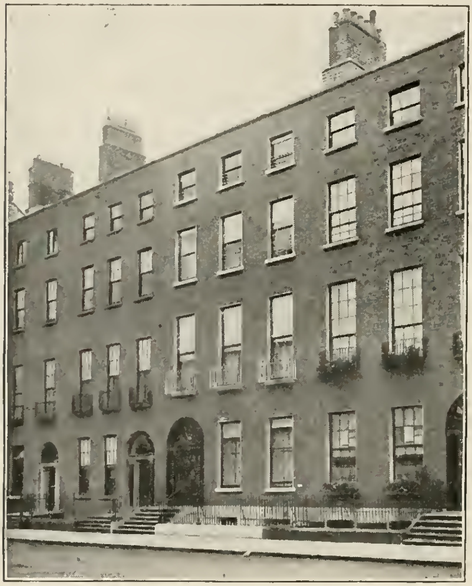
Ireland has produced many great orators, but never one who had such perfect mastery over himself and his audience as O'Connell. While Government spies watched eagerly for any phrase on which it would be possible to indict him for sedition, the Irish leader delivered, day after day, to enormous

and excited crowds, hundreds of addresses, which he had had no time to prepare; yet he rarely gave his enemies a chance to attack him. In any case, it would have been difficult to prove the exact language of a man who could utter two hundred words a minute for four consecutive hours. His wit, too, was invariably a match for his antagonists. At one important gathering some English stenographers had been ordered to report his speech with special accuracy. O'Connell received them courteously and, to the astonishment of his friends, provided them with chairs and a table directly in front of the platform. Then, when they had assured him they were quite ready to take down his words, he rose and addressed the crowd *in Irish!* The effect produced by his orations was prodigious. He had the art of a versatile actor in adapting himself to widely different audiences and situations. His presence was

"WE HEARD O'CONNELL."

THE O'CONNELL MONUMENT, GLASNEVIN.

commanding; his manner, even when most impassioned, was self-controlled; his voice was deep-toned, penetrating and sonorous as a bell; while his smooth, sympathetic brogue completed a charm that captivated all who heard him. To listen to him, the Irish people would come by thousands from great distances, travel all night, and stand for hours without any shelter, patiently waiting for his coming. Some of these monster open-air meetings were unparalleled in point of numbers. One hundred thousand people was a comparatively small gathering. In 1843, five hundred thousand persons are said to have assembled at Cork, seven hundred thousand at Clare, and seven hundred and fifty thousand at Tara. Of course, only a small minority of such multitudes could hear the speaker's voice, but what he said could in a measure make its way to the outskirts of the crowd, and the great leader could at least be seen. It is a wonderful proof of the control which O'Connell exercised over these masses, that their behavior was exemplary, and unattended by disorder or drunkenness. This was, however, partly due to the fact that many of these gatherings partook of a religious, as well as a political, character. Thus, at Tara, from daybreak until the arrival of O'Connell at noon, mass was celebrated at forty different altars,



O'CONNELL'S RESIDENCE, DUBLIN.

O'CONNELL MONUMENT IN GLASNEVIN CEMETERY, DUBLIN.

erected in the fields; and the people could be seen kneeling by thousands at the elevation of the Host, as if they were in adjoining churches, the walls of which had been removed, the one roof common to them all being the sun-lit dome of heaven.

In the cemetery of Glasnevin, near Dublin, rises a stately granite shaft, one hundred and sixty-four feet high, and built in the style of the old Irish Round Towers. At the base of this grand and dignified monument, lofty like his aims, strong like his character, and enduring as his memory, sleeps Erin's uncrowned king. Standing beside it, it is pathetic to recall the shadows that darkened his last days. It seems almost incredible that one of the most frightful calamities the world has ever seen, could have occurred so recently, and in a European country; but it is unfortunately true that in the years of 1846 and 1847, owing chiefly to the failure of the potato crop, the peasants of Ireland died by thousands of starvation. Entire families perished; and records prove that one hundred and thirty dead bodies were found along the roads in a single

THE CROP THAT FAILED.

GRAVE OF BARRY SULLIVAN.

district in one day. In two years famine and fever destroyed one-fourth of the whole population of the island.

It was this frightful picture of unutterable misery that the worn, wearied veteran, when more than seventy years of age, was forced to look upon, as he descended to the grave. Powerless to relieve the overwhelming wretchedness, he was unable to endure the anguish that it caused him; and he died, virtually, of a broken heart, hopelessly grieving for the people whom he had so fondly loved and long defended. The noble monument to O'Connell towers far above all other objects in the cemetery, including even the fine mortuary Chapel; but there are many shaded avenues and winding paths, along which one may walk between the resting-places of the dead and beautifully sculptured tributes to their memory.

One of the most tasteful of these marks the grave of Barry Sullivan, the tragedian. Upon a pure white pedestal stands an

equally spotless statue of the actor, representing him as Hamlet, the skull of "Poor Yorick" in his hand. The face is frank and open, the posture easy, the costume graceful, and the whole work one that made me feel that, had I known the man, I should have loved him. The statue rises, like a sculptured flower, into the pure, sweet air, meeting the sunshine and the rain with all the freshness of immortal youth. The seed that caused this crystallized florescence reposes in the earth beneath. One wonders which was, after all, the better for poor Barry Sullivan, life or death; for who can be quite certain that one should not envy him, if, as the inscription tells us,

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well"?

Almost within the shadow of the O'Connell monument rests the devoted patriot, Charles Stewart Parnell. No stately shaft or marble statue marks his place of sepulture. Only a mound of green turf covers him, surmounted by an iron cross, around which numerous floral wreaths are placed by those who love his memory, and have not forgotten the benefits he won for Ireland. His death is still too recent for even a dispassionate

PARNELL'S GRAVE.

discussion of his work and character to be acceptable to either friends or foes. But this may surely be conceded, — always a loyal son of Ireland, a censurable weakness in his private life (common enough to poor humanity) made him, who otherwise had been invulnerable, the victim of abuse, ingratitude, and treachery. That he, too, died heart-broken is well known; but when the earth of Ireland covered him, there came reaction. It had been easy, even for those who were not "without sin," to cast upon him the sharp, cruel stones of genuine or pretended scorn; but there are those in Ireland to-day who cannot speak his name save with a faltering voice and tear-dimmed eyes; and on the anniversary of the great leader's death hundreds of floral tributes, many of them from distant lands, are sent to decorate his simple grave.

Two things, apparently unimportant, in this cemetery, impressed me greatly. One was the fact that on the majority of tombstones the former *residence* of the deceased was given; even the street and number, or the private

THE BURKE MEMORIAL.

title of the house, being as carefully carved in the marble as the name and age. This certainly shows that the Irish are attached to their homes, and do not change their abodes with either the alacrity or frequency of residents in most American cities. The other point that especially attracted my attention was the delicate wording of the numerous little signs, placed on the edges of the walks. Instead of the curt order: "Keep off the grass," or "Visitors must not touch the flowers," I here read: "Please do not injure flowers or grass. They are sacred to the dead."

STATUE OF FATHER MATHEW.

In the most prominent street of Dublin, among the people whom he loved and sought to elevate, stands the white marble figure of a priest. Beautiful in itself, it is additionally interesting from the history of the man whom it commemorates. It is the statue of Father Mathew, the "Apostle of Temperance." A

FATHER MATHEW'S GRAVE.

friend and contemporary of O'Connell, this eloquent ecclesiastic labored to emancipate his countrymen from slavery to their appetites as strenuously as the "Liberator" strove to free them from political oppression. They were unequal in their powers of oratory; but both possessed a wonderful magnetism, which, when united to unquestionable sincerity, carried everything before them. Ireland, always quick to give back love for love, still cherishes their memory, and guards their precious dust. It is but natural, however, that more monuments and statues should have been reared to the political, than to the spiritual, champion. O'Connell's work was national, nor was there one of Erin's sons who did not share in the benefits which his rare cleverness and courage won. The work of Father Mathew, on the other hand, was principally individual, and only indirectly did the nation, as a whole, participate in his success. O'Connell's method of ameliorating Ireland

was heroic; resembling that of the engineer who, in attempting to liberate a vessel locked in Arctic ice, makes use of vigorous measures to break up the frozen fields and force a channel to the open sea. The influence of Father Mathew was like the quiet action of the Gulf Stream, whose milder air and warmer waters surely and steadily dissolve the glacial barriers, till suddenly the great result is seen to have been gained, and the emancipated ship floats out in safety. Yet the two men worked really hand in hand; and the illustrious leader could not have controlled so well the enormous crowds that flocked to hear him, had he not been so ably seconded by Father Mathew, whose eloquent appeals restrained them from indulgence, and gave to the huge gatherings, as has been said, a semi-religious character.

If Father Mathew were alive to-day, he would find ample scope for all his energies again in Ireland. Speaking, not as a total abstainer, or as a prohibitionist, but as one who has all his life used wine in moderation, and

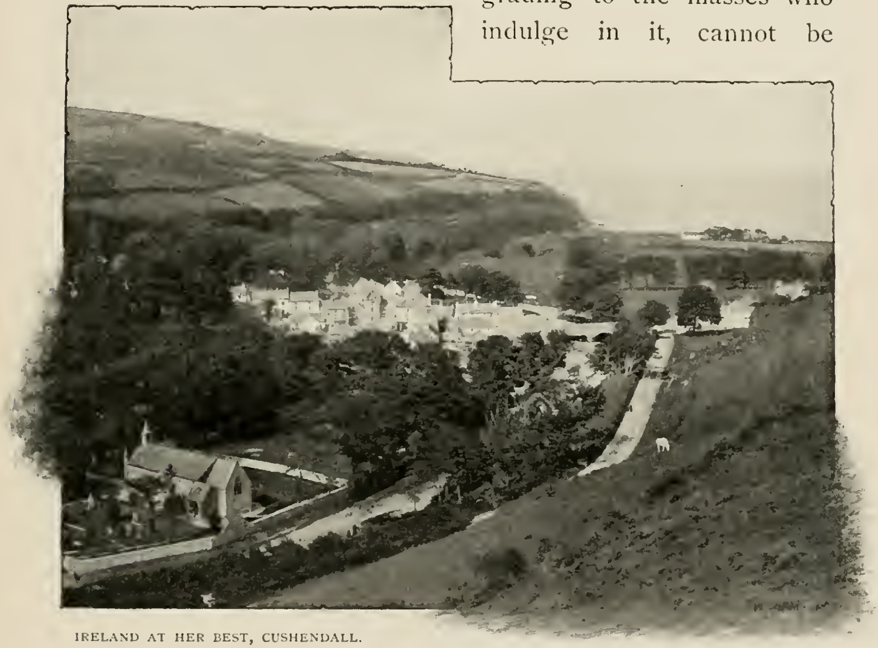
WHERE FATHER MATHEW WORKED.

WATCHING A SECRET STILL.

holds that temperance in all forms of food and drink is of the greatest possible importance to good health and morals, I must confess to being always made profoundly sad and sick at heart in the prominent cities of Great Britain by the sight of their enormous number of dram-shops. In many thoroughfares of London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Dublin, and other large centres of population, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that one is never out of sight of a saloon. Moreover, as a rule, these bars are dirty and repulsive, and at their counters may be seen not only bestial-looking men, but often equally degraded women and wretched children. On Sunday, which is otherwise so strictly kept in the United Kingdom by the "unco guid," the gin-shops seem to be the only places of business open outside of church hours.

AMONG THE LOWLY.

The amount of money spent for wines and spirits by the people of Great Britain tells its own story. Thus, while they expend three hundred and fifty million dollars annually for bread, and seventy-five millions for coal, they pay for alcoholic drinks seven hundred million dollars, which is equivalent to thirteen hundred dollars every minute of the day and night! That this stupendous consumption of intoxicants is demoralizing and degrading to the masses who indulge in it, cannot be



IRELAND AT HER BEST, CUSHENDALL.

doubted; and I am unable to understand how any Government that has at heart the welfare of the people can issue such a multitude of licenses to "publicans." I do not know that Ireland is worse than England in this respect. Let any one walk within the circuit of a mile from St. Paul's in London, and he will ask himself what can be very much worse in any civilized country. The Irish, however, are a poorer people than the English, and naturally more improvident; and lack

of work for willing hands produces a forced idleness which is the causé of hopelessness, discouragement, and intemperance. There is surely room enough in Great Britain, as in the United States, for the most strenuous and noble philanthropic efforts, without going thousands of miles across the seas for fields of labor. The lower classes of her Majesty's subjects can never be debrutalized, so long as dram-shops swarm in every town;

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.

nor can poor Ireland ever become prosperous, until her people shall have been lifted from the bestiality of drunkenness to a higher plane of self-control.

St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin is not only attractive in point of architecture, but, as the burial-place of many persons intimately associated with the development of Ireland, possesses great historic interest. One memory, however, dominates all others in this church. It is that of Jonathan Swift,

HOWTH CASTLE, NEAR DUBLIN.

who was its Dean for more than thirty years. The pulpit where he preached is here; his marble bust looks down upon us from the wall, and beside it is the characteristic epitaph, composed by Swift himself. What an amount of mental anguish its words reveal!

DEAN SWIFT'S BUST AND EPITAPH.

"Here lies the body of
Jonathan Swift,
Dean of this Cathedral,
Where bitter indignation
Can no more lacerate his heart.
Go, traveler, and so far as thou art able,
Imitate this strenuous advocate of liberty."

Beneath this, under the adjoining pavement, is his grave; and, close beside it, that of "Stella," the woman whom he loved. In the neighboring garden a willow tree still marks the site of the Dean's house, from which (too ill to be present there himself) he watched the torches moving in the cathedral at Stella's midnight burial. Seventeen years after her inter-

INTERIOR OF ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.

ment here, Death mercifully threw across the gulf of time which had divided them a bridge to let his restless spirit pass. During that interval he had lived on, remorseful, pessimistic, finally insane; until, in 1745, another midnight sepulture startled the gloom of the cathedral with its glare of torches, and Swift was buried by her side. There are few graves more eloquent of suffering than these. Swift was a Titan in rebellion against Heaven. Always dissatisfied, he never ceased to protest not only against the oppression of his country, but also against his own misfortunes; and, though a churchman, was renowned less for his preaching than for his caustic satire. The best gift of the gods to man, both for his own and others' happiness, is an even, cheerful temperament. This does not mean bovine placidity, nor yet that chirping optimism, which, when well fed, well clothed, and in good health, considers this the best imaginable world. It is consistent with

a mental attitude of reasonable hope and philosophic calm. Yet it is rarely found in high-strung men of genius. Swift's was a heart whose discontent and hatred turned to vitriol a flood of naturally warm affection, and made it overflow with such excessive virulence, that it blistered all on whom it fell. In some respects this venom did good service to his country. A master in the art of English composition, the pamphlets which he wrote against the unjust taxes and oppression heaped upon the Irish were in their way as powerful and beneficial as were the writings of Thomas Paine to the North American Colonies at the period of the Revolution. But when there was no object for him to attack, Swift's fury turned upon himself, and, like the vulture of Prometheus, gnawed his vitals. "Happiness," he says, "is the perpetual possession of being well deceived." "Delusions and peace of mind go together." "You should think of, and deal with, every man as a villain."

A CORNER NEAR SWIFT'S GRAVE.

Such sentiments are to the soul what ineffaceable scars are to the body. Both have been caused by fearful wounds. Misanthropy lives only in a withered heart. To be no longer astonished at anything in the weakness, hypocrisy, and depravity of mankind, may indicate a thorough knowledge of the world; but by what terrible disillusions must the knowledge have been gained! There are few sights more beautiful than that of an old man, serene and cheerful, not from senile weakness, but from the strength and sweetness born of hope and trust, and a persistent looking at the better side of human nature. But what is sadder than the vision of Old Age mournfully gazing on the past, as on a blackened waste, where the fierce fires of experience have burned to ashes the stately halls and dome-crowned palaces, so confidently reared in youth upon foundations unsubstantial as a dream?

THE BALFE MEMORIAL WINDOW.

One tender sentiment, however, springs like a fountain in the desert, from the barren pathway of Swift's life. It is gratitude. I found a little evidence of it, clinging like a flower to a wall, in a dim corner of the old cathedral. It is a tablet which this man, so merciless toward his enemies, erected here to show his appreciation of a faithful servant, and to bear testimony for all time to his devotion. Looking above the recumbent statue of

Archbishop Whately, I read these words:

"Here lieth the body of Alexander McGee, servant to Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's. His grateful Master caused this monument to be erected in memory of his discretion, fidelity, and diligence in that humble station."

TABLET TO SWIFT'S SERVANT.

Ah, scathing satirist and bitter foe, who knows how powerfully this memorial may plead for thee, when all thy faults and virtues shall be weighed and estimated in the balances of God!

It is with a feeling of relief that one turns from the memorials of this restless genius to the monuments just across the nave. One is the bust of John Philpot Curran, the celebrated orator and humorist, whose jests have made the tour of the world upon a wave of laughter, and whose remarkable power of repartee made him the most amusing and redoubtable of combatants in a tournament of wit. The other is a life-size figure in marble, erected by the citizens of Dublin to the memory of Captain John McNeill Boyd,

BIRTHPLACE OF RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

who was lost off the rocks in Dublin Bay, in 1861, while attempting to save the crew of a shipwrecked vessel. Epitaphs, as a rule, have little literary merit; but this one, telling, as it does, so eloquently the story of the hero who sleeps beneath it, is eminently worthy of transcription. It reads as follows:

"Safe from the rocks, whence swept thy manly form
The tide's white rush, the stepping of the storm;
Borne with a public pomp, by just decree,
Heroic sailor! from that fatal sea,
A city vows this marble unto thee.
And here in this calm place, where never din
Of Earth's great waterfloods shall enter in,
When to our human hearts two thoughts are given,
One Christ's self-sacrifice, the other heaven,
Here is it meet for grief and love to grave
The Christ-taught bravery that dies to save;
The life not lost, but found beneath the wave."

"Is it the birthplaces and homes of celebrated Irish men

and women that you're wanting?" inquired a citizen of Dublin to whom I had applied for information; "sure, Dublin is as full of them as the sky of stars. No city in the world has such a list as the one I'll make out for you, and many of the houses where the great ones lived and died you'll see yourself this day." Accordingly, taking pencil and paper, he wrote for me, sometimes with corresponding streets and numbers, the following extraordinary list of former residents of the Irish capital: Daniel O'Connell, Henry Grattan, Edmund Burke, and Charles Parnell, Ireland's greatest orators and

CURRAN'S BUST AND THE BOYD MONUMENT.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

statesmen; Thomas Moore and Oliver Goldsmith, poets; Samuel Lover and Charles Lever, novelists; Dean Swift, the satirist; Bishop Berkeley, the philosopher; Archbishop Whately, the logician; Sir William Hamilton, the astronomer; Arthur, Duke of Wellington, victor at Waterloo; Curran, the brilliant wit; Robert Emmet, the "Irish Darling"; Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the author of the "Rivals" and the "School for Scandal"; Dion Boucicault, actor and playwright; Michael Balfe, the composer of the "Bohemian Girl"; Lady Blessington, whose salon was a memorable centre of literary and artistic life; Mrs. Jameson, the art-critic; and Mrs. Hemans, the author (among many other beautiful productions) of the poem dear to every American heart, beginning with the lines:

"The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast."

Wherever the buildings associated with these distinguished personages were still in existence, I gladly went to see them; yet in some cases I almost regretted having done so. Moore's birthplace, for example, is at present a saloon of doubtful respectability, where I was greatly annoyed by a drunken brawler. O'Connell's residence is still a fine, aristocratic mansion, and the house of Sheridan's nativity is a neat, though humble, dwelling; but the birthplace of Wellington is exceedingly shabby, the house where Mrs. Hemans died is dilapidated, and the former home of Mrs. Jameson is positively disreputable. After all, the birthplace of a celebrated person, though always interesting, never appeals to me so forcibly as some locality associated with his active life, or even with his death. We often find the spot of his nativity greatly changed; transformed, perhaps, into a huge commercial edifice, or possibly deteriorated into a wretched tenement. We may, indeed, discover equally striking contrasts, on visiting scenes connected with his later life; but here at least it is no longer of the undeveloped child that we are reminded, but of the

BIRTHPLACE OF THOMAS MOORE.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S IRISH HOME, YOUGHAL.

man, whose genius has distinguished him from millions of his fellows in noble deeds, wise statesmanship, or contributions to the literature of his race. In a man's birthplace we think chiefly of his family; but in his study, or beside his grave, we think of him alone. Thus, I would rather look upon the "Wayside" or the "Old Manse" at Concord, where Hawthorne wove his subtle fancies into faultless prose, than on the modest house in Salem where he first saw the light; and Dickens' home at Gad's Hill and his grave in Westminster Abbey touch my heart more than could ever do the room where he was born. It is the difference between seeing, on the Clyde, the empty cradle of a warship, and looking on the spot where, after desperate fighting to defend the country from invasion, that same war vessel sent her powerful

STATUE OF LORD ADILAUN.

antagonist to an ocean sepulchre, wrapt in a winding-sheet of flame.

One of the most attractive features of Dublin is St. Stephen's Green — a charming public garden, which the philanthropist, Sir Arthur Guinness, better known in Dublin as Lord Adilaun, presented to the city at a cost of one hundred thousand dollars, having first tastefully embellished it with

ST. STEPHEN'S GREEN.

shade-trees, flower-beds, miniature lakes and fountains. Some of the houses fronting on this square are rich in literary memories. In number nine, for example, lived Sir Walter Scott, during his visit in Dublin, when, as Lockhart tells us, "If he entered a street, the watchword was passed down both sides like lightning, and the shopkeepers and their wives stood bowing and courtesying all the way down; while the mob and boys huzzaed, as at the chariot-wheels of a conqueror." Num-

ENTRANCE TO TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

ber sixteen was the residence of Archbishop Whately; and, at one time, the poetess, Mrs. Hemans, lived in number thirty-six, to which she had removed, as she explains, "for the sake of having back rooms, as I suffered greatly from the noise where I lived before." It was her memory that I especially recalled, whenever I sat or walked in the pretty enclosure of St. Stephen's Green, for her poetry is the first of which I have any recollection. One of the earliest reminiscences of my childhood is that of my mother singing or repeating to me, over and over again (for I never tired of hearing it), a poem by this gifted Irish lady, descriptive of a crusader who had been captured by the enemy and imprisoned in a solitary castle. One day the prisoner sees his former comrades on the plain below, passing his tower on their homeward march from Palestine. They are ignorant of the fact that he is a captive there, and by a cruel irony of Fate the strains of

their triumphant music drown his cries for help. I am not sure how young I was when this was sung to me, but the mental picture that I formed of it is just as vivid to me now as that of any scene I ever looked upon; and many a time, when I have gazed upon some ruined castle, especially in the Tyrol or along the Danube, I have recalled with deep emotion the stirring lines:

> "Sound again, Clarion,
> Clarion loud and shrill!
> Sound! for the captive's plaintive voice
> Is still; is still."

Alas! the voice of the singer of those words is also still. But all the blare of Earth's brief triumphs and the tumult of the passing world will never silence its sweet echo in the inner chamber of my heart, until that heart has ceased to beat.

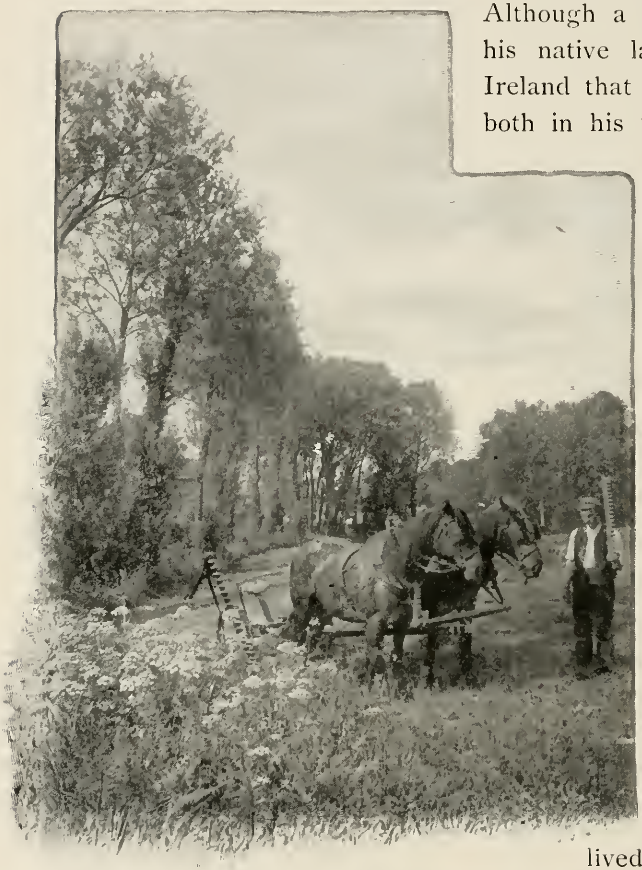
Old Trinity College, Dublin, is famous alike for the illustrious men who have been educated there, and for the literary treasures it possesses. The oldest of its classic halls is a rather sombre, but imposing, structure, three hundred feet in length and ornamented with Corinthian columns. I looked upon it with great interest, for this old Irish University, founded by Queen Elizabeth, has been for more than three hundred years a brilliant beacon-light, piercing the gloom of Ireland's history; and through its entrance-archway many youthful forms have passed whose spiritualized outlines glow imperishably now in

STATUE OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH, DUBLIN.

some of the most prominent niches in the Pantheon of Fame. Some of these forms have also found their replicas in bronze and marble; and that of Goldsmith stands beside the College Gate. The pose is natural, and well expresses the character principally ascribed to Goldsmith, — that of a "dreamer." Although a wanderer from his native land, it was of Ireland that he really wrote both in his "Deserted Village" and the "Vicar of Wakefield." The little village of Lissoy, near the Shannon, is supposed to be the

"Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,"

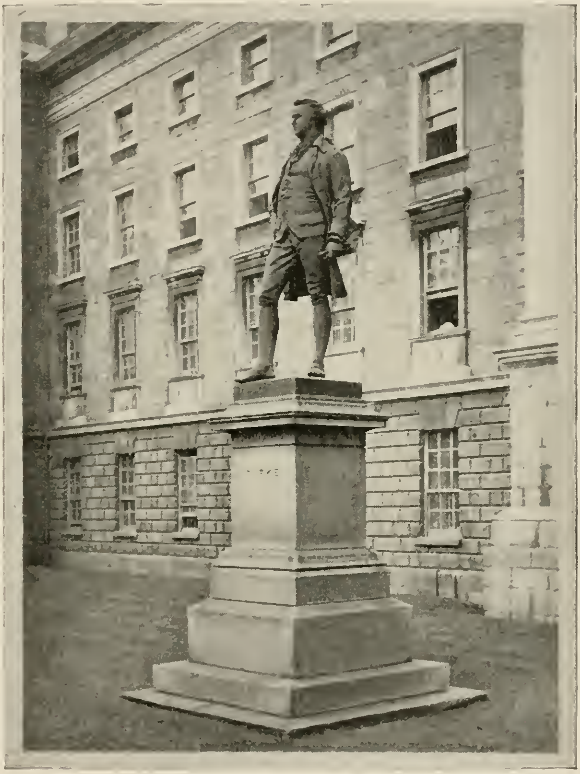
which he immortalized in his poem; and here the poet's father (the original of the "Vicar"), lived as a poor country clergyman, more blessed with progeny than with provisions for their maintenance. Poor Goldsmith! He was a typical child of Ireland, — talented, impecunious, improvident, and unfortunate; producing literary master-



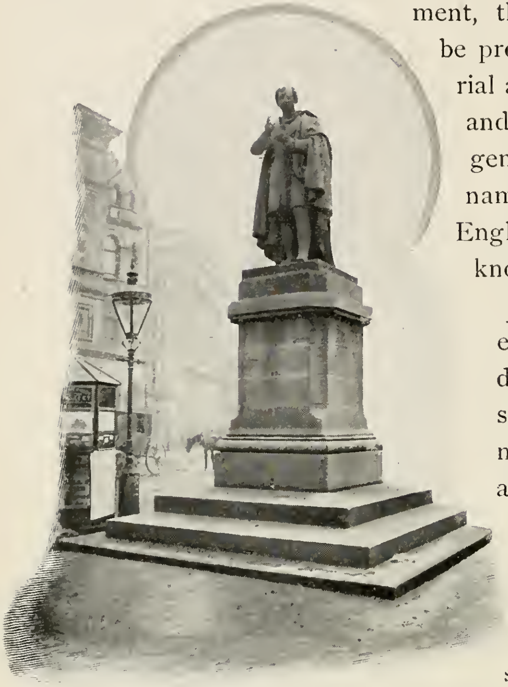
"THE SHELTERED COT, THE CULTIVATED FARM."

A TYPICAL IRISH VILLAGE, GLENCOE.

pieces which place him in the front rank of English writers, yet receiving for them miserably insufficient compensation, and dying at last in London, to lie for years in an almost unknown grave, until the world awoke to an appreciation of his genius. Oliver Goldsmith's place in English literature is now secure forever. His works are classics. The "Deserted Village" has appeared in nearly every educational series for reading published in the United States during the last three-quarters of a century, and, like Gray's "Elegy," is an exquisite picture of rural loveliness and peace; his comedy, "She stoops to conquer," still ranks among the best plays in the English language; while the "Vicar of Wakefield" is so ideally realistic, that it will always be a perfect type of simple, trustful, human nature. Little did the young student imagine, as he worked his way through Trinity College in poverty and discourage-



STATUE OF EDMUND BURKE, DUBLIN.



STATUE OF THOMAS MOORE, DUBLIN.

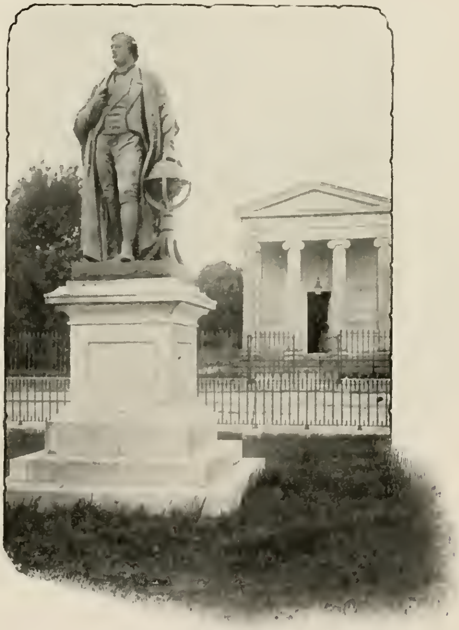
ment, that Dublin would one day be proud to rear a bronze memorial at this gateway in his honor, and that the products of his genius would be read and his name cherished wherever the English language should be known.

On the left of the College entrance, and forming a pendant to the statue of Goldsmith, stands another admirable work by the same artist, — the Irish sculptor, Foley. It is the manly, spirited figure of Edmund Burke. This gifted Irishman was a student here at the same time as Goldsmith, but there is no evidence that they were then particularly acquainted; though later, in their London literary life, they were somewhat allied. The bold, impassioned, parliamentary orator and polemical essayist was not cast in the same mould as the retiring poet; yet each in his own way conferred undying glory upon Ireland. Burke's advocacy of his native land, in denouncing the tyrannical trade-restrictions placed by England upon Ireland, has been described by even an English statesman, John Morley, as being "accurately, absolutely, and magnificently right"; his splendid championship of the oppressed in the impeachment trial of Warren Hastings also elicited the admiration of the world; and every American will recollect with gratitude Burke's noble efforts, at the time of the Revolution, in behalf of the struggling Colonists,

to whom he gave his entire sympathy. He had foreseen the approaching conflict, and had protested against the imposition of unjust taxes on the King's North American subjects, but in vain. His speeches on "American Taxation," in 1774, and on "Conciliation with America," in 1775, have an imperishable place in literature. For rhetorical fervor, thrilling eloquence and sound wisdom, the world has rarely seen their equal.

Macaulay, an historian not particularly favorable to the Irish, nevertheless pronounced Burke "in aptitude of comprehension and richness of imagination, superior to every orator, ancient or modern": and the English statesman, Fox, declared, "If I were to put all the political information that I have ever gained from books, and all that I have learned from science, or that the knowledge of the world and its affairs have taught me, into one scale, and the improvement I have derived from the conversation and teachings of Edmund Burke into the other, the latter would preponderate."

What wonderful men poor Ireland has brought forth in her wretchedness and given to the world, as models of oratory, poetry, statesmanship, and valor! The different stars composing this superb galaxy naturally shine with various degrees of lustre; but all of them are suns, not satellites, and they together form a Celtic constellation, whose brilliancy will never be extinguished until the stellar hosts themselves shall be dissolved, and "the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll."



STATUE OF THE EARL OF ROSSE, DUBLIN.

Passing within the enclosure of the University, I paused in admiration before its Campanile, a beautiful combination of triumphal arch and belfry, the latter containing a melodious bell which calls the students to their various duties. This structure, the cost of which is estimated at sixty thousand dollars, was the gift of Lord George Beresford, whose exalted station as Archbishop of Dublin and Primate of Ireland did not prevent him from regarding his Alma Mater with the love and gratitude of a loyal son. It is evident from the stories still related of him by the collegians that he was no exception to the rule, that Irishmen are generally endowed with irrepressible wit and humor. Thus, even when Archbishop, during the meetings of the National Board of Education, over which he presided, he would often gravely announce some scientific discovery for the amusement of his colleagues. On one occasion, referring to the particu-

THE COLLEGE CAMPANILE.

THE EXAMINATION HALL, TRINITY COLLEGE.

larly flat-topped head of a neighbor, he propounded what he called a "new phrenological test." "Take," he said, "a handful of peas and drop them on the head of the patient. The amount of the man's dishonesty will depend on the number that remain there. If a large number fail to fall off, tell the butler to lock up the spoons."

In the Examination Hall of this institution hang several interesting portraits, including those of Dean Swift, Bishop Berkeley, and Edmund Burke; and, just as in the Dining Hall the likenesses of Grattan, Flood, and Beresford look down upon the students, when for a time the knife and fork are more important than the pen, so here the faces of these eminent graduates seem to survey with sympathy the youthful aspirants for fame, as they attempt to answer on the sheets of paper placed before them questions, which to the average collegian, breathlessly awaiting promotion, graduation, prize,

or fellowship, inspire almost as much dread as the ingenious tests of mediæval torture-chambers.

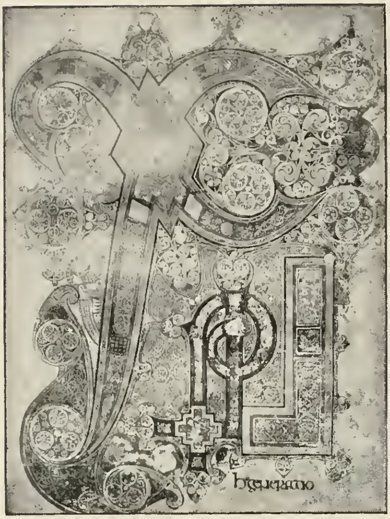
But the special glory of Dublin's University is its famous Library, which contains nearly a quarter of a million of volumes, and has, like the British Museum in London, the right to a presentation copy of every book published in the United Kingdom. The exterior of this Library is severely plain, though not without a certain dignity and rugged grandeur; but the interior is really noble in the majestic height of its great central hall, with wainscoting and ceiling of old Irish oak. Along the sides are marble busts of many of the world's most eminent contributors to knowledge, from Homer, Socrates, and Plato, to Shakespeare, Bacon, and Dean Swift. Here also is a beautiful bust of Wellington by Chantrey; and since these portraits are not strictly limited to literary benefactors of the race, I should have liked to see enshrined within these walls the face of Mr. Fawcett, who finally, in 1873, caused all religious tests of the University to be abolished, and all its scholarships and fellowships to be thereafter free for competition to Catholics as well as Protestants. For, although Trinity College was founded in 1591, it was not until 1792, or more than two hundred years later, that Roman Catholics

THE LIBRARY, TRINITY COLLEGE.

THE HOME OF THE MANUSCRIPTS, TRINITY COLLEGE.

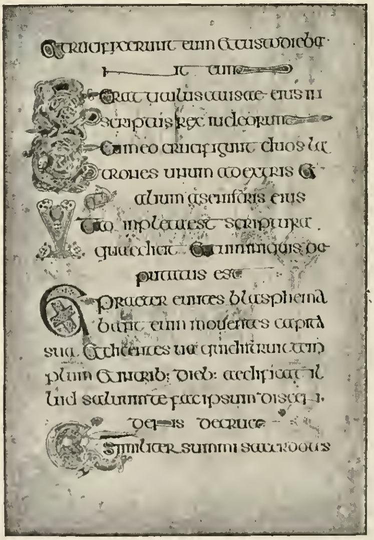
were allowed to take degrees here, and even then for nearly one hundred years more they were excluded from a full share in the University's privileges and endowments.

In the centre of this long hall are cases which contain the precious manuscripts, rare books, and other interesting relics, of which the Irish are so justly proud. How literally splendid and beyond all price are some of those old manuscripts! I was astonished at their wonderful beauty, and was greatly impressed by the proof they give of the artistic skill and intellectual activity that once prevailed upon the island. Many of these parchments are decorated with intricate patterns that should be studied under a magnifying glass, and are illuminated in five or six different colors. It is plain, therefore, that the most loving labor was bestowed on their embellishment. The most remarkable of these works is a seventh-century copy of the four Gospels in Latin, known as the "Book of Kells," because it was written in the monastery and village of that name. This is undoubtedly the most beautiful book in the world. Nowhere have I seen in manuscript form anything equal to the splendor of its coloring, the delicacy of its tracery, and the exquisite designs of its ornamentation. By the aid of a microscope there can be counted in the space of one inch



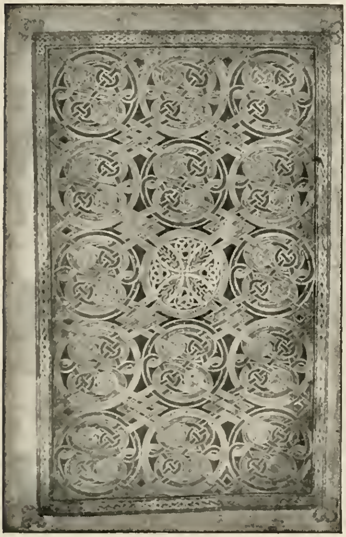
AN INITIAL LETTER IN THE "BOOK OF KELLS."

no less than *one hundred and fifty-eight* interlacements of tiny bands, each of which is composed of a strip of white, bordered on each side with a black line. Some of its leaves are entirely filled with ornament, and every sentence begins with an ingeniously decorated letter, each different from the rest. Many of its superb pages look like gold plates, jeweled and enameled. This wonderful volume rests during the daytime on a metal stand beneath a glass case, over which a curtain is drawn, when no one is inspecting it, to prevent its colors from fading. At night it is removed into a fireproof safe, borne on the metal rack that supports it, so that the book itself may not be handled. In fact, only once in twenty-four hours does a hand touch the precious volume, and then merely to turn a page, exposing a new leaf daily to the light and to the examination of visitors. Another manuscript treasured here, containing an entire copy of the New Testament, together with a "Life of St. Patrick," is almost as perfect a specimen of scriptic art as the "Book of Kells."



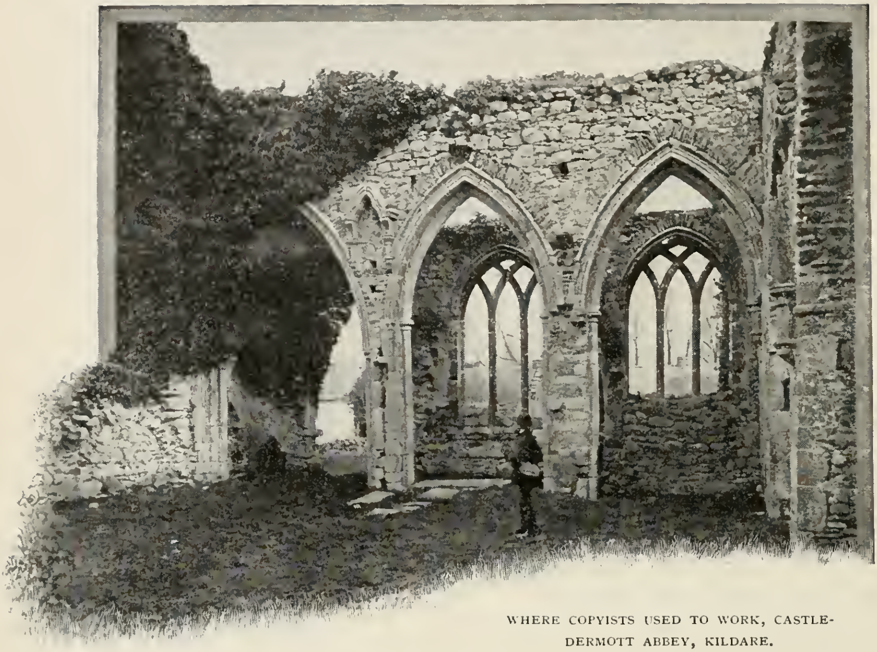
ORDINARY TEXT IN THE "BOOK OF KELLS."

It is not difficult to account for the vast amount of labor expended on these works of art. In the first place, writings of any kind were in those days rare. Printing was not to revolutionize the world for centuries. The copyists also had abundant time at their disposal, and could spend days, if need be, on the illumination of a single letter. Then, too, they loved and reverenced their work. It was for them a pious duty to transcribe the sacred text, and they took genuine delight in rendering it as beautiful as possible. We cannot, therefore, be surprised at the value placed upon such treasures in the early centuries; for, even if one lacked the learning to decipher them, he saw at least their beauty, and looked upon them also with a superstitious reverence, as the words of God. Accordingly, they were often carried into battle by old Irish warriors, as aids to victory, and a single manuscript was sometimes offered and accepted as ransom for a captive king.



A BIT OF INTERLACED ORNAMENT IN THE "BOOK OF DURROW."

As we should naturally expect in a land, the piety of which was so renowned, and in an age, most of whose literature and learning centred in the monasteries, a large proportion of these writings have a religious character, and several are copies of the Scriptures. The longest of them, however, the "Book of Leinster," produced about the year 1160, contains in its four hundred and ten pages nearly one thousand Irish literary compositions, treating in prose and poetry of great historical events and popular romantic tales. Some of



WHERE COPYISTS USED TO WORK, CASTLE-DERMOTT ABBEY, KILDARE.

these parchments also are devoted to the study of medicine; for it appears to have been an ancient custom in Irish families to keep for consultation one or more manuscripts, in which the doctors of the time were wont to write, year after year, and generation after generation, the results of their experience. There is something pathetic in looking on those carefully traced words, and thinking of the painfully slow progress that they mark toward a correct interpretation of the laws of health. It is all the more pathetic because even now, so many centuries later and in the full blaze of scientific research and discovery, we see

> "How little we have gained,
> How vast the unattained!"

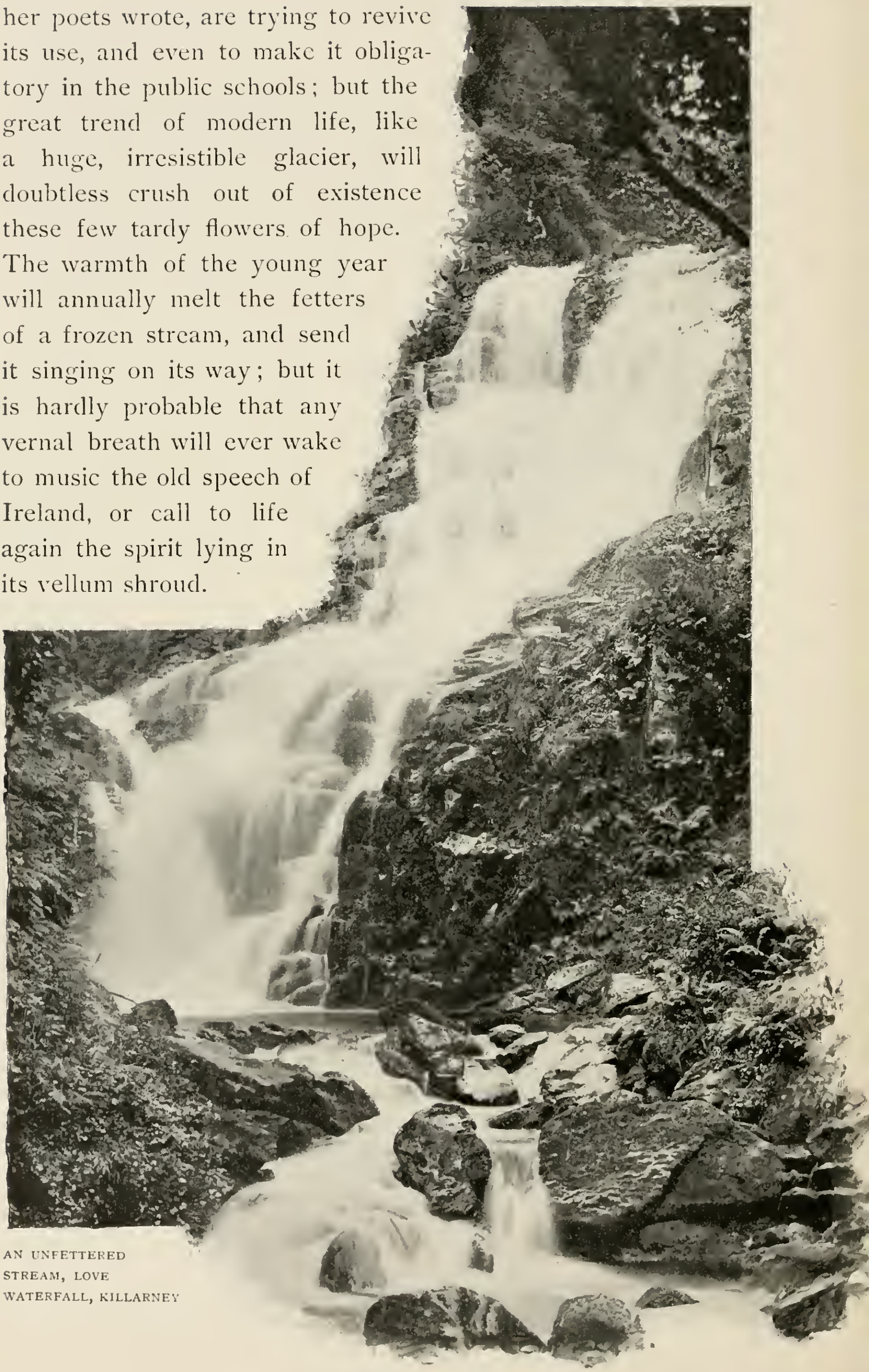
in finding suitable defensive weapons for the ill-matched struggle, forever going on between mankind and death, in which

each victory gained by man is but a respite from his ultimate defeat.

Another thought suggested to me by these Irish writings was that the language of their script is practically moribund. Some things of value must exist in the old literature of a land whose institutions once drew to their halls students from Rome itself; and yet, so obsolete has that ancient tongue become, that much of the contents of those parchments is practically unknown. Only a few scholars now remain who can translate them, and even their number is steadily diminishing. As winter's glacial hand arrests the river's flow, and holds it locked in icy immobility, so has the chill of age crept over Erin's early language. Its flow of eloquence is checked. Its gems of literature lie concealed beneath the freezing mantle of neglect. Some Irish men and women, it is true, loyal to Ireland's past and to the Celtic tongue in which

THE MUSEUM, TRINITY COLLEGE.

her poets wrote, are trying to revive its use, and even to make it obligatory in the public schools; but the great trend of modern life, like a huge, irresistible glacier, will doubtless crush out of existence these few tardy flowers of hope. The warmth of the young year will annually melt the fetters of a frozen stream, and send it singing on its way; but it is hardly probable that any vernal breath will ever wake to music the old speech of Ireland, or call to life again the spirit lying in its vellum shroud.



AN UNFETTERED STREAM, LOVE WATERFALL, KILLARNEY

But calligraphy was not the only fine art that prevailed in Ireland in those early days. Not far from Trinity College stands a handsome edifice known as the New Museum of Dublin. Within its walls are many objects of transcendent value, not only to the student of ethnology and archæology, but to all visitors who take the slightest interest in specimens of gold and silver handicraft, which would in any age win admiration, but which are truly wonderful, when one considers the time and place of their production. The most remarkable of these is a sacred reliquary, called the Cross of Cong, designed, as its inscription states, to contain a portion of the true Cross. Fully to appreciate this masterpiece of early Irish art, one should examine this also with a magnifying glass. It consists primarily of a cross of oak, two and a half feet high, with arms that measure from one extremity to the other about eighteen inches. This oaken frame, however, is sheathed in copper,

THE NATIONAL MUSEUM, DUBLIN.

which is, in its turn, covered with a beautifully designed and exquisitely finished filigree of gold. Originally eighteen gems were set along the arms and shaft, thirteen of which remain in place, while in the centre is a large quartz crystal, covering a cruciform piece of wood, apparently much older than the rest. This, it is believed, is the relic of Christ's Passion for which the shrine was made. The archæological interest of this reliquary rivals even its artistic value, for it is possible from its lettering to learn not only the approximate date of its production, but also the names of the patron who commanded it and the artisan who made it. Along the edges of the cross have been engraved five sentences, the first of which states in Latin:

"In this cross is preserved the Cross upon which suffered the Founder of the world."

THE CROSS OF CONG.

The other inscriptions are in the Irish language, and request prayers for Turlough O'Conor, "the King of Erin for whom this shrine was made"; for the Archbishop and Bishop of Connaught, under whose supervision it was constructed; and finally for Mælisu O'Echan, its artificer. The mention of these personages fixes the date of the work as being early in the twelfth century, probably in 1123 A.D.; for

THE ABBEY OF CONG.

the ecclesiastics referred to are well known to students of Church history, and were connected with the beautiful Augustinian Abbey of Cong, where the cross which bears its name was reverently kept until the ruin and abandonment of the noble edifice. The last mitred Abbot of Cong subsequently found it in a chest of oak in a little cottage in the village of Abbotstown, where it had probably been placed by pious hands at the period of the Reformation, and where it had for more than two centuries lain concealed. Turlough O'Conor, by whose order the work was undertaken, was even better known than these Church Fathers, since he was one of the best and most renowned of Irish kings, his reign having lasted more than fifty years.

Difficult as it may seem, for those who have not investigated the subject, to associate such men and deeds with the early history of Ireland, it is nevertheless a fact that this illustrious monarch was called the Augustus of western Europe, and that

CONG'S DESERTED CLOISTERS.

he was distinguished for his culture and munificence, and for his patronage of art, especially where it illustrated and enriched religion. Of the artist himself, however, nothing but his name is known; and this has been preserved to us only because he inscribed it on his masterpiece, the last of all, humbly entreating those who looked upon his work to pray for him, as well as for the king and prelates. After all, it is of him that we think longest here. His birth, condition, history, the school where he acquired his skill, his death, his burial-place, — of all these we know nothing; but we are touched to find at the foot of this memorial of Calvary his name, as if his soul still lingered there in prayer. Nearly eight hundred years have passed since his deft fingers pressed the last gold spiral into place. The brain that planned, the hands that fashioned it, the eyes that probably grew dim at parting from the precious object

of his toil, have long since mingled with the elements; but the fair reliquary, which no doubt sums up the work and aspiration of his life, has happily survived the storms of centuries almost intact; and in the centuries to come, when it will probably be treasured still more tenderly than in the past, each lover of the beautiful, as he thinks of Mælisu O'Echan, will answer his petition with the heartfelt utterance: May he rest in peace!

In the same room with this rare work, but in a separate case, stands another splendid specimen of Irish handicraft — the Ardagh Chalice. From certain features of its decoration this is supposed to be three centuries older than the Cross of Cong; but of its origin nothing definite is known. Some years ago, a peasant lad was digging in a field, when suddenly his spade turned up into the light of day one of the oldest and most exquisite pieces of metal work that Christian art has any-

THE ARDAGH CHALICE.

where produced. It is a massive silver cup, adorned with bands and medallions of gold filigree, wonderfully rich and elaborate in design and execution. In these, at regular intervals, are set enameled bosses, resembling jewels. Like all the other art-relics of early Christian Ireland, this chalice shows that skillful artisans performed their work upon it lovingly and

A PAGAN MONUMENT.

conscientiously. Whether they wrought thus faithfully for Art's own sake, or whether they were inspired by the thought that they were laboring in this instance for the Eye that searcheth out the hidden things, and seeth in secret, the result was the same. The wonderful cup is composed of no less than three hundred and fifty-four distinct pieces; but no difference in attention to details can be discerned between the upper and more conspicuous decorations, and those which are concealed from

ENTRANCE TO BALTIMORE HARBOR, COUNTY CORK.

ordinary observation in its hollowed base. That this may be appreciated, the chalice has been placed above a mirror, upon whose surface is reflected a crystal enclosed in a fine circle of gold arabesques, as perfect in their workmanship as any portion of the bowl. What tender care this sacramental cup received in its construction is evidenced by the fact that, after centuries of chance and change, and its long burial in the earth, it yet appears in well-nigh perfect preservation. But who the faithful artist was we do not know; nor can we tell whose consecrated hands presented it to kneeling worshipers. Those hands have left no record of its history. Mute, also, are the lips which touched its burnished brim, to drink, as from the fountain of eternal life. We only know it is a priceless relic of the time when Ireland sat enthroned as the High Priestess of the Western world, to whom the scholars of all Christendom were glad to come for inspiration and instruction.

ST. PATRICK'S WELL, DOWNPATRICK.

Turning from this memorial of Ireland's early Church, I noticed with surprise an object which at first seemed out of place amid the sumptuous ornaments surrounding it. It was a bell of bronze and iron, about a foot in height, with simple

ST. PATRICK'S BELL.

shape, crude workmanship, and battered sides. Yet to the antiquary, as well as to the Churchman, it has a greater value than any jeweled shrine or cross of gold. In the first place, it is unquestionably authentic, having an unbroken history of fourteen hundred years, and as such is the oldest specimen of Irish Christian metal work in existence. Moreover, it possesses the added value of having been used by Ireland's great patron saint. To the average "man in the street" St. Patrick is a legendary being, vaguely associated with a serpent exodus from Ireland. But there are few historic characters more authentic, and few whose influence has been more powerful and permanent. When the great Roman Empire began to feel the chill of death at its extremities, and its remotest northern garrison took the first back-

ST. PATRICK'S GRAVE, DOWNPATRICK.

ward step in Scotland, there went with the retreating troops, south of the great wall of Severus, a youth about fourteen years of age, who, in 396 A.D., had been born near Dumbarton, on the Clyde. The Picts, emboldened by the withdrawal of the Roman legions, made incursions into the territory of their foes. In one such raid they captured this young man, and sent him as a slave to Ireland. After six years the prisoner escaped, espoused the Christian faith with ardor, and devoted himself to the priesthood, with the determination to convert the inhabitants of the island to Christianity. This may be called the prologue of St. Patrick's life. The second part begins in the year 428 A.D., the best-established date in his history, when he addressed the king and Druids on the royal hill of Tara. From that time on, his wonderful success needs no eulogium. Suffice it to say that his life and labors laid the foundation upon which Ireland was presently to stand as the great centre of religious influence in northern Europe.

THE COVER OF ST. PATRICK'S BELL.

Whether or not his dust reposes in the shadow of the cathedral at Downpatrick, under the granite slab that bears his name, he is, and ever will be, the dominant figure in Ireland — the keystone in the bridge by which men passed from Irish Paganism to Christianity. So many new-born Irishmen have been named after the great saint, that "Pat" has come

to be a synonym for almost every son of Erin, and youthful Irish-Americans are prone to be ashamed of the fact that they bear the name of Patrick. They should be proud of it. There is no name on earth that in its own legitimate meaning is more aristocratic. It signifies *patrician*, as contrasted with plebeian, and it is quite presumable that the young monk thus named was worthy of the title. Most men are glad to trace their lineage to old Norman conquerors. But who among them all stands out more prominently on the stage of history than St. Patricius? The conquest that he made was not of this world; but which of all the mailèd robbers from the north achieved such glorious triumphs and such bloodless victories, and left such blessings to posterity?

Beside St. Patrick's bell in the Museum is a beautiful metal case specially made, in the latter part of the eleventh century, to enclose it. This is itself a reliquary of remarkable richness, upon whose frame of brass are ornaments of gold and silver, wrought in intricate designs, while several gems and crystals sparkle on its surface. It is an interesting fact that such bell-covers seem not to have been made in any part of Christendom save Ireland; but the sanctity in which the relic of the great apostle was regarded caused the bells of other saints to be similarly protected. Many of them, like the bell of St. Patrick, had special guardians, their custody often remaining for many generations in one

A CORNER OF THE MUSEUM.

OLD IRISH FLINT IMPLEMENTS.

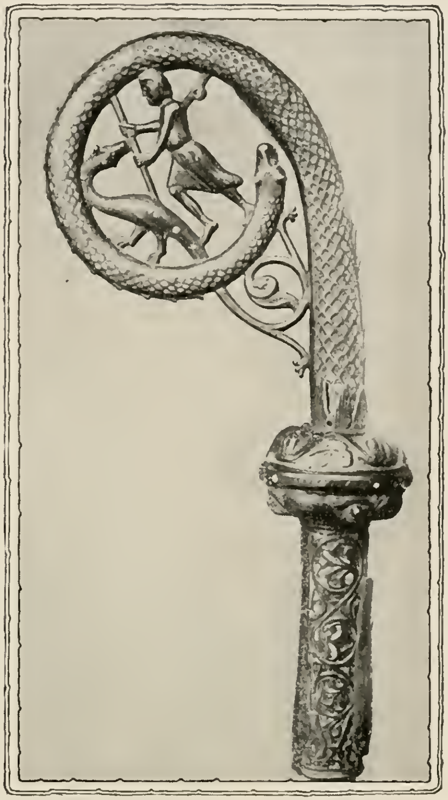
family. Yet, after all, despite the elegance and antiquity of this case, one turns from it at last to contemplate again the older and plainer, but far more precious, bell itself, and in imagination to hear once more its silent tongue, which, when the dawn of a new Faith was stealing o'er this farthest island of an unknown sea, so often made the hills and valleys echo with its call to prayer.

But Christian relics are not the only treasures of the past preserved in this Museum. In some of its galleries are souvenirs of an antiquity, compared to which that of the early Church seems modern. For Ireland, like all other European countries, had her Stone, Bronze, and Iron Ages, and passed through the same stages of development that all the different races of humanity have gradually reached and left behind them in their upward march from barbarism. An instinct, common to all peoples of the earth, leads them along the same adventurous path, groping their way through blood and tears, and clinging to a bit of flint, or scrap of metal, as mountain climbers clutch a root or piece of rock, to give them vantage ground for another upward step. How harmless now appear these rows of flint flakes, ranged like ornaments within a case!

But every one of them has a history, closely connected with the life of man. Some of the larger ones were used as knives and ax-heads, to fashion a rude boat; others, as sharp and cruel as a tiger's teeth, once served as weapons at the ends of spears; while some in their collision, at first by chance, then purposely, struck out the spark, which gave to the astonished savage the possibility of fire, and lit the way to higher civilization by means of warmth, cooked food, and the use of metals But these old implements of prehistoric times refuse to tell their secrets, and lie before us like loosely scattered type, waiting for some great printer to combine them into words and sentences, and tell the story of the Stone Age to the world.

AN OGHAM STONE.

Vastly more interesting, however, than these flints, are some rough pillars; a few of which are in the Museum, while many similar ones exist intact in various parts of Ireland. They are called "Ogham" stones from the legendary Ogma, the Cad-



A BISHOP'S CROZIER OF THE OLD IRISH CHURCH.

mus of the Celts, who gave to them the art of writing, for on their edges have been cut rude letters, distinguished from one another by their different lengths and angles. Impossible as it would seem to be, the patient labor of enthusiastic scholars has deciphered these inscriptions, as perfectly as other students of antiquity mastered the mystery of Egyptian hieroglyphics; and the crude language of the primitive Celt is now as legible as that of Cleopatra. As I stood looking at the strange incisions, carved in the twilight of the Irish dawn on these rough monoliths, as messages to posterity, I thought of the stupendous temple-palaces at Thebes which I had seen but a few months before; and more than ever was I impressed with the mysterious law that seems to regulate the rise and fall of nations. Thus, at the very time when Egypt's brilliant civilization flourished on the Upper Nile; and, later, when Hellenic art and wisdom shed their lustre over the Ægean; and when the feet of Jesus trod Judea's hills; here, on this island (even then comparatively near to Egypt, Greece, and Palestine, and now within a few hours' journey to them), an

unknown race was slowly emerging from the bog of barbarism, to take, in turn, its part in the great drama of humanity, when the illustrious actors of those other lands should have forever disappeared, leaving the spiendid theatres of their exploits in ruins. Strange, is it not, that the historic kingdom of the Pharaohs should to-day be governed by the Ruler of Ireland, while the Sirdar, who takes the place of Ramses II., as the conqueror of the Soudan, is the Irishman, Lord Kitchener?

LORD KITCHENER.

IRELAND II

IN COUNTY GALWAY.

IRELAND

THE people of Dublin are the proud possessors of a park no less than seven miles in circumference, with an area of seventeen hundred acres. Laid out in admirable driveways, richly wooded, and commanding lovely views, it well deserves its reputation of being one of the finest pleasure-grounds in Europe. Its name, Phœnix Park, suggests a previous conflagration here, especially as there rises, at the intersection of its principal avenues, a handsome column sur-

THE PHŒNIX COLUMN, PHŒNIX PARK, DUBLIN.

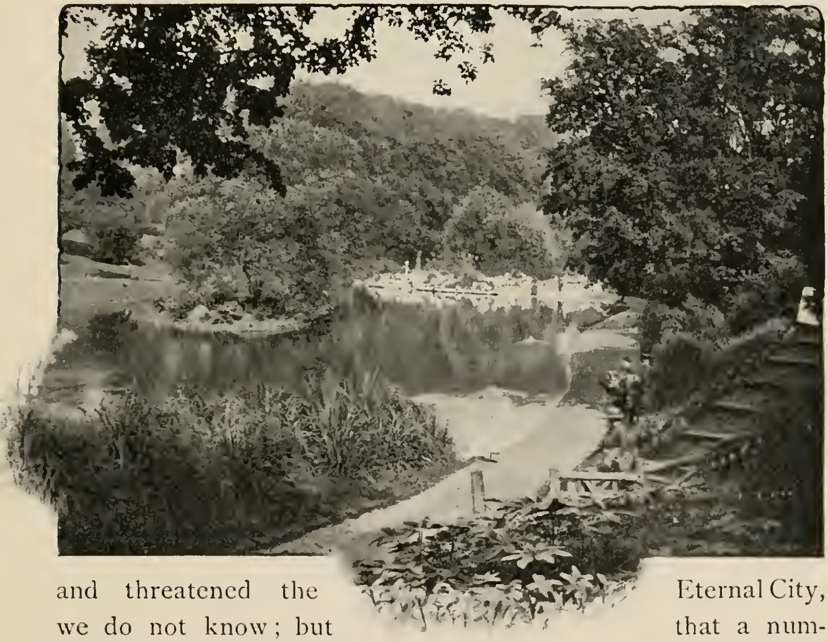
LORD CHESTERFIELD.

mounted by the legendary fire-born bird. But, since the name is said to be merely a corruption of the Irish "fionn-uske," meaning a spring of running water, the title of the park and the interpretation naturally placed upon the figure of the phœnix are alike misleading. One is accustomed to associate Lord Chesterfield only with a code of exquisite politeness and the famous letters on fine manners which he addressed directly to his son, and indirectly to the world. Yet it was he who, as the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in 1747, granted this vast enclosure (formerly a deer park) to the public, embellished it with walks and drives, caused the erection of the Phœnix Column, and by judicious planting gave to the broad expanses of green turf rare touches of arboreal beauty. Not far from the entrance stands the massive granite obelisk, two hundred and five feet high, reared to the memory of the Duke of Wellington. Residents of the Irish capital are justly proud to

THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT, PHŒNIX PARK.

reckon the Iron Duke among the distinguished men whom Dublin has produced. Whenever I passed this fine memorial to his genius, I always noticed one or more persons reading the titles of his victories inscribed upon the monument, or gazing at the bronze reliefs of some of his most famous battle-scenes.

What a race of warriors the Irish have always been! How many of them fought against the Roman legions in the days when Celtic chieftains ventured down into the plains of Italy



A BIT OF PHŒNIX PARK.

and threatened the Eternal City, we do not know; but that a number of them joined their Gallic brethren in resisting Julius Cæsar, we may well believe. There can also be little doubt that, later, when degenerate Roman citizens avoided military duty, the Celts, like other vanquished tribes, were enrolled to take their places in the imperial armies; while, in comparatively recent times, driven from their unhappy land by persecution and starvation, the Irish swelled the ranks of French and Spanish armies with

STATUE OF GENERAL SARSFIELD, LIMERICK.

whole regiments of soldiers, whose reckless bravery was unsurpassed. For many years Ireland was Europe's favorite recruiting ground. So great was the exodus of Erin's valiant sons, after the conquest of the island by King William, in 1691, that a French historian estimates that during the next fifty years four hundred thousand Irishmen perished as soldiers of France. Their reputation was most brilliant. The Prince of Orange said that they were born soldiers; the French king, Henry Fourth, called Hugh O'Neill the third soldier of the age; and it was in the battle of Landen that the gallant Irish general, Sarsfield, the hero of Limerick, while commanding the left wing of the French army, fell, mortally wounded, murmuring, as he saw his life-blood ebb away, "Oh, that this was for Ireland!" In fact, there was not one of all those Irish warriors who did not cherish in his heart the hope that some day his right arm might wield the sword for Ireland's independence,

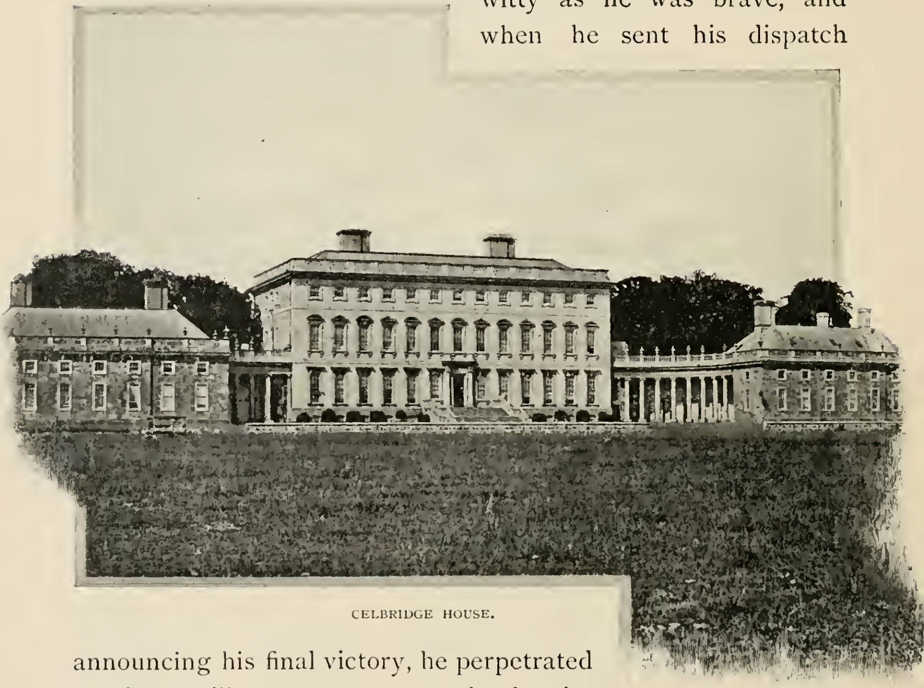
and who, like Sarsfield, did not grudge the blood which poured so freely from their wounds upon a foreign soil. What wonder, then, that when at Fontenoy, with the cry "Remember Limerick," —

> "Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hunger's pang,
> Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang,"

the English king exclaimed: "Cursed be the laws that deprive me of such subjects!" It is a proof of the valor and ability of these Irish exiles that some of them rose to be generals, and even marshals, in Russia, Austria, and Spain, as well as in France. Irish blood flowed in the veins of Marshal McMahon, for six years President of the French Republic; while Leopold O'Donnell, a direct descendant of the old O'Donnell chieftains, once so powerful in Ireland, held, from 1843 to 1848, the post of Captain General of Cuba, and subsequently was for several years, as Minister of War and Premier of the Cabinet, the virtual Sovereign of Spain. It must also be said for Ireland that, notwithstanding all her grievances, she has not hesitated to fight for England nobly. At one time Irish troops formed nearly one-half of the military forces of the British Empire; the Irish Grenadiers at Waterloo covered themselves with

GOUGH'S STATUE, PHŒNIX PARK.

glory; and, turning from quantity to quality, who can estimate the value of Ireland's gift to England in the Duke of Wellington, and the Napiers, whose homestead, Celbridge House, near Dublin, was called "The Eagles' Nest" on account of the high spirit of the sons of Colonel Napier, all of whom attained distinction. Charles, for example, was the conqueror of the great province of India, known as Sind, containing no less than forty-eight thousand square miles and nearly three million inhabitants. Like a true Irishman, General Napier was as witty as he was brave, and when he sent his dispatch



CELBRIDGE HOUSE.

announcing his final victory, he perpetrated the best military pun on record; for, instead of writing, "I have Sind," he used the single word "Peccavi!" Still another Irish contribution to her Majesty's service in India was Viscount Gough, whose statue stands in Phœnix Park, and who by his success in the far East won for himself the enviable title of "Conqueror of the Punjaub."

WHITE.

ROBERTS

KITCHENER

THREE IRISH HEROES.

Moreover, passing by many more who might be mentioned, we come to the significant fact that at the present time most of the celebrated leaders of the British army are Irishmen. Thus, who among the military heroes of Great Britain are more admired, trusted, and beloved than the sons of Ireland, — Lord Wolseley, Commander in Chief; Lord Roberts, Field Marshal in the Transvaal; Sir George White, the hero of Ladysmith; and Lord Kitchener, conqueror of the Soudan? The presence of these men at the head of the British armies assures the world that Irish loyalty and devotion to the Empire were never better shown than now.

LORD WOLSELEY.

Happily, too, they now receive abundant recognition and appreciation. The recent visit of the Queen to Ireland was virtually an agèd sovereign's personal tribute of thankfulness for Irish heroism in the African War. As such, it gratified her Celtic subjects immeasurably more than any gifts or formal

ARCH OF TRIUMPH FOR QUEEN VICTORIA,
APRIL, 1900.

thanks from a distance could have done. One of the many evidences of tact which she displayed on that occasion was her granting permission to all Irishmen to enjoy the "wearing of the green"; thus wiping out the memory of an era when, as an indication of hostility to England, it had been prohibited. Whether or not Saint Patrick made use of the three-leaf shamrock to explain to the pagan Celts the doctrine of the Trinity, that little trefoil is to Ireland what the thistle is to Scotland, and the rose to England. Accordingly, it was with the utmost satisfaction that Ireland learned of the Queen's recent order that the shamrock should be formally worn by her Irish soldiers on Saint Patrick's Day as an emblem of nationality. Apparent trifles often have great weight with ardent temperaments, and the fate of individuals and nations has sometimes been decided by a word of sympathy, or a fancied slight. Certainly the people of Dublin were immensely pleased that the first pur-

chase made by the Queen, after landing on Irish soil, was a bunch of shamrock, which she carried conspicuously during her drive of six miles from Kingstown harbor to Dublin. I shall not soon forget the impression made upon me by her triumphal entry into the Irish capital. In the bright sunshine of that April morning the lovely Bay of Dublin presented an enchanting picture. The royal yacht, in which her Majesty had crossed from Wales, lay on the crisp, green water, like a gull at rest. The Wicklow Mountains cut their deep blue profiles sharply on a cloudless sky. The air was scented with the breath of blossoms, mingled occasionally with a briny fragrance, as the light breeze puffed inward from the sea. Thousands of people of all classes and conditions, who had been pouring into Dublin from various portions of the island, filled Kingstown's streets, and lined the entire route between the seaport and the

LEAVING KINGSTOWN HARBOR.

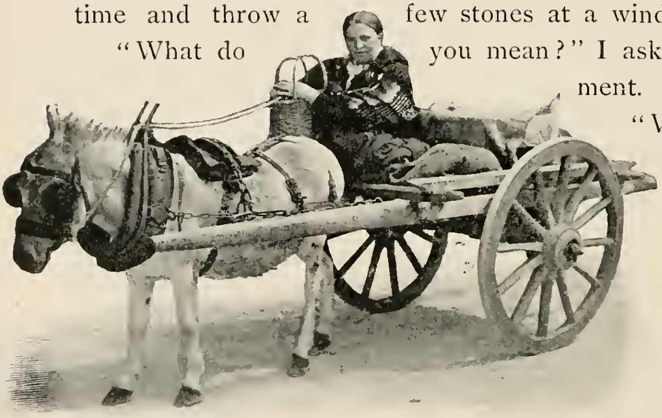
capital. As I stood waiting in the throng, I felt no longer any apprehension as to the warmth of the Queen's reception. I must confess that, before leaving England, I had been fearful lest some insult might be offered her by bitter partisans. But from the moment of my landing I had seen how groundless were my doubts of Ireland's hospitality. The Irish seemed to have but one desire, — to give an affectionate greeting to their venerable sovereign. Particularly noticeable were the happiness and cordiality of the common people, and many were the evidences that I gathered of their ready wit.

"Are the hotels full?" I had inquired of my cabby, on arriving in Dublin.

"Axin' yer lave, sor," he replied, "ye'd better save yer time and throw a few stones at a windy."

"What do you mean?" I asked in astonishment.

"Well, sor," answered the driver, "ye'd get locked up thin, and that's the aisyest way to find a room in Dublin this night, Hiven be praised!"



GOING TO MARKET.

Close to the spot where I was standing, awaiting the Queen's coming, was an old woman, busily engaged in selling oranges. For some time business had been good with her; but, as the crowd grew denser, she could not move about to offer her wares.

"Kape back there, Mrs. Flanagan," shouted a policeman, good-humoredly; "her Majesty won't buy any oranges; she hates thim."

COME TO SEE THE QUEEN, MOTHER AND SON.

"God bless her sowl," replied the old woman, "sure it's only the color of thim she hates. I wish I had some *green* oranges!"

At last vociferous cheering in the distance announced the coming of the Queen. I have seen royal advents which were more magnificent, but rarely one that left upon my mind such pleasant memories. The realization that the people round me were inhabitants of an island which had had little previous encouragement to give a hearty welcome to a British sovereign, made the enthusiastic shouts, the clouds of fluttering handkerchiefs and waving hats, and the unfeigned excitement, reverence, and pleasure depicted on innumerable faces, one of the most remarkable public spectacles I ever looked upon; and when, in presence of the gracious lady, so lightly crowned with more than fourscore years, that multitude of Irish men and women began to sing

PASSING BENEATH THE ARCH.

the national anthem, "God save our Noble Queen," there came a sudden choking in my throat at thought of the reconciliation of the two peoples, and for a moment I could not join in the grand old harmony, upon whose volume the royal carriage seemed to move along, as on a tidal wave of sound. The fact that not a single act of incivility marred this reception, together with the grand display of loyalty afforded by the Irish troops

WHERE THE QUEEN LODGED, VICE-REGAL LODGE, PHŒNIX PARK.

in Africa, are cheering signs of happier relations between the sister-islands. The "terrible Celtic memory" seems to have been disarmed by the recently adopted means of confidence and kindness; and at the dawn of the twentieth century we see a new significance given to the proverb: "England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity"; for the old motto has been completed, not with the words, "to do her injury," but with the nobler utterance, "to give her aid."

ON ROSS ISLAND, KILLARNEY.

The tour of the average traveler in Ireland comprises Killarney, Blarney Castle, Dublin, and the Giant's Causeway, with scarcely more than a day allowed for each. Even of these Dublin is apt to receive the least attention, and its vicinity none at all. Yet, in reality, the country lying within a radius of fifty miles from the Irish capital is thickly strewn with objects, which cannot be surpassed or equaled in any part of the world outside of Ireland. Among these are the cromlechs, — those ancient relics of the Celtic race, which add an interest to almost every portion of the island. These primitive structures, three hundred and fifty of which may still be seen, consist, in each case (where they have not been overthrown), of two or more upright stones, supporting an immense rock sometimes twenty feet in length and six in thickness. How these colossal blocks were brought to their positions and then elevated, is a question that presents itself to any one who looks at them and thinks how few were the appliances for such

A CROMLECH.

tremendous labor in those early days. As a rule, they stand on hilltops and suggest huge altars reared to pagan gods. They were, indeed, at first supposed to have been used, if not for human sacrifices, at least for solemn Druid ceremonials. Some of the rocks composing them are boulders, brought hither in that distant age when Ireland was covered with a sheet of ice which in its southward march ground down the mountains, grooved out valleys, and launched its hosts of icebergs on the deep, as Greenland's glaciers do to-day. Some bear strange marks upon their surfaces, as if they would reveal to us the secrets of the past, if we would only learn their language. Year after year, and century after century, they make the same appeal; but no one enters into converse with them. Men come and go; governments change; new faiths replace the old; but their mysterious coils and spirals still lie undeciphered, and children play among their moss-grown shapes where Druid priests performed the sacred rites connected with the burial of Celtic kings. For there is now no doubt that all

A CELTIC TOMB, NEWCASTLE.

UNDECIPHERED CHARACTERS, TYRONE.

these cromlechs were the tombs of royal or distinguished personages. Beneath their ponderous roofs have been discovered, in some cases, skeletons, in others urns of clay containing calcined human bones. From this it seems that both interment and cremation were practiced by the early Celts.

Far more elaborate, however, than the cromlechs, are the sepulchral mounds of Ireland. One of these at New Grange, easily reached from Dublin in a day, proved a most weird and interesting place. Leaving the jaunting-car which had brought me from the railway station a few miles away, I found myself confronted by what seemed to be merely an ordinary hill about seventy feet in height, covered with bushes, grass and trees. In reality, however, like the Pyramid of Cholula in Mexico, it is almost entirely artificial, and its green mantle covers an enormous cairn of stones, occupying nearly two acres, and estimated as weighing one hundred and eighty thousand tons.

THE GREAT STONE CIRCLE, NEW GRANGE.

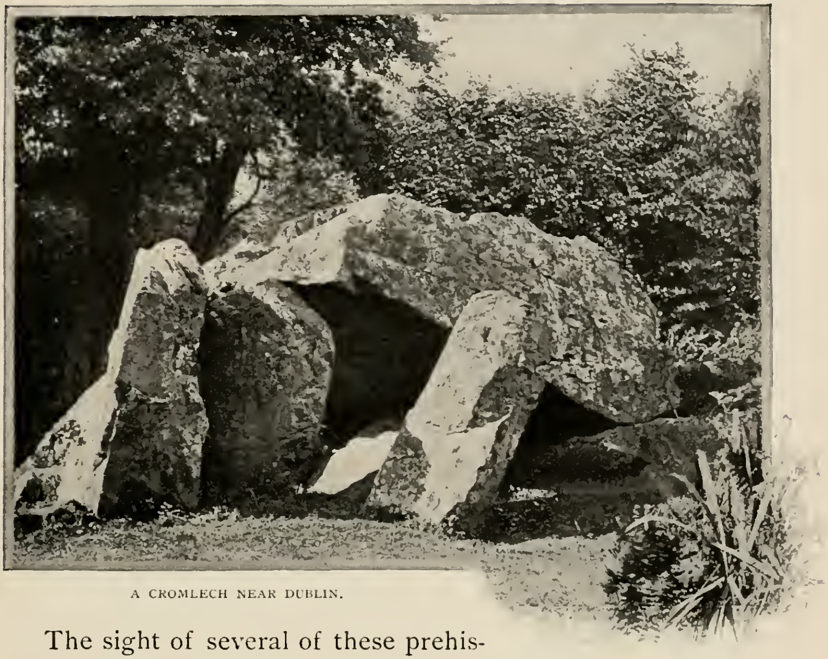
Formerly a circle of thirty monster stones surrounded it, but all save twelve have disappeared. On reaching the entrance of this tumulus, I noticed that the huge stone threshold was carved with spirals, coils, and diamond-shaped figures in regular designs, which seemed like reproductions, on a gigantic scale, of the ornamentation wrought in gold filigree on some of the specimens of Celtic art preserved in the Dublin National Museum. A narrow passage, sixty feet in length and lined with enormous blocks of stone, enabled me to go, without much difficulty, to what I found by lamplight to be a rotunda, whose dome-shaped roof, about twenty feet in height, was built by means of slabs which overlap one another toward the centre, like a flight of steps. What most surprised me here were the mysterious carvings which the lamplight showed on every portion of the walls from floor to ceiling. Why were they wrought here with such care, when it was known they

would remain in total darkness, without an eye to note their beauty or significance? The hieroglyphics in the secret halls and apartments of Egyptian temples, such as Denderah and Edfou, though never greeted by the light of day, were seen at least by priests as they passed through those corridors with lamps; but this old Celtic tomb was closed designedly forever; and, like the Pyramids, would probably never have been disturbed but for the sacrilegious greed of man. Did the devoted labor of those mound-builders spring from affection for the king who was to be buried here? Or did they hope that he would recompense them from the spirit world? The royal tombs of Egypt are immeasurably grander, and display decorations worthy of the art and civilization of the Pharaohs; but they resemble Celtic burial-mounds in this, that the motive for their construction was the same, — the old, old longing to rest undisturbed. Among the mighty ones of earth, in view of death, the dread of desecration has at times proved greater than the fear of being forgotten, and has caused their graves

ENTRANCE TO THE TUMULUS AT NEW GRANGE.

to be made both as secret and as strong as possible. It is, however, pathetic to recall how seldom this desire has been realized. "The Scipios' tombs contain no ashes now." Where is the body, where even the superb sarcophagus, of Alexander the Great? Whither did Father Tiber bear the ashes of the Roman emperors, flung by the Goths from the imposing Mausoleum of Hadrian? Even the Pyramids, the oldest, mightiest and most-enduring structures ever reared by man, could not retain within their chambers, hidden with such skill, the bodies of their royal builders. So, in this Celtic cairn, plundered by Danes eleven hundred years ago, no trace remains of him who was in all probability buried here with pomp and pageantry, characteristic of the Irish kings. Whether, indeed, it was the tomb of one king, or of many, who can tell? From its shrouded solitude there comes to us no whisper, even of a name.

CINERARY URNS, FOUND IN CELTIC TOMBS.



A CROMLECH NEAR DUBLIN.

The sight of several of these prehistoric relics of old Ireland gave me a keen desire to visit Erin's ancient capital, Tara. I knew from what I had been told that very little was to be seen there, but experience had taught me that there are places where historical associations are so powerful that the localities themselves, although retaining scarcely a vestige of their former greatness, suffice to fire the imagination and to touch the heart. Some previous reading is of course essential for the enjoyment of such scenes, just as the preparation of a camera is necessary for the making of a photograph, for no amount of subsequent study on the subject, or late perception of what ought to have been felt on some abandoned stage of the world's drama, can ever take the place of an emotion experienced at the time of viewing it. Moreover, the recollection of inspiring sentiments, awakened on a spot of world-wide fame, will often outlast that of the site itself, and make life

AN IRISH JAUNTING-CAR.

richer till its close. It is in the after-glow of such memories that many of our sweetest pleasures lie. Such thoughts had occupied my mind, one lovely summer morning, during a railway ride of twenty-seven miles from Dublin ; but these gave way to anticipations of immediate enjoyment, when, on leaving the train at a little station, I started in a jaunting-car for the Hill of Tara, plainly visible three miles away. It is not a precipitous elevation, as I had supposed, like Edinburgh Castle or the Acropolis at Athens. On the contrary, the road winds up to it without a single steep ascent; and though the drive-way could be easily continued to the summit, it ends at a small farmhouse on the eastern flank of the hill. Leaving the vehicle at that point, I walked on for five minutes over grassy slopes to reach the crest. Once there, the advantage of the situation is perceived. On every side the country falls away in gentle undulations to the

ST. PATRICK'S STATUE, TARA.

distant horizon, and one looks off on an unbroken circuit of as soft and beautiful scenery as even Ireland can reveal. The Hill of Tara was in ancient times the glory and the pride of Erin. Here stood the palace of her early kings; and here, too, was their grandest burial-place. On this historic eminence laws were made, justice was administered, and by one sovereign three schools were established, to teach respectively law, literature and the art of war. On every

SITE OF THE BANQUET HALL, TARA HILL.

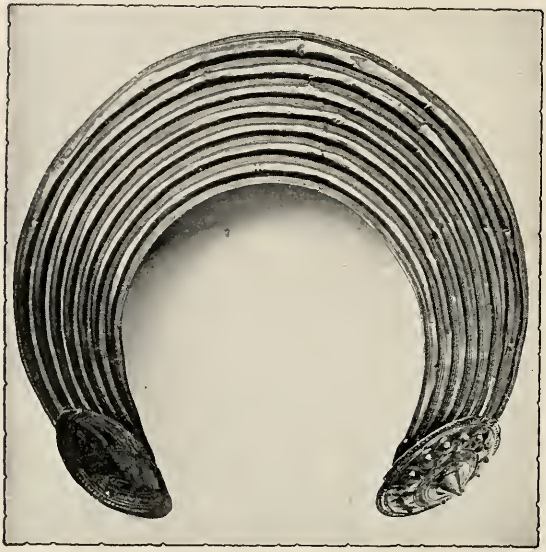
third year a national convention assembled on this hill, to which the lesser kings with their subordinate chiefs came to pay homage to their Ard-righ, or Supreme Ruler. From this point also, as a centre, five roads went forth in different directions through the island; as, on a grander scale, the highways through the Roman Empire started from the Golden Milestone in the Forum. To-day, however, the Hill of Tara is, as the Roman Forum was for centuries, a cattle-pasture!

NAVAN RING, ARMAGH, THE RESIDENCE OF A SUBORDINATE IRISH KING.

Stripped of its old-time splendor, it lies exposed to sunshine and to storm, as naked and uncared for as has often been the land of which it was the crown. This fate is preferable to that of being covered with incongruous buildings; but why do not some Irish patriots buy the hill, deed it to the Historical Society, and rear a monument upon its summit commemorative of its glorious past? I spent the greater part of a long summer day on this impressive height, reading, reflecting, or looking off upon the charming landscape that surrounded me. But during all that time not a single individual intruded on my reveries, nor did I hear a human voice, save that of the young driver of the jaunting-car, who at the appointed hour brought me my basket-lunch. There was in some respects a sadness in such solitude; and yet those lonely hours spent in communion with the past drew me more closely to the heart of Ireland than any other experience could have done. What

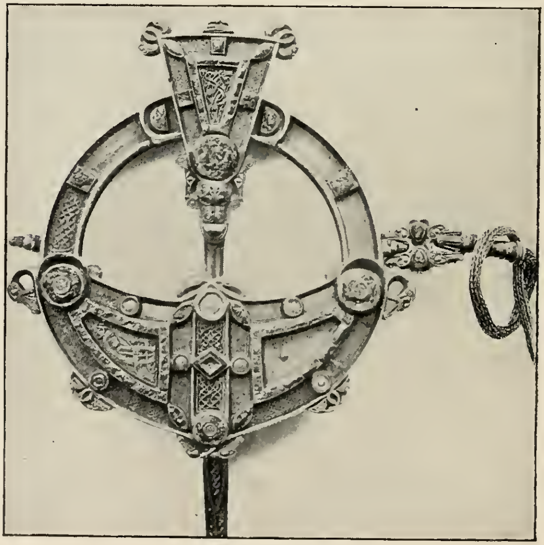
though some grassy mounds and a mysterious stone are all that now remain to tell of Tara's triumphs? It is not difficult to recreate those scenes, if only mind and heart respond to the memories that the place evokes. The history of Tara stretches back to a remote antiquity, upon whose legendary background we discern, illumined by the glint of romance or the fire of tragedy, some shadowy figures, magnified by the twilight into huge proportions. According to Irish chroniclers, there reigned here more than one hundred and forty Master-Monarchs, to whom the adjoining province specially belonged, that they might have the means of keeping up their Court with dignity. Besides this, they claimed tribute from the subordinate kings of the other provinces. One of the sovereigns of Tara, Laegaire, whose grave is marked by a mound four hundred feet in length, was buried, as he had asked to be, standing erect and fully armed, his face turned toward the territory

AN ANCIENT CELTIC COPPER CAULDRON.



AN OLD CELTIC NECKLACE.

of his foes. Another king, the famous Cormac, who reigned from 227 to 266 A.D., having met with the accidental loss of one of his eyes, was obliged, in accordance with the law of Tara, to abdicate and leave his palace, since no king might reside here who was marked by any personal blemish. What Erin's early capital was like is partially disclosed by passages in ancient manuscripts. Thus, one of them describes the Banquet Hall as being more than seven hundred feet in length, and entered by no less than fourteen doors. This vast apartment had, on each side, rows of



THE TARA BROOCH.

seats and tables, between which, in the centre of the room, stood vats of liquor lamps and fires. Here frequently a hundred guests were entertained at once. At one end sat the king and his chieftains, below whom were arranged according to their rank the Court's historians, doctors, poets, priests, and minstrels, and finally its jugglers, jesters, and servants. The king,

ANCIENT CELTIC FORTRESS, ARAN ISLANDS.

in one of these accounts, is represented as a handsome man of royal bearing, with flowing golden hair. His costume was a crimson cloak, held at the breast by a magnificent brooch, while his shirt was interwoven with gold threads, and around his waist was a girdle sparkling with precious stones. That such decorations were by no means tawdry or barbaric is proved by the articles which have come down to us from that epoch, and which are now preserved in the National Museum at Dublin. Among these is the celebrated Tara brooch. This remarkable ornament resembles, in the style and exquisite delicacy of its work-

manship, the Ardagh chalice; and, like that beautiful memorial, it too was found by accident, — discovered in 1850 by a child among the pebbles of the seashore. Composed of white bronze, it shows no less than seventy-six different patterns of filigree work, similar to those used by the copyists in their illumination of the Irish manuscripts. To appreciate the fineness of the metal traceries, a magnifying glass must be employed, and even the fastenings used to keep the patterns in place are hardly visible to the unaided sight. It is worthy of remark, too, that in this case also the reverse side is as elaborately and conscientiously finished as the front.

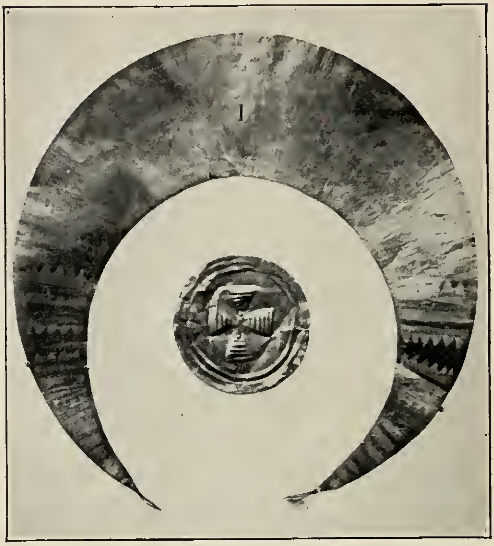
On one of the mounds that crown the Hill of Tara stands a statue of Saint Patrick, which, though possessing little value as a work of art, recalls a memorable episode. It was on Easter morning, in the year 428 A.D., that Saint Patrick came here to the Court of King Laegaire, to expound the Christian faith before the Irish sovereign, his chiefs and courtiers, and the Druid priests. The Saint and his assistant missionaries are said to have advanced into the royal presence, arrayed in white, and carrying crosses in their hands; and such was the

TARA'S MYSTERIOUS STONE.

ANCIENT CELTIC FORTRESS, INTERIOR.

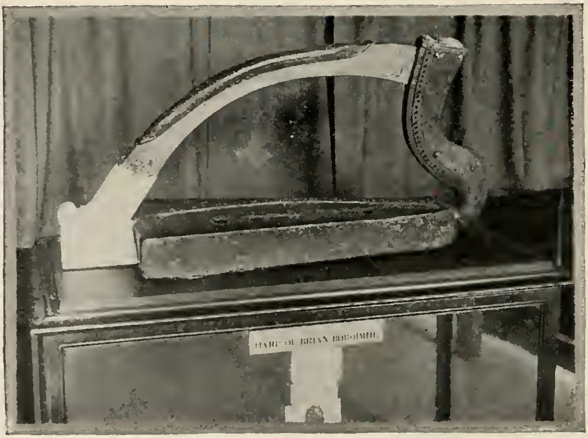
impression produced by their appearance and their words that, notwithstanding the opposition of the pagan priests, Laegaire permitted them to preach the new religion through his kingdom. Close by the statue of Saint Patrick, which is of recent origin, stands a mysterious stone, possessing great antiquity. It is a roughly shapen monolith, undoubtedly connected with the early history of Tara. In fact, Professor Petrie, the distinguished Irish archæologist, who devoted his life to the study of Celtic antiquities, believed this to be the famous "Stone of Destiny," on which for many generations the kings of Ireland were crowned. We know that there was such a stone, and if the supposition of Professor Petrie be correct, it would be hard to over-value this souvenir of Irish sovereignty. The customary belief, however, is that the original stone was removed from Tara to Scotland in 503 A.D., to solemnize the coronation there of the Irish prince, Fergus, who

then became the first king of Scots. It is further believed that this remained in Scotland more than seven hundred years and was the block on which all Scottish sovereigns were crowned; and it is well known that, in 1297, it was taken by King Edward I. to London, where it has ever since been used in the coronation ceremonies of all English monarchs, and where it still rests under the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey. If, then, the Irish stone was actually removed to Scotland, as seems to me most probable, the lonely monolith on Tara Hill is not the "Stone of Destiny."



OLD CELTIC HEAD ORNAMENT AND CLASP.

It is impossible, however, to regard it as an ordinary object. Its solitary situation, shape and size prove that it must have played some part in Ireland's his-



HARP OF KING BRIAN BORU.

ERIN.

tory, even if not so prominent a one as that connected with the crowning of her kings. Standing erect, as it now does, I could but fancy it a nameless monument marking the tomb of Erin's former greatness, which has been buried here for fourteen hundred years. Hence, as I stood beside this mute memorial of departed glory, I realized, as I never could have done elsewhere, the pathos of Moore's touching lines:

"The harp that once through Tara's halls
  The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
  As if that soul were fled.

"No more to chiefs and ladies bright
  The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
  Its tale of ruin tells."

When I first read these words, I thought the allusion to the harp was merely symbolic, either of music in general or of Celtic minstrelsy, and hence attached no special importance to the instrument itself. But investigation of the subject soon revealed to me the prominent rôle the

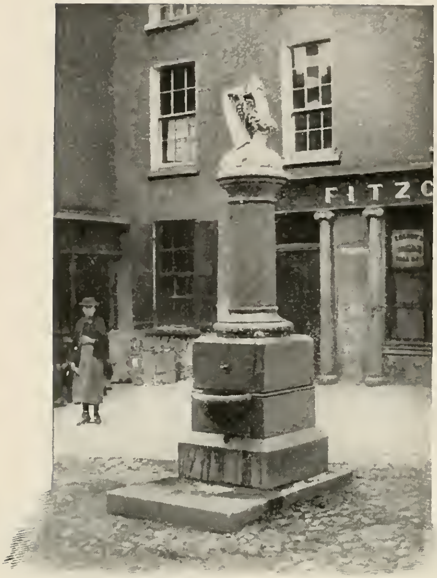
DONEGAL CASTLE, THE HOME OF THE O'DONNELLS.

ROCK OF CASHEL, RESIDENCE OF THE KINGS OF MUNSTER.

harp has played in Erin's history. There is no doubt that Ireland early became famous as a musical country, and that her teachers of music were solicited to give instruction in foreign lands. Thus, in the seventh century, two Irish monks taught music in the convent of Nivelle in Belgium; and at a later date the cloister schools of Saint Gall, Switzerland, were trained in music by an Irishman, until their singing became celebrated. But it was for their skill in playing on the harp in Ireland's feudal castles that her musicians were especially renowned. A writer of the twelfth century states that the Irish harpers of his time were "incomparably more skillful than those of any nation he had ever heard." As recently as one hundred and fifty years ago, Ireland still retained her supremacy in this respect, and students of the harp in Wales and Scotland went, as a matter of course, to take their finishing lessons of Irish masters.

The Celtic harpers did not play, originally, merely for money and applause. Their work was serious and important; for they were then the recognized national bards, who, through their close association with the Druid priesthood, were universally reverenced and feared. In fact, the chief bard stood at one time next in importance to the king himself; and even as late as the sixteenth century the malediction of a bard was something to be dreaded and avoided at almost any price. In later years, however, their songs assumed a more political character; and as they traveled through the land, from Court to Court and festival to festival, singing the ancient lays descriptive of the exploits of their race, they stimulated those who heard them to such an ardent love of country and heroic deeds, that they were regarded by the country's conquerors as spies, informers and fomenters of rebellion. Accordingly, these wandering bards were finally driven from place to place and persecuted, until they practically disappeared. About a century ago, however, a few survivors of the order were discovered and brought before a patriotic musical assembly in

WHERE ERIN'S MINSTRELS SANG, DONEGAL CASTLE.



A HARP-CROWNED FOUNTAIN, NEW ROSS.

Belfast. These agèd men, on that occasion, decided to name some one who should succeed them, at least nominally, and be the recognized guardian of the harp of Ireland.

They naturally chose for this ideal post her sweetest singer, Thomas Moore, whose beautiful and pathetic "Irish Melodies" (set to old Irish airs, in many cases so ancient that both the authors' names and the dates of their composition are unknown) will live and quicken the emotions as long as English literature exists. Appropriately is the harp emblazoned on the flag of Ireland. Apart from the traditions that endear it to her race, it is an emblem of which any nation might be proud. The harp was one of the earliest of stringed instruments, and has suggested many more. What is the piano but a harp enclosed? It originated one of the most exquisite movements in musical composition, the arpeggio. In its simpler form of the lyre, it served as the distinctive badge of some of the greatest gods and heroes of mythology. For ages it has been associated with the highest exponents of music, poetry and religion. The hands of Orpheus and Apollo swept its strings. David, the King of Israel, was its master. Homer, the Father of Poetry, as delineated in sculpture, often holds it in his hands. We find it represented in mural pictures in the Theban tombs of kings. It is carved on some of the oldest Celtic crosses, as a sacred emblem. The painters of the Renaissance

depicted many of their angels using harps as accessories to their adoration of the Madonna and her Child; and in the Bible's portraiture of Paradise it is upon the harp that many of the heavenly host accompany their solemn chanting to the Deity.

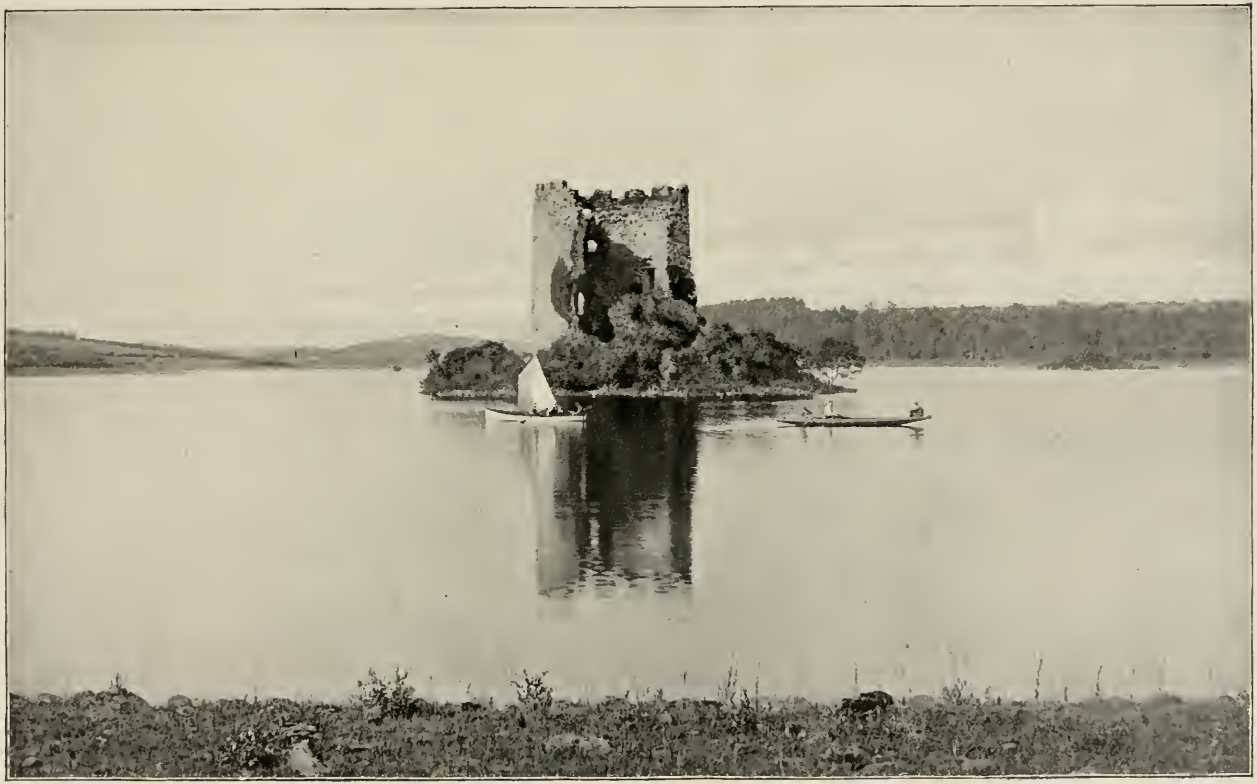
Who has not sometimes marveled at the recklessness and waste of Nature? When, in the spring, the soft winds and warm rains, attendant on the northward moving sun, have wooed to life again the dormant powers of vegetation, and leaves and buds have sprung forth at their ardent call, who has not seen a freezing blast turn suddenly the vivifying rain into a winding-sheet of ice, and in a single day transform what was so fair and promising into a blackened ruin? Or, in the fall, who has not felt disheartened and perplexed to see excessive rains spoil splendid harvests ready to be garnered, and bring to naught the output of the entire year? A similar feeling saddens one who looks back at the Golden Age of Ireland. There was a time when she seemed likely to excel, in learning, piety, and culture, all the rest of northern Europe.

ST. FINNIAN'S ORATORY, KILLALOE.

During the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries, especially, this farthest boundary of the Continent held aloft and kept aflame the torch of Christian faith, and glittered like a star upon the dark horizon of the western world. Its hills and valleys were adorned with countless churches and monastic institutions, from which enthusiastic missionaries, burning with the zeal and rapture of new converts, crossed the seas, and preached the Gospel to the pagan tribes of Scotland, England, Germany,

RELIC OF IRELAND'S GOLDEN AGE, ADFERT ABBEY.

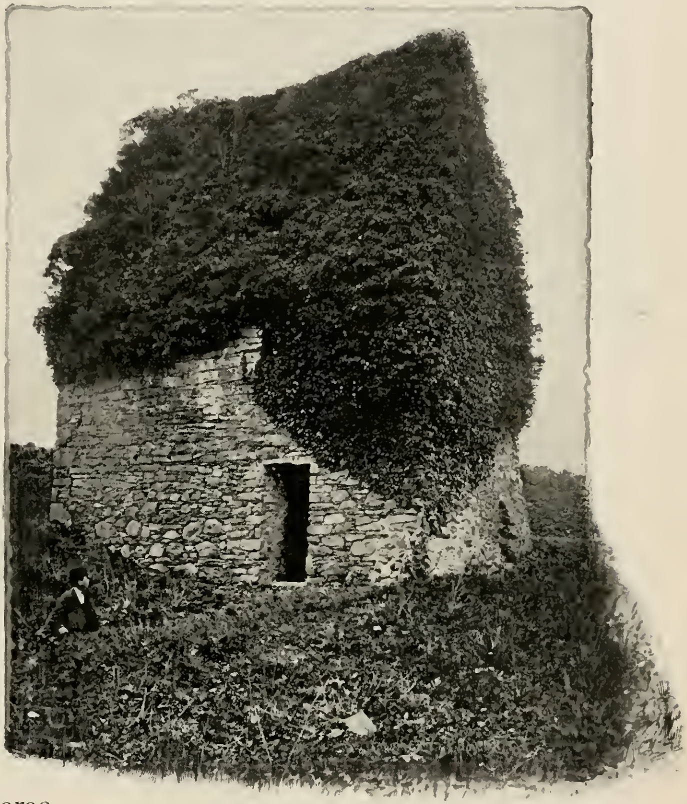
and Gaul. Churches were founded by Irish monks in the Black Forest, at Schaffhausen in Switzerland, and at Würtzburg in Bavaria; and of the students who received their education in the Irish monasteries, free of cost, thousands on returning to their native lands brought back with them the influence and learning of this "Island of the Saints." Even so cautious and reliable an historian as Green, in his "Short History of the English People," says: "For a time it seemed as if the course



AN IRISH STRONGHOLD.

of the world's history was to be changed; as if that older Celtic race which the Roman and German had swept before them had turned to the moral conquest of their conquerors; as if Celtic and not Latin Christianity was to mould the destinies of the Church of the West."

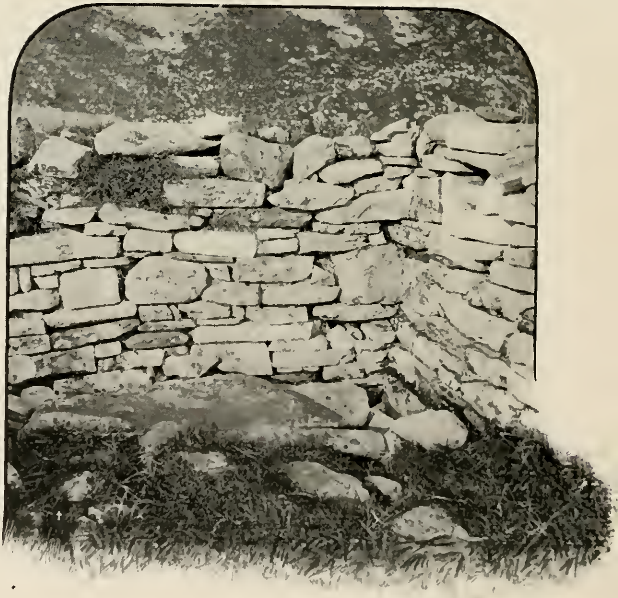
In this connection it is impossible not to dwell a moment on the second grand ecclesiastical figure in Ireland in those early days, — Saint Columba. Around Saint Patrick, who introduced Christianity there, many myths have gathered; but of the character and life of his remarkable successor there exists a vast amount of undisputed and indisputable testimony. Of princely birth, and closely related to one of the supreme kings of Ireland, this wonderful man received in his youth part of his education from Saint Finnian, surnamed "The Wise," whose



ST. COLUMBA'S HOUSE, KELLS.

A WICKER BOAT.

oratory is one of the interesting ecclesiastical sights of Killaloe. His name, Columba, signifies a Dove; but if he resembled that gentle bird in the sweetness of his character, he was more like an eagle in the energy which he exhibited, and the lofty heights to which he rose. In his extraordinary career he is said to have founded one hundred monasteries and three hundred and sixty-five churches, and to have ordained three thousand priests. In the year 565 A.D., when forty-four years old, Columba with twelve of his disciples left Ireland, to preach the Gospel to the inhabitants of Scotland, crossing the intervening water in small, primitive boats, which were nothing more than baskets made of



ST. COLUMBA'S BEDROOM.

willow twigs covered with skins, such as, in fact, are used even now by some of the natives on the river Boyne. Establishing himself on the island of Iona, off the Scottish coast, he speedily made of it a stronghold of religious influence, which presently became so reverenced, as the "Holy Island," that to its consecrated soil the bodies of the kings of Scotland, Ireland, and Norway were often brought for burial.

Difficult as it may be for some to think of Ireland as a seat of learning, it is a fact that in the sixth and seventh centuries students flocked to her shores from every part of Europe, eager to gain instruction in her schools. Adhelm, an English bishop of the sixth century, states that they went to Ireland from Great Britain in "fleet-loads." The Emperor Charlemagne, also, admired the scholarship of the Irish so much that he invited several of them to his Court, and placed them in positions of high honor. In the meantime England had practically lapsed into paganism. It was recovered to Christianity by two vigorous attacks: one on the south, conducted by Saint Augustine, sent out from Rome; the other from the north, accomplished by the followers of Columba. We have already seen how many of the fine arts flourished at this time in Ireland. Never had any Christian

ST. BRIDGET'S WELL, ARMAGH.

THE WORK OF THE ICONOCLAST.

people better prospects of a glorious future. But suddenly the dark clouds gathered; a chilling, deadly storm swept downward from the distant north; and the fair blossoms, flowers and fruits of Erin's national greatness and prosperity were blighted for a thousand years. This storm was the invasion of the Danes. The Scandinavian Sea Kings command a certain amount of admiration because of their indomitable courage, energy and spirit of adventure. In these qualities it is probable that the world has never seen their equals. But they were certainly for centuries a frightful scourge to western Europe, and they injured Ireland irreparably. When their ships swept for the first time toward the Celtic coast, the Irish had become converted to the milder doctrines of Christianity. Thousands of priests had risen from the ranks of pagans, and world-famed scholars had succeeded warlike savages. A new ideal had been placed before the nation. Hands that had grasped the sword, now held the pen.

A CELTIC STRONGHOLD, NEAR DERRY.

Cromlech and cairn were less conspicuous than church and cross. Upon this promising field of intellectual culture and national development the Scandinavian invasions fell. The worshipers of Odin met the followers of Christ in a prolonged and fearful struggle which lasted for two hundred years. The latter ultimately triumphed; but when, in 1014, the last Dane had been killed or driven into the sea by the great king of Munster, Brian Boru, it was perceived, alas, that, just as the king himself, as well as his son and heir, had perished in the decisive battle, so, in the long-continued conflict of two centuries, Ireland had been wounded well nigh unto death. What wonder? Year after year the Danish hordes had rushed out from their northern lairs, like packs of famished wolves. Making descents upon the Irish coast, they fought with desperation, plundered, murdered, and were quickly off again upon their boats, laden with spoils and

ONE OF THE MANY, MUCKROSS ABBEY.

AN EXILE'S MOTHER.

captives. Libraries, monasteries and churches were their favorite looting ground; for they had found that in them were preserved the island's greatest treasures, manuscripts, ecclesiastical ornaments and sacred vessels. Moreover, when these buildings had been pillaged, so bitter was the Scandinavian's hatred of Christianity that the edifices themselves were as far as possible destroyed. Weary at last of going home and coming back again, the northern vandals built for themselves towns and fortresses at certain advantageous points in Ireland, from which they could conveniently make raids, when they felt so inclined. Two hundred years is a long time to live in such perpetual insecurity; and after churches have been sacked and burned a score of times, one has no longer courage to rebuild them. Accordingly, the result of these repeated acts of rapine and disorder was disastrous to the culture and Christianity of the island. Still, after the expulsion of the Danes, a slow recovery might have been possible, if Erin had had time in which to recuperate, before another calamity fell upon her. But great confusion had at first prevailed after the death of Brian Boru, and in 1166 occurred the invasion from England, which inaugurated a conflict that continued more or less openly for nearly seven hundred years. Even to-day its

fires are still smoldering. Whatever, therefore, we may think of Ireland's rights and wrongs, the fact remains — persistent, sad and terrible — that the superlatively brilliant prospects of her early national life have never been fulfilled. Conquest, oppression and bad government are principally responsible for the blighted fruit. And how the sons of Ireland have felt it! How they have longed for the revival of her ancient glory! In every speech of her unrivaled orators, in every stanza of her gifted poets, the same lament breaks passionately forth, the same fond hope is uttered with the fervor of a prayer. Driven by hunger from their mother's side, their love goes back to her across the sea. The Irish exile's heart is never cold. If, therefore, on the grave of Ireland's blighted promise an epitaph could be inscribed, I would select for it these words, which I discovered on a tombstone near the ruined church of Glendalough:

"Could Love have saved, thou hadst not died."

One of the greatest charms of Ireland is that her prehistoric relics and the memorials of her Golden Age are usually to be seen, not in a desolate, abandoned waste, like that of Babylon or Baäl- bec, but in the midst of some of

THE OLD HOME.

the loveliest scenery that Earth affords. Her old gray cromlechs, stately Round Towers and ruined abbeys, environed by green turf and brilliant foliage, suggest antique Egyptian scarabs set in frames of emerald and gold. Nor are these difficult of access. Thus, when one has examined to his satisfaction the many important objects of attraction in the capital itself he can, while still continuing to reside there, make daily excursions to at least a score of charming places, scenic, ecclesiastical, literary and historical, the farthest of which can be reached in a few hours. The railway time-tables are so arranged that one can always return to Dublin from any of these trips on the same day. It is not, however, necessary to do this, for many a little inn in the vicinity of the metropolis is clean, commodious and comfortable. One instance of this fact I never can forget, so utterly did it put to flight my preconceived ideas of Ireland. Close by a lovely bit of County Wicklow, called the Glen of the Downs, nestles the little village of Delgany, through which I one day passed while making a tour of that region in a jaunting-car. It was with some misgivings, born of the universal outcry against Celtic untidiness, that I yielded to the advice of my

THE VALE OF OVOCA.

SPECTACLE BRIDGE, LISDOONVARNA.

driver, and halted for a few hours at what its sign announced as "Lawless's Hotel." My doubts and hesitation vanished, however, at the threshold. A neatly dressed and pretty maid, with hair like burnished bronze, ushered me into a cool and shaded dining-room, at sight of which I stopped involuntarily, and uttered an exclamation of surprise. The paper on the

LAWLESS'S HOTEL, DELGANY.

walls seemed the reflection of a sunset of pale gold, over which wandered sprays of yellow roses, which it was hard to realize were not actual, perfume-breathing flowers. In the centre stood a massive, white-draped dining-table, bright with slender glasses containing delicate ferns and scarlet blossoms. A handsome sideboard, furnished with silver and fine glass, a cottage piano, an old-fashioned mahogany sofa of generous and hospitable proportions, and a cabinet of rare Sèvres china, which the maid did not need to assure me had cost "lots of

THE SIDEBOARD.

money," further enriched the cozy and attractive room; while on the walls hung several good engravings and prettily framed photographs, among which I was amazed to see some views of classic spots in Italy, and one or two places in the Pyrenees for which I have a special fondness. Pleased with my genuine admiration of these objects, the maid inquired blushingly if I would like to see the "drawing-room." Of course I assented, and on beholding it my astonishment increased. It was a little gem of sweet domestic decoration, with dainty, chintz-covered furniture of graceful, comfortable shapes, and cabinets and tables holding bric-à-brac from many a distant corner of the world. Among these I observed a silk screen from China; brass jardinières and trays from old Benares on the Ganges, brought home perhaps by a soldier relative; and vases from Bohemia, filled with fairy-winged sweet-pea blossoms; together with additional pictures, more rare china, and another piano, for which a plenty of good music lay upon an elegant stand. In my enthusiasm I asked to see the proprietor of this artistic inn, who presently appeared in company with his wife, both coming in directly from the garden where they had been working. Cleverer, brighter and more agreeable people than this young, happy and industrious couple I have rarely

met. Thoroughly Irish by birth, education, residence, and patriotism, they had learned, even in the midst of arduous labor, to enjoy life. The pictures I had seen upon the walls had been collected by them in their travels on the Continent, and they were planning a trip to Egypt in the following winter.

I gave them, therefore, the address of my old dragoman there, smiling meantime to think how totally different from the usual idea of Irish innkeepers Mr. and Mrs. Lawless were. After a stroll with them through their large and well-kept garden, it was with genuine regret that I said farewell to my warm-hearted hosts, who by their cordial sympathy had become so like old friends, that I could scarcely realize that an hour before we had been utter strangers, and that I probably should never speak with them again. Their pretty home I cannot truthfully offer as a representative type of Ireland's hotels ; but it exists, as any one may verify who cares to do so. Sweet little inn of leaf-embowered Delgany! The dainty picture that you left upon my memory can never fade.

"Ich sah Dich einmal
Und ich sehe Dich immer."

A CORNER OF THE DRAWING-ROOM.

The same excursion which brought me to Delgany revealed to me another charming section of the celebrated County Wicklow. Less than an hour's travel by rail from Dublin con-

veyed me to the seaside resort of Bray, where, taking a jaunting-car, I drove directly inland toward the estate of Lord Powerscourt. The beauty of this part of Ireland is beyond description. Words can of course be used, which accurately enough define the prominent features of the landscape; but when compared with the scenes themselves, one feels that, though the body has been faithfully portrayed, its captivating spirit still eludes him and smiles upon him mockingly from every graceful hill, fair lake, and mossy glen. Leaving the jaunting-car at the eastern entrance of the Powerscourt demesne, and sending it around to meet me at a point some two miles distant, I started with an enthusiastic Irish friend to saunter through that portion of the park known as the Dargle. What an enchanting walk was that, and how the vision of its shadowy loveliness and the soft music of the river, purling on its rocky bed, still linger in my recollection! For nearly an hour we strolled along in the cool twilight of the giant trees which clothed both banks of the ravine and met above us, not as enemies but friends, with boughs and tendrils interlacing like clasped hands. Then we walked on and upward

ENTRANCE TO THE POWERSCOURT ESTATE.

beneath canopies of oaks and elms, the blaze of scarlet flowers sometimes startling us among the sombre gray of the stones and the dark green of ivied walls. Meanwhile, below us ran the river, gurgling, murmuring, singing, or shouting, according to its distance from us, or the opposition it encountered. Suddenly, in the heart of this sylvan solitude, we met a man of considerably more than middle life, accompanied by his daughter. Naturally we exchanged greetings.

ALONG THE DARGLE.

"It is more than fifty years since I was in this country," said the old man, in a trembling voice; "I've been all that time in America, but I couldn't die without beholding Ireland once more, and I've brought my daughter here to see it with me."

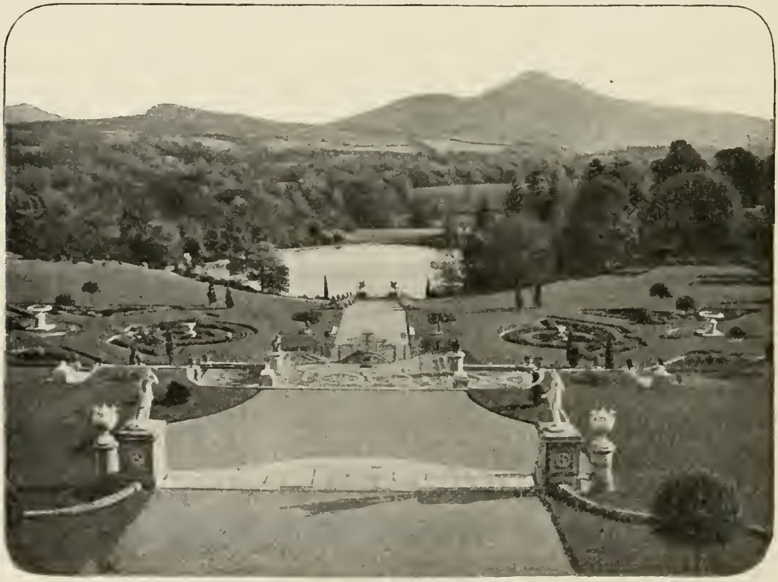
"How does it look to you?" I asked him.

"Oh," he replied, "I can't speak of it. It's all so beautiful, it quite unmans me."

BEAUTIFUL COUNTY WICKLOW.

Loyal, no doubt, to his adopted land to which he was soon to return, he nevertheless was realizing here the old associations of his boyhood, of which in all probability no human souvenir remained. These tender memories, combined with the wonderful beauty of the place, and his paternal joy and pride in bringing his daughter to behold it, made his emotion easy to understand; and, as I watched them pass on, hand in hand, until the great trees hid them from my view, I felt my own eyes fill with tears.

Joining again our jaunting-car, we drove on for about five miles, without once leaving the Powerscourt estate, over a stretch of wooded hill and dale, hardly to be surpassed for natural beauty. Complaint is sometimes made that Ireland is sparsely wooded; but certainly County Wicklow is not wanting in arboreal wealth. A view from any elevation reveals luxuriant vegetation of great variety. Dense groves crown many of the knolls and charmingly diversify the vales and



VIEW FROM THE POWERSCOURT GARDENS.

meadows. The fields are separated by fine hedges, or by rows of trees which are sometimes the only evidences of shy, tranquil brooks gliding around the softly swelling hills The driveways in the Powerscourt demesne are especially rich in noble beeches, oaks and elms, and its collection of pines is said to be one of the finest in northern Europe. The deer-park alone in this estate is measured by the square mile, and other game preserves extend for miles along the mountain sides. It is to me incomprehensible that the owner of such a piece of property should habitually absent himself from it. Yet, save for a few weeks in the shooting season, it is occupied only by servants. Where could a more delightful, restful, and inspiring residence than this be found, I asked myself, as I beheld the famous waterfall at one extremity of the grounds. For, aside from the park itself, the mansion is an imposing structure built of gray stone, turreted like a castle, furnished with

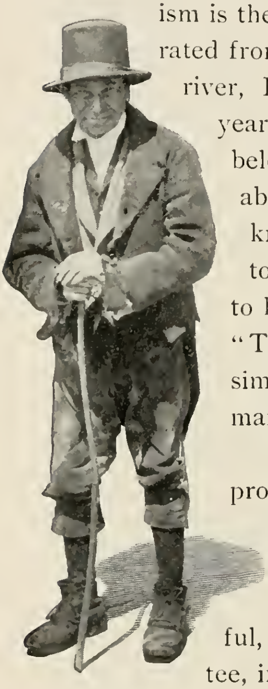
THE POWERSCOURT WATERFALL.

every luxury, and having its own gas and electric works on the premises. Its gallery, too, is rich in art treasures. But even if its halls did not contain a single painting, the pictures always visible from its windows and extensive garden are infinitely more attractive than anything the grimy streets of London can present. A gratifying contrast to this absenteeism is the conduct of Lord Monck, whose land is separated from Lord Powerscourt's only by the frolicsome river, Dargle. This gentleman spends the entire year among his people, and, I was told, is greatly beloved by them. But, serious as the evil of absenteeism is to Ireland, the Irish peasant knows, as usual, how to jest about it. Thus, to his Irish guide, who had been pointing out to him a number of localities under the names of "The Devil's Glen," "The Devil's Bridge," and similar Satanic titles, an English tourist remarked:

"The devil seems to own a good deal of property around here."

"Yes, sor," replied the guide; "but he's an absentee landlord, and lives in England."

The wit of the Irish is thoroughly delightful, especially when it takes the form of repartee, in which they are unrivaled.



WIT IN RAGS.

"Where are you going, Pat?" asked a priest, who saw one of his parishioners stepping into a train.

"To the races, yer riverince," was the reply.

"You are going to hell then," said the priest.

"Faith, it's no matter," rejoined Pat; "I've a return ticket."

And who can forget poor Sheridan's response to the doctor when the latter told him that he seemed to be coughing with greater difficulty?

AN IRISH CATTLE MARKET.

"That's odd," whispered the dying man, "for I've been practicing all night."

Late in the afternoon of a day spent on the hills and in the vales of County Wicklow, I came upon the pretty village of Glendalough, where I proposed to pass the night. As I drew near to it, I thought of all that its musical name had stood for in the history of Ireland. As early as the sixth century it was well known as a place of Christian culture, where the

CUTTING PEAT.

Irish monk, Saint Kevin, had founded the first of the seven churches which subsequently flourished here. Those churches now are only a collection of gray ruins; but one of the finest of the famous Round Towers of Ireland still dominates the peaceful valley, and is almost as perfect at the present time as when constructed a thousand years ago. I had not thus far seen an Irish Round Tower, and had been slightly apprehensive, as I drove along, lest my anticipations of these struc-

tures should not be fulfilled. But even from a distance, when I first discerned its slender, tapering form, I knew that all the praise these buildings had received was fully justified. What interesting relics of the past they are! For years they have furnished an attractive theme for speculation and romance. Some have attributed their origin to adventurous Vikings; others have seriously tried to prove that they were built by wanderers from the Orient; while others still have regarded

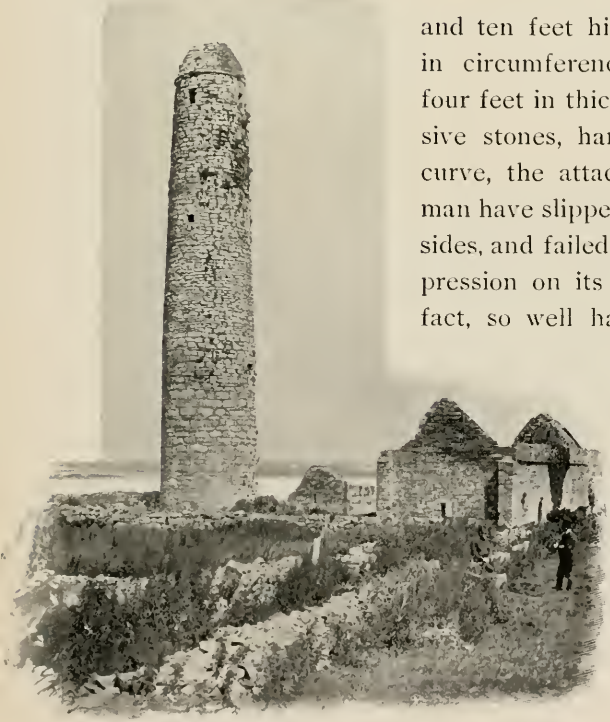
GLENDALOUGH.

them as penitential residences of ascetic monks. At present, however, antiquarians practically agree in thinking that these singular edifices, which are always found in close proximity to churches, were designed as places of refuge for ecclesiastics, whenever the surrounding territory was exposed to the ravages of invading Norsemen. Up to the year 800, Irish monasteries and churches needed almost no defense, so easy and effectual had been the conversion of the pagan Celts.

But with the dawn of the ninth century began those terrible invasions of the Danes, which rendered absolutely necessary some places of retreat and shelter both for the monks and for the treasures they possessed in sacred vestments, altar-ornaments, and manuscripts. To this necessity the Round Towers owed their origin. They certainly were well adapted for defense. The tower at Glendalough, for example, is one hundred

TOWER AND CROSS, GLENDALOUGH.

and ten feet high and fifty-two feet in circumference, with walls about four feet in thickness. Built of massive stones, hammer-dressed to the curve, the attacks of nature and of man have slipped off from its rounded sides, and failed to make the least impression on its sturdy strength. In fact, so well has it resisted all the ravages of time and the still worse assaults of bigoted iconoclasts, that nothing but a portion of its conical roof has had to be



ROUND TOWER, SCATTERY ISLAND.

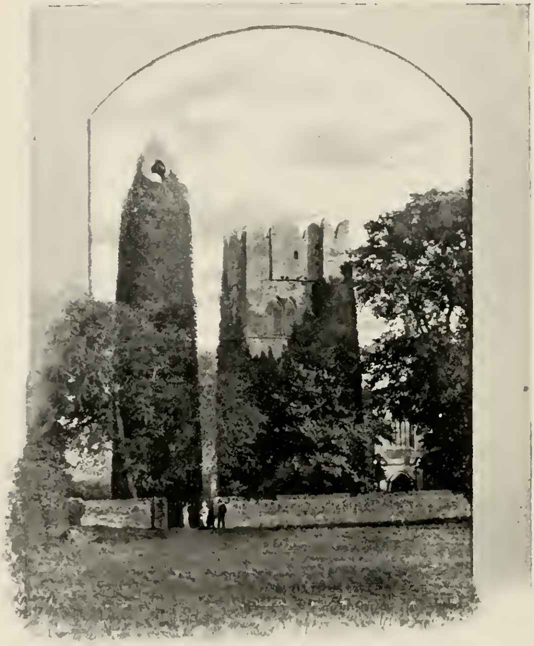
RUINS ON HOLY ISLAND, LOUGH DERG.

repaired. The interior staircase, it is true, is gone; but that was only recently removed by the town authorities, after the recklessness of visitors had occasioned several accidents. Everything shows the care employed to insure the safety of the contents of these towers. Their entrances are usually twelve or fourteen feet above the ground, and must have been reached by ladders, which were drawn up after the last refugee had clambered in. The windows of the different stories, too, were so constructed as to give the slightest possible chance of ingress to the missiles of assailants. That these old towers were in that age almost indestructible, is proved by their remarkable preservation; for among eighty which have outlived nearly a millennium of history, twenty are substantially intact. That they were also campaniles for the neighboring churches is considered certain; and no doubt from these detached belfries the alarm was often sounded, when from the upper windows, which

commanded distant views on sea and land, the dreaded Danes were seen approaching. To one who has traveled in Moslem lands there is in these tall towers a suggestion of the minaret; and although close inspection renders the differences between the styles of architecture more apparent, I found great pleasure in comparing them. Thus, from the gallery of the minaret it is the human voice that summons worshipers to prayer; but from the Irish tower the appeal was made in the soft tones of a melodious bell. The Moslem shaft is graceful, and often richly ornamented with stone-carving. The Christian monument is usually devoid of decoration, save where the clinging ivy thrusts its tiny fingers into crevices, and climbs aloft to mantle it with green. The minaret (frequently made of snow-white marble) looks like a beautiful wax taper rising from an altar. The heavier Celtic column suggests a taper turned to stone.

ROUND TOWER, ANTRIM.

These two forms, minaret and tower, seem almost emblematic of the religions which they serve. The work of Islam is artistic and poetical, like the gifted race that gave it to the world. The storm-defying, unembellished tower of the Irish Church is typical of the stern, ascetic faith which there prevailed. These lonely monuments of Erin are now silent. No silver-throated bells sound from their summits either notes of warning or calls to holy rites. Their slender shadows make a daily circuit rarely broken by a sign of life. What thoughts they stir in one who watches them in idle reverie, as their thin silhouettes lengthen through a summer afternoon! What tragedies have been enacted within them, and without! For, if it be true that there is hardly a hill or valley in Ireland that has not echoed to the sounds of early Christian prayer and praise, it is, alas, equally true that there is hardly one that has not been made tragic by the life-story of this hapless people; hardly a brook or river that has not been crimsoned with their blood. What manner of men were they who reared these lofty belfries? Whence came they? Whither did they go? Their dust has probably been resurrected in leaf and bud and



WHERE THE IVY CLIMBS, AT SWORDS.

A BIT OF GALWAY BAY.

bloom many a time since their hands placed these stones in their ascending curves. But where are the restless souls that once sought peace and pardon in their shadow? Are they mourning for the sorrows and sins of Ireland in the moaning of the wind, wandering through these empty chambers? Is it their unseen feet that lightly bend the heads of yonder ferns and flowers? Have they inscribed a message on the leaves that tremble on their stems, and then drift down to earth to lie unheeded? And when the tempest tosses the bare branches of the trees, is it the same old struggle carried into the spirit life, — the conflict between priest and pagan, the old faith and the new? The spirits cannot tell us, for their tongue is strange; and, were there really messages to read and hear, who could translate to us their meaning? Such thoughts will doubtless seem too fanciful to any

ROUND TOWER, ARMOY.

one who reads these words outside of Ireland; but I am writing them where poetry, paganism and mythology still exercise a potent charm. It is a land of beauty, mystery and grandeur, encompassed by a shifting pageantry of sea and sky; a land of ruined castles, weirdly solemn mountains, lonely rivers and innumerable lakes, surrounded by a vast expanse of tossing waves. Beyond its cavernous cliffs and giant headlands lies the ocean, stretching away apparently to the edge of the world, over which daily, century after century, the islanders have watched the sun plunge into an abyss of waters as mysterious as the grave, propounding in its glorious exit the perpetual enigma, Whence and Whither? These influences have combined to make the popular faith of Ireland tend to a spirit-haunted universe, and give to the entire island even now a subtle fascination easy to feel, but difficult to explain.

> "The pillar towers of Ireland, how wondrously they stand
> By the lakes and rushing rivers, through the valleys of our land;
> In mystic file, through the isle, they lift their heads sublime,
> Those gray old pillar temples, those conquerors of time!"

But Ireland has other monumental features, as

"A SHIFTING PAGEANTRY OF SEA AND SKY," DUNLUCE CASTLE.

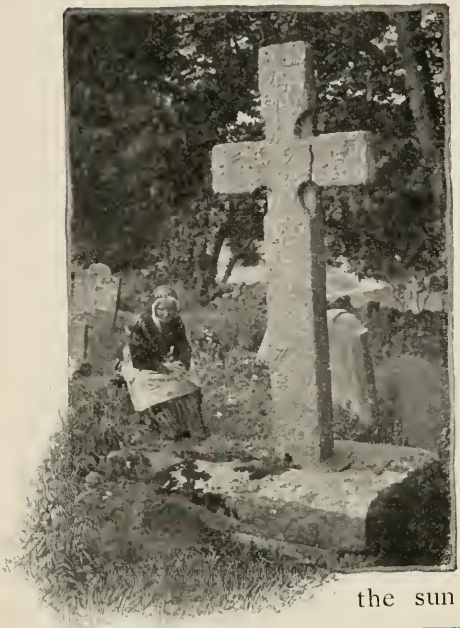
"WHENCE AND WHITHER?"

characteristic of the past as are its Round Towers. Not many years ago there appeared in the cemeteries of America a new style of mortuary memorial, — a finely ornamented cross, with arms united to the shaft, above and below, by a circle. It was called the Celtic cross; and though I supposed from this that it had originated in Ireland, I had formed no idea, before I travelled there, how rich the island is in such mementos of the early faith. No less than forty-five of Erin's ancient crosses still remain, some of which reach a height of twenty-seven feet, and are adorned with sculptured ornamentation. Some also bear the names of Irish kings or abbots of the tenth and eleventh centuries. I felt anew, in looking at them, how great was the religious fervor of that Golden Age of Ireland. Whether her monks reared lofty watch-towers, erected churches, fashioned jeweled chalices, or carved elaborate crosses, they worked with an enthusiasm and devotion rarely equaled. No

doubt they labored thus with an implicit faith, not only in personal immortality, but in a speedy termination of the world's existing system, and the inauguration of another. Yet these stone figures are as carefully carved as if they were to last till time should be no more. In fact, the story of the Cross meant far too much for even the slightest detail in the treatment of the theme to be neglected. To fashion and embellish one of these majestic crosses no effort was too great, and no device too intricate. Even when it was intended to be merely an ornament, the sculptor felt that it would stand within God's Temple, its arms outstretched beneath the dome of heaven, with the sun, moon and stars for altar-lights, and guarded by angelic hosts; and when it was designed as the memento of some sainted soul, no doubt the artist hoped his faithful labor would be both recognized and rewarded by the reminiscent and appreciative dead. How comforting must have been this simple faith to those who worked on bravely, though their primitive tools could not respond to their ideals!

CROSS AT DRUMCLIFFE.

One thinks, too, as he stands beside these old millennial crosses, of the aching hearts to which they have been as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. How many tears of penitence have been poured out before them, and how much



CONSOLATION, KILBRONEY CROSS.

sorrow has been solaced there! How many scenes of crime and horror also have they witnessed in Scandinavian conflicts, and in civil and religious wars, while the stars looked down in silent pity for man's weakness, and the wind moaned sadly over the blood-stained fields! The rains of centuries, however, have washed from them all traces of men's sin and suffering; the snows have drifted down and clung to them, winter after winter; the sun has warmed, the night has chilled them; and thus the elements have labored to reduce to the original dust these sculptured bits of the old earth. They have been partially successful. In many instances the figures chiseled on their surfaces have well-nigh disappeared, although the cross itself remains. Is this symbolic of the fact that, while with time the superficial differences in

OLD CROSS ON ROCK OF CASHEL.

theological beliefs diminish, that which is essential still survives? What is indisputable is the fact that the old crosses are inevitably crumbling into elemental dust. The sharpness of their once distinctive features is gradually softening to the base line, and presently only the simple shape will be discerned, its limbs united yet, perhaps, by the unbroken circle. Then this, too, will disintegrate, and chaos may again claim every

THE MIDDLE LAKE, KILLARNEY.

grain and crystal of the stone. But in the universe there is no pause. Another world will be evolved from this world's ruins, and the strange story of awakening life and consciousness, with its slow progress, mental, moral and spiritual, will be told once more; and so, perhaps, will a new Ireland be born again, to live in a far happier incarnation, with better opportunities and a kinder fate.

A comfortable train conveys the tourist now in four and a half hours from Dublin to Killarney's far-famed lakes, whose crystal waters have few equals. Enchanting as the region is, it is nevertheless unfortunate that the majority of travelers seem to regard it as so much more beautiful than any other part of Ireland, that the remainder is not worth exploring. A greater error could not well be made; and now that traveling conveniences are so much improved in Ireland, and good

A CHARACTERISTIC IRISH VALLEY, OVOCA.

hotels are found in most of the attractive regions, this notion will soon be dispelled, and tourists will no longer speak of fair Killarney as if it were the alpha and omega of fine Irish scenery. Wherever looked upon, that scenery is unmistakable. Bring back to it, blindfolded, on a magician's carpet, any one who has once reveled in its beauty, and when he is seated on the turf that makes the ground an emerald rug, remove the bandage from his eyes, and ask him where he is,

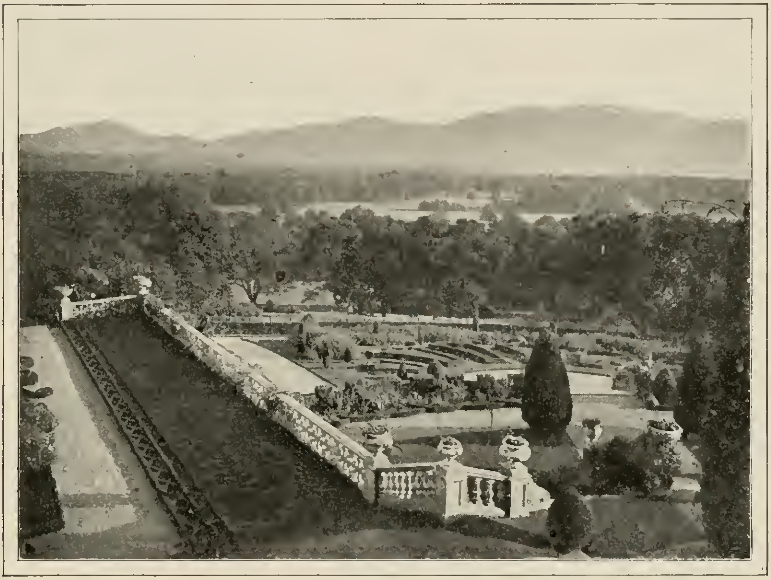
and he will make but one reply. For, as he sees the pure blue atmospheric veil that softens the horizon, blending earth and sky; or views the mountains mantled with the heather's royal purple; or notes the laughing river at his feet tenderly twilighted by overarching trees; or follows with his vision miles of hedges radiant with blossoms; or traces the entire landscape's undulating background lined with glossy ivy, golden gorse, or glistening laurel; he will not for a moment doubt that he is in the fairest of the three united kingdoms — Ireland. What has not nature done for Erin, and what has not man done to make these gifts of nature null and void? These were the words that rose continually to my lips as I rode on, day after day, through fields that are forever green, by streams that seem to sing for joy, or in the shade of trees which Druids would revere, were the old pagan faith still extant in these peerless glens.

What musical names many of Ireland's rivers, villages and valleys have! The Vale of Clara, the Vale of Ovoca, Glendalough, Avonmore, Killarney, Adare, Lisdoonvarna, — these, and a hundred others, spoken softly and usually with an unexpected

ROSS CASTLE, KILLARNEY.

KILLARNEY HOUSE, RESIDENCE OF THE EARL OF KENMARE.

accent, are as melodious as any names in Italy. Measured by the standard of pounds, shillings and pence, Killarney is by no means wealthy, but as a depository of some of nature's choicest treasures it is a Golconda. Happily lovely scenery is a possession of which even Ireland cannot be deprived; and in these days of popular travel, when so many tourists seek the beautiful in nature, a famous landscape often brings more money to a country than a manufactory. Millions of dollars annually flow



VIEW FROM KILLARNEY HOUSE.

into Italy because of her artistic and historical attractions, and Switzerland is substantially supported by those who every summer scatter gold and silver with a lavish hand throughout that little paradise which man and nature have combined to make the pleasure-park of half the world. Killarney, though of course less prosperous, owes practically all the revenue it does receive to visitors; and it is safe to say that were it located in England, or on the Continent, the number of these tourists

would be quadrupled. A more ideally beautiful situation for a private residence could hardly be imagined than that of Killarney House, the Irish home of the Earl of Kenmare. The spacious ivy-mantled house is an imposing mansion, lovely without and sumptuous within. Before it lie elaborate gardens with a luxuriant display of flowers, while, beyond these, the eye, enchanted with the matchless view, strays lakeward over a magnificent park, as well-kept by man's care, as it is glorious through nature's bounty. A charge of sixpence is very properly made for admission to these grounds, the view from which can never be forgotten; but even sixpence is a prohibitive price to most of the poor natives of the district. In fact, the contrast here between the rich and poor disturbed my happiness not a little. I grudge to no man living a reasonable amount of real estate, but there is something radically wrong when one man can enclose and keep from cultivation square miles of fertile territory, while, just outside his gates, in one of the loveliest sections of the earth, such poverty exists that the population of the village between 1881 and 1891 fell from 6651 to 5510. Something assuredly should be changed when in a thinly populated country thousands of able-bodied men and women, unwilling to be drones and yet unable to earn a livelihood, go yearly from the land they love across the seas. Such emigration is like an open wound, from which the nation's freshest life-blood ebbs away. It is precisely what is poorest and least energetic

THE INDUSTRIOUS POOR.

"GOOD MORNING, YOUR HONOR."

that remains. Nor can one quite forget among these charming scenes that this is a corner of the land where thousands upon thousands have, within sixty years, died literally of starvation. This makes one patient under the annoyance of the beggars at Killarney. For, though less common than it was a score of years ago, begging is met with oftener around these lakes than anywhere else in Ireland, and constitutes a serious drawback to the traveler's enjoyment. Yet Irish wit goes far to reconcile one to a mendicant's persistency.

"Will yer honor drop a sixpince into this Amirican hat?" said a Killarney beggar to me, as he held out an old derby full of holes.

"Why do you call it an American hat?" I asked.

"Sure," was the reply, "because there's no Crown in it."

Sometimes a sharp refusal calls out from Irish beggars a biting, though a bright, response.

"You ought to ask for manners, not money," said a traveler to one who had addressed him somewhat brusquely.

YOU WILL LAUGH WHEN HE SPEAKS.

" Faith, I axed for what I thought yer honor had the most of," was the instantaneous reply.

It is hard to explain the prevalence of "Irish Bulls" among a people so indubitably bright and witty; but they are probably the result of mental stumbling. The Celtic wit runs on so fast that it escapes from the control of judgment. If wit is caused by the unexpected association of ideas, an Irish Bull is made by their preposterous association. A dozen instances of this illogical drollery will occur to every reader, but none perhaps will illustrate it better than the Irishman's remark on reading on a tombstone the words: " I still live."

" Bigorra," said Pat, " if I were dead, I'd own up to it."

Such blunders are sometimes perceived and laughed at by their perpetrators, when they have time to think of them. But they may also be unrecognized until a penalty has been paid, as in the case of the two Irishmen who asked how far it was to Dublin. " Twelve miles," was the reply. " Come on," said one of them to his companion; " it's only six miles apiece. Let's walk."

THE UPPER LAKE, KILLARNEY.

THE YEW-TREE, MUCKROSS ABBEY.

Perhaps it was my fault, but I could never quite satisfy myself as to the meaning of the following police regulation, conspicuously posted in the North of Ireland:

> "Until further notice every vehicle must carry a light when darkness begins. Darkness always begins as soon as the lamps are lit."

Moreover for several days I saw displayed in a shop window, unchallenged and unchanged, the remarkable notice:

> "Our superior butter, ninepence per pound,
> No one can touch it."

Sweet beyond words are the hours that one spends in floating on Killarney's trio of bewitching lakes, in whose clear waters seems to sleep the replica of all that captivates us in that upper world. Deep are the draughts of peace and pleasure that one takes, as from his boat he looks off on the heathered hill-land, aspiring toward summits which continually change, chameleon-like, through shades of purple, blue and gray. Soothing to tired nerves is the soft ripple at the prow or the light dripping of the oar, as one is rowed among the islands covered with arbutus, green in the summer, gemmed with scarlet berries in the fall. Solemn and memorable also are the moments passed in Muckross Abbey, for whose grand

yew-tree, wedded now to Time by centuries of slender rings, I always shall retain a tender feeling, because on my initial trip to Europe this was the first old ruin that I saw. What shall I say, too, of the Isle of Innisfallen, as charming in its scenery as it is musical in name? I can recall few more delightful hours than those enjoyed upon that little wave-encircled garden of green lawns, luxuriant flowers, and bright holly, above which rise a multitude of noble oak and ash trees. I sympathize with the Celtic Druids in their love and reverence for trees. Great groves of stately oaks are said to have formed their temples, and while they worshiped the oak as a representation of the Deity, they taught that the mistletoe, growing on it, symbolized man's dependence upon God. To me the most attractive object in the vegetable kingdom is a majestic tree. Nothing, I think, exists more exquisite in coloring than an apple-tree in bloom; nothing more graceful than an elm, nobler than a rugged oak, or kinglier than a Norway pine. A country without trees is as unpleasant to look upon as a face devoid of eyelashes and eyebrows. Ireland ought to be one of the most richly wooded countries in the world, and despite much that man has done to injure it in this respect, the Emerald Isle still wears its leafy crown. The trees of Innisfallen would of themselves suffice to make the island linger in the

THE EDGE OF INNISFALLEN.

GLENGARIFF BRIDGE.

memory; but in addition to its natural beauty, the ruins of an ancient abbey give to it a human interest, and perfectly complete its charm.

I had determined not to draw comparisons between the different scenes that called forth my enthusiasm in Ireland, but to this rule I am tempted to make one exception. Glengariff, at the head of Bantry Bay, is one of the very few places in the world about which there can never be either disappointment or

AT GLENGARIFF.

a difference of opinion. As an ideal of exquisite and tender loveliness, it is one of nature's masterpieces. Glengariff is a mountainous glen, about six miles in length and a quarter of a mile in breadth, the sides of which are strewn with rocks of all conceivable degrees of picturesque wildness, covered with luxuriant foliage. From every opening springs a stately yew-tree or a glistening holly. From every crevice droops a flowering plant. Each roughness is concealed by myrtle or arbutus,

A TOURIST COACH, GLENGARIFF.

against whose deep green walls swing lightly in the breeze the crimson bells of myriads of fuchsias. Save for the voice of the descending torrent and the songs of feathered denizens, the glen's sweet silence is unbroken. Above it rise the solemn peaks, below it lies the sparkling sea, through it sweeps seaward between flowery cliffs the river, breathless from the plunge which it has just made in a cataract of foam. On the north, east and west, this glorious gorge, softened by semi-tropical vegetation, is completely sheltered, but toward the south it opens on to an enchanting fjord, an inlet from the beautiful expanse of Bantry Bay, studded with numerous fantastic isles. Here rhododendrons, pomegranates and azaleas flourish in profusion, and roses and geraniums bloom in the open air the whole year round; for the strong saline freshness of the neighboring Atlantic is tempered by the Gulf Stream's balmy breath. Glengariff, therefore, is a natural sanitarium. During the winter months the mercury rarely falls below forty degrees, and, as no fogs intrude upon this paradise of sun and flowers, it is considered by some medical authorities to rank among the finest of the milder climates of the world. Beautiful Ireland! It was at Glengariff that I best appreciated the lines which one of thy devoted sons addressed to thee:

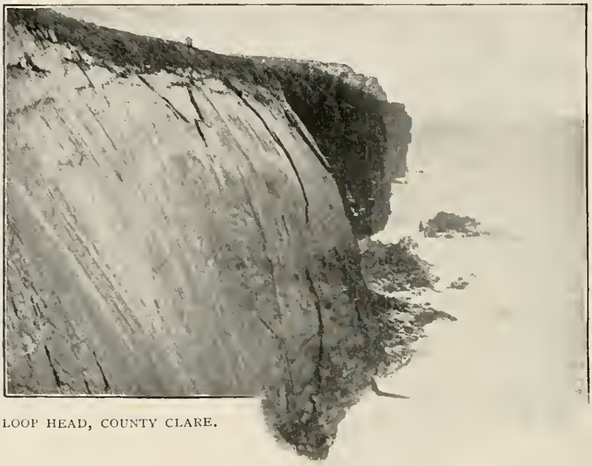
"The sea wind freshens thy eternal garland,
The salt ooze perfumes thy delicious hair,
And on the cheek where death had set its signet
The rose of immortality blows fair."

Unlike some places of transcendent beauty, Glengariff is not only easy of access, but the routes leading to it are among the most delightful in the world. The forty-eight miles which lie between Killarney and this sylvan glen are traversed comfortably in four-horse coaches, or in private carriages, over an admirable road, and in the full enjoyment of magnificent scenery. Yet, although such an experience could be repeated many times without a loss of charm, it is not necessary to return by the same route; for by another lovely drive of eleven miles, commanding glorious vistas of the sea, one can proceed to Bantry, between which and the city of Cork, only fifty-seven miles away, several well-appointed trains run daily. Of course one's pleasure on such trips depends somewhat upon the weather, and Irish weather is proverbially capricious. Hence I can hardly urge too strongly the advice to travel leisurely through Ireland. The fault that most Americans make in visiting the island is being in such haste either to go to England or to catch their returning steamer at Queenstown, that they allow themselves no time to wait for sunshine, if their tour is interrupted by a storm. Light, waterproof wraps, made not of rubber but of a special cloth obtainable in Ireland, together with overshoes and umbrellas,

BETWEEN KILLARNEY AND GLENGARIFF.

should form invariably part of the tourist's outfit on any of these excursions. But it should be remembered as a consolation, that if the rain falls easily here, it ceases just as readily; and many a lowering morning will be followed by a lovely afternoon.

The scenery around Bantry Bay is a mild introduction to the bolder views which characterize the western coast of Ireland, for it unites the two distinct and widely different types of Irish landscape: that of the coast and that of the interior. Both possess features that I have never seen equaled in any quarter of the globe. Beauty, surrounded by sublimity, would be a concise and truthful description of the island. Nowhere has Earth surpassed in peaceful loveliness some of Ireland's valleys, and nowhere else does she display such a stupendous battle-ground of land and sea as on its western rim. Erin's "emerald" has a magnificent setting. Around its edge a range of mountains, sometimes twenty miles in width, almost encloses it, outside of which is the indented shore, cut by the ocean's bold artificers into a frame that is in sunshine beautiful, in storm sublime. There was a time when these unrivaled headlands were difficult of approach, and when the tourist, even if he knew of them, was not disposed to pay the price of dirt, discomfort and fatigue in order to behold them. That time has passed away. Rail-



LOOP HEAD, COUNTY CLARE.

IN COUNTY GALWAY.

ways, extended from such cities as Galway, Limerick, and Sligo, now convey the traveler to good hotels in the vicinity of the finest points, whence one can walk or drive to the bluffs themselves. But, not content with viewing them from the land, were I a yachtsman, my first cruise would be around the Irish coast, in order to examine leisurely its wonderful formation. For, through unnumbered ages, the Atlantic's billows, with an unchecked impetus of thousands of miles, have been engaged in beating into a fantastic fretwork monster cliffs, which it would seem no violence of wind or wave could possibly affect. A glance at even an ordinary map of Ireland shows how its western edge bears traces of this conflict with the elements. Wherever the sea has found a weak spot in the island's bastions, it has made a breach, and forced its waters through it, widening the gap, and forming what are here called "bays," although a more appropriate name would be fjords.

Even where the rock formation has been firmest, the impact of the sea has wrought incalculable injury; sometimes detaching masses from the mainland, to gradually gnaw them into tiny archipelagoes; at other times undermining mountain walls with caverns, in whose gloomy solitudes the billows shout in anticipation of the day when the entire precipice will fall. At other points the waves have carved colossal prototypes of man's best architectural

TEMPLE ARCH, HORN HEAD.

ON THE MOHER CLIFFS.

achievements. Towers, spray-swept and glittering in the sun; huge, solitary monoliths whose ledges are the homes of countless screaming birds; arches surmounting chasms white with flying foam; cathedrals where the winds and waves chant weird responses in an unknown tongue; vast, empty amphitheatres haunted by the spirits of the storm; fragments of detached cliffs, worn by the waves to table-lands which rise from out the seething flood like altars reared to gods, who, like their lights and worshipers, are gone forever; and temples, whose long, narrow aisles are paved with the pure sapphire of the sea: these and a thousand other forms encompass Ireland in infinite variety and awful majesty. To give detailed word-pictures of

A SEA-SCULPTURED BRIDGE, KILKEE.

the scenes presented, especially after a tempest, on the Cliffs of Moher, by the shores of Clew Bay, and in Connemara, would require a volume. They seem innumerable, because at every turn the panorama changes, and even the same view assumes a different aspect under a clear or clouded sky. At times, as I advanced, each vista in succession seemed to me more marvelous than the last, until the cumulative splendor crushed me into silent awe. Though the materials that compose these scenic pic-

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

tures are but few in number, and invariably the same, — rock, sea, and sky, — to criticise their paucity would be like finding fault with the small number of notes that form the scale. In either case it is the wonderfully varied combinations of these elements that give to eye and ear the realization of the beauti ful or the sublime. Nor do these scenes, because of their great number, leave a confused impression on the mind. They are sufficiently unlike for each to reproduce under the

lens of memory its special individuality; just as the Milky Way, which to the naked eye seems nebulous and uniform, resolves itself beneath the telescope into a zone of countless, separate and brilliant suns.

If Wind and Water are the agents that have carved out Ireland's western coast, upon its northern rim another element has left its mark. As if determined not to be surpassed here by these rivals, Fire, at one time, poured upon a corner of the island molten lava, and pressed upon it a majestic seal which will endure until the isle itself has passed away. Water and Wind are still at work in carrying out their plans; Fire concluded his task thousands of years ago, and then withdrew, leaving the world to marvel evermore at his mysterious cartouche, known as the Giant's Causeway. This wonderful phenomenon will either delight or disappoint the visitor, according to his previous conception of it. Those who anticipate stupendous headlands, shattered by the sea, will find the Causeway tame, and time will be required before appreciation can replace the first surprise of disillusion. It should be, therefore, borne in mind that in general the Causeway is to be looked down

THE CAUSEWAY GATE.

GEOMETRIC BLOCKS.

upon, not up to. It is, as its name indicates, a *path*, and this particular pathway is a mighty platform of basaltic columns extending seaward from the base of neighboring cliffs, and disappearing northward under the Atlantic. Nevertheless, no traveler, whatever may have been his expectations, can fail to be profoundly moved by the immensity and marvelous formation of this columnar mass. Here are no less than forty thousand pillars, fitted together into a vast pavement, the joints of which are so exact that neither falling rain nor beating billows can find space for penetration. The more these columns are examined, the more remarkable they appear. Not only are they fashioned into pentagons and hexagons of perfect geometrical construction, but they are also divided into sections like a bamboo rod, each with a convex surface joined with the utmost nicety to the concave meeting it. Moreover, as if to show her versatility, nature has made here a few special blocks,

with nine or seven sides. There are also, in the entire multitude, one column with three sides, one with four, and one with eight; the latter being called the Keystone of the Causeway. In places this volcanic platform is irregular in height, as if an earthquake wave had passed beneath it, leaving it fixed in undulations, never to subside. In general, however, it suggests the mosaic floor of a gigantic temple, the roof and walls of which were never finished or have disappeared. One feels this still more strongly when one goes a little inland, and finds the same formation reaching greater heights. For on the cliffs, as well as on the plain, the molten lava, shrinking as it cooled, produced with no less geometric skill and accuracy groups resembling amphitheatres, chimney-tops, and organ pipes, or massive walls between which one can walk as through the roofless halls of Karnak. Standing upon this pavement, laid so many ages ere a human foot was pressed upon its surface, the unseen was to me more marvelous than the seen. For, far away across the water, off the coast of Scotland, lies the island of Staffa, pierced by the far-famed Fingal's Cave.

CHIMNEY-TOPS, GREAT CAUSEWAY.

WHERE SMUGGLING IS EASY.

That cavern (see the Scotland Lecture, Vol. IX.) is lined with just such igneous columns as those upon whose tops we walk in traversing the Giant's Causeway. The latter disappears beneath the ocean in the direction of that island eighty miles away. It is well-nigh certain, therefore, that on the shores of Ireland we see one end of this basaltic viaduct, the other end of which is visible at Staffa. The intervening portion, like an ocean cable, has sunk into the sea. Pathetic symbol of the fate of Ireland! The natural bond uniting Erin and Great Britain was long since overwhelmed by the rapacious waves of jealousy and passion; and though we see to-day the corresponding termini, the path of union has been lost.

On one of those memorable days whose sunshine, lingering far into the night, makes summer in the north of Europe so delightful, I sat in a secluded spot upon the Irish coast,

SOLITUDE, KILKEE.

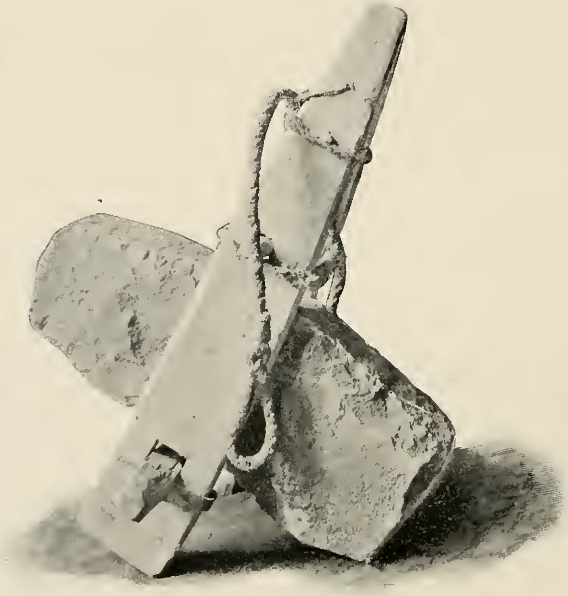
BATTERING DOWN A HOME, AN EVICTION SCENE.

from whose sea-sculptured cliffs the ocean stretched away, with not a sound of surf or glint of passing sail. Absorbed in reading Irish history, I had not noticed an approaching squall, which struck the shore so suddenly that I had hardly time to reach a neighboring cabin, from whose rude shelter I looked out upon the tumult of the elements. The ocean, recently so beautifully clear, was soon completely hidden by a steel-gray wall of slanting rain. Upon a cloud of inky blackness unseen fingers traced at intervals mysterious characters of fire. Between loud peals of thunder, the wind moaned mournfully around the cliffs, as if their splintered crags were strings of an Eolian harp. This tempest seemed a fitting background for the mental picture I had just been forming; for where indeed can Ireland's tragic history be more appropriately read than in the midst of lurid lightning and appalling thunder, suggestive of the storms of human passion which

have so often drenched with blood and swept with flame her naturally fertile fields? The page grew blurred before my eyes as I recalled the long, long list of Ireland's calamities, and thought of all that she had given promise of becoming, when she was famous throughout Europe for her piety and learning. Summed up in a few words, a study of her history leaves upon the mind the sad conviction that, on the whole, no country in the world has suffered more, and probably none, but for man's wickedness and folly, need have suffered less. Filled with these thoughts, I once more walked out on the lonely cliffs. The storm had swept across the water to the distant west. Its rear-guard of black clouds dropped, one by one, below the edge of the Atlantic, until at last, in a long, radiant curve, the ocean's dark-blue rim met that of heaven's turquoise dome. The solemn, limitless expanse, unruffled by the transient agitation of the previous hour, heaved gently in the opalescent light of summer's waning day. "Poor Ireland," I murmured, "would that this harmony of cloudless

THE SEA'S GREAT SEPULCHRE, HORSESHOE CLIFF, KILKEE.

firmament and tranquil sea might be symbolic of thy future, as the departed storm is emblematic of thy past!" At present I believe that wish is likely to be realized. A brighter sky than ever yet made luminous this emerald of the northern seas is dawning on her happier, hope-inspired children. The melancholy years of her heart-breaking history, dark with innumerable clouds of misery, have sunk below the horizon of the Past. Heaven forbid that any child of Albion or Erin should seek to resurrect the ghosts of those crime-blackened centuries! Let them remain, amid the countless other wrecks of poor humanity, forever buried in the ocean of oblivion.

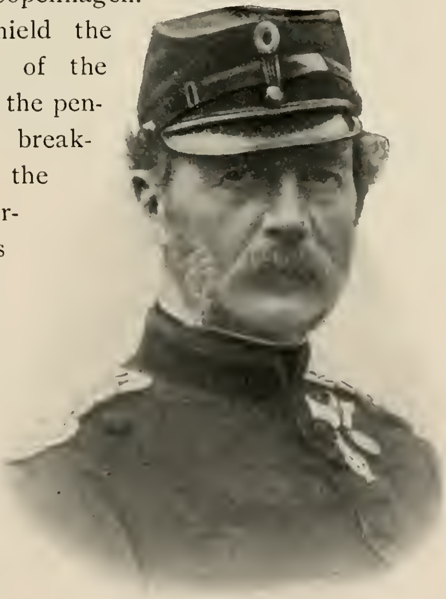


A PRIMITIVE IRISH ANCHOR.

DENMARK

THORWALDSEN.

DENMARK is the most oddly shaped country in the world. One-half of it is a peninsula, the other half an archipelago. The former juts out almost at right angles from the coast of central Europe, curving a little backward at the point, like the prow of a Viking ship. Behind it lies a group of islands of all shapes and sizes, on the largest of which is situated Copenhagen. Eastward, these islands shield the mainland from the billows of the Baltic; westward, in its turn, the peninsula serves as a gigantic breakwater, to shelter them from the North Sea. The Danish territory, therefore, separates two oceans, both of which vent their fury on the barrier that divides them, for it compels their currents to pass round the northern point of Denmark by the treacherous, stormy channels of the Skager Rack and Cattegat. All



CHRISTIAN IX., KING OF DENMARK

sections of the little kingdom show traces of a fearful conflict with the sea. A good-sized map reveals the ravages thus inflicted. Not only have the edges of both peninsula and islands been gnawed away by the rapacious waves in all conceivable degrees of raggedness, but in a number of places the sea has stabbed the islands almost to the heart, leaving deep wounds that never heal. In other instances it has divided and subdivided them into a multitude of islets, between which labyrinthine channels wind like the tentacles of some huge sea-monster, preparing to enmesh and drag them down. Nor does this fate seem utterly impossible; for, were a subsidence of ninety feet to occur, the majority of these islands would disappear. Even the peninsula has been unable wholly to withstand the onslaught of the ocean, which has quite recently cut through its northern part, detaching a large section of it from the mainland. Denmark's irregular form, deeply indented shores and numerous islands, give it a coast-line out of all proportion to its size. Thus it is said to have a mile of seaboard for every square mile of land, while so strong and shifting are the currents rushing through the archipelago that over one hundred lighthouses and lightships are necessary to protect the navigators of these seas.

THE SEA'S DEEP WOUNDS.

Even these beacons on the western coast are insufficient to avert disasters. Mariners dread the currents, fogs and reefs

A DANISH LIGHTHOUSE.

which there combine with the North Sea in its ugly moods to drive them to destruction. So fierce and cutting are the winds that sweep that edge of the peninsula that women, working in the fields, protect their faces from them with black masks. Few people live along that coast, where sand-hills covered with rough grass seem like a motionless imitation of white-crested waves. Yet some of these mounds are relics of an age anterior to all other human memorials that we find in Denmark. They are the prehistoric "kitchen middens," consisting principally of discarded bones of animals and fishes, thrown into heaps by the original dwellers on these shores, the men and women of the Stone Age, whose wild lives are completely lost in the dark night before the dawn of Danish history.

A KITCHEN MIDDEN.

AMONG THE ISLANDS.

After a time the tourist in Denmark feels almost amphibious, so frequently is he obliged to change from land to water, or from water to land. These transitions are made over creeks, fjords, or ocean-straits varying in breadth from a few hundred yards to several miles. Sometimes the railway carriages run directly on to spacious ferry-boats, and are conveyed by steam from shore to shore. At other times a train awaits the passengers on the opposite bank. In one place there are actually "Amphibious Steamboats," which by turns crawl like monster turtles over the land on wheels, and paddle through the water of the lakes.

TWO DANISH SEA-DOGS.

Unfortunately for travelers who are subject to seasickness, Copenhagen lies a little too far from the Continent to be easy of access. The distance seems a trifle on the map, but it expands enormously when looked at in bad weather with the naked eye. The route from Hamburg through the Danish peninsula has the least amount of sea-travel, but almost every tourist avoids it, partly because it is by several hours the longest, partly because the ocean passages connected with the shorter routes appear so insignificant. After experience, however, one grows wiser. At least one ought to do so. I did not. Ten years before, I had made the six hours' voyage from Kiel to Korsör, and my remembrance of it was still so vivid that I at once rejected it as undesirable. As a substitute for this, the journey from Berlin to Copenhagen *via* Warnemünde was recommended as the best and shortest. It certainly was the shortest, according to the time-table, requiring but eleven hours from the German to the Danish capital. Moreover, only two of those hours had, in good weather, to be spent at sea. Lured by these prospects, therefore, I once more turned my back upon the long peninsula railway, and trusted to the mercies of the Baltic. In a compartment of the train that left Berlin at half-past eight in the morning I had for traveling companions a Danish gentleman and his daughter returning

ON VIKING WATERS.

THE WIND-SWEPT BALTIC.

from Carlsbad. Scarcely had we started, when I noticed that both of them were exceedingly anxious about the weather. They watched the grass and trees to see how strongly and in which direction blew the wind, they looked askance at every cloud, and shuddered when the sky grew overcast. At last I asked them if they thought the passage would be smooth.

"I hope so," said the gentleman, nervously, "but one never knows. It can be quiet as a mill pond, and it can be terrible. In winter, I was once out twenty hours on this route contending with the ice and waves. Sometimes the steamers cannot cross at all."

His daughter confirmed these statements with a ghastly smile. I had supposed that all descendants of the Vikings were good sailors; but never have I seen more apprehension in a set of travelers than in the company which gathered in the dining-car that morning. With the exception of myself, all

were Norwegians, Swedes, or Danes, but their chief topics of conversation were the probability of a good passage, the name and size of the boat, the weather and the wind. Their fears at last became infectious, and when I stepped on board the little steamer at Warnemünde, and looked out on the wind-swept Baltic, I felt an inward sinking, as if I were standing in a rapidly descending elevator. To my dismay I saw that the experts of both sexes went immediately down two flights of stairs into a kind of submarine cabin, where they lay outstretched on sofas with their eyes closed, before the boat had left the pier. A wan-faced maid, haggard from sights of wretchedness, seemed, as I looked upon her from a distance, to be dealing cards to these recumbent passengers. In reality she was distributing a generous number of small, colored bowls. Fleeing from the sight of this game in which most of the players were sure to be losers, I wrapped myself in a cloak, and, crouching on the deck in the shelter of a friendly smoke-

A WELCOME PORT.

stack, tried the "mind-cure" with what mental energy the Baltic left in my possession. I will not describe that voyage. Suffice it to say, it was exactly like a two hours' transit of the English Channel in half a gale, but on a smaller boat, whose lack of shelter would have been horrible in case of rain. But all discomforts vanished, as if by magic, when we touched the territory of King Christian IX. True, there remained a ferry and a bridge to cross, before we reached the island of

SOLICITING A BREEZE.

the capital; but these were insignificant. The disagreeable features of the voyage at once gave place to lovely meadows, where tethered cows (in some cases blanketed) grazed contentedly; to windmills turning grotesque summersaults, apparently for our special entertainment, or standing motionless with outstretched arms, as if soliciting a breeze; and at brief intervals to glimpses of the sea, whose white-capped waves ended a long perspective of still whiter fruit-trees in full bloom,

A BLOSSOMING FRUIT-TREE.

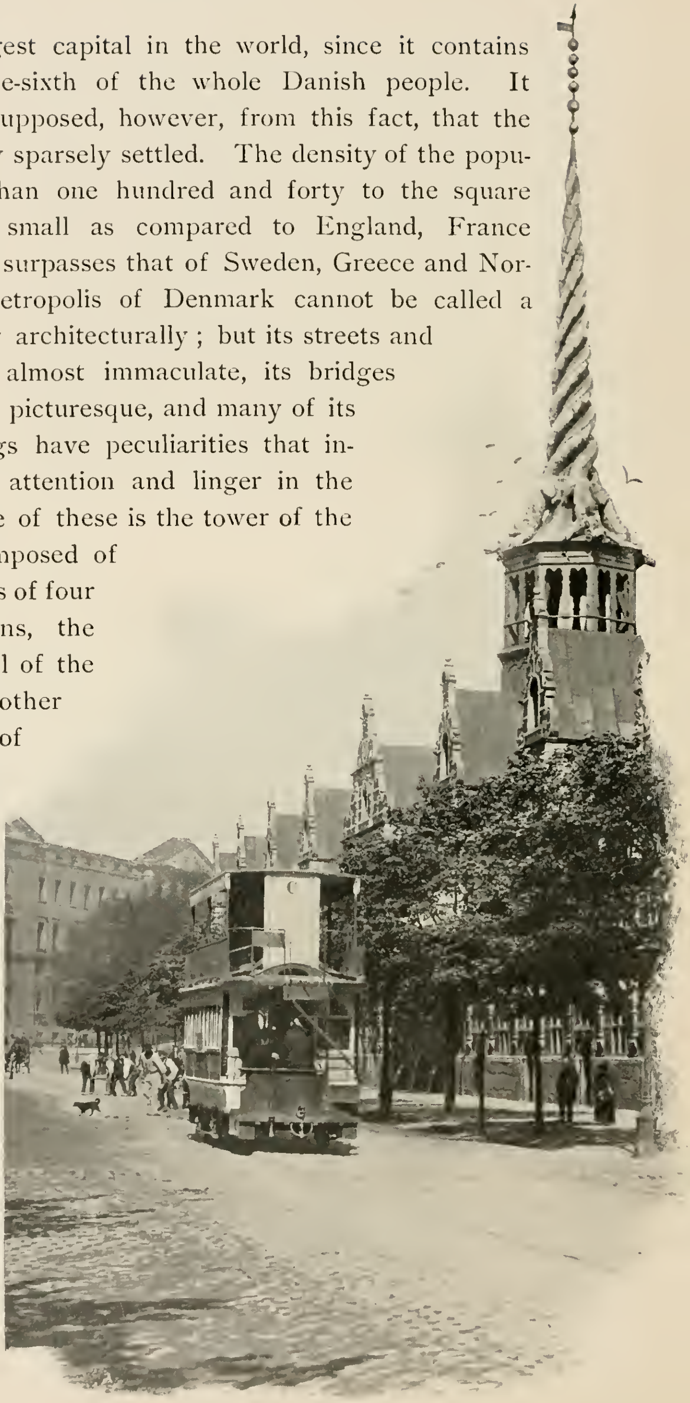
which in the orchards rolled away in billows of foam, or individually, stood like solitary fountains sparkling in the sun.

Sometimes the little farm-houses and quaint, rustic churches were almost hidden by clouds of blossoms. Never have I seen fruit-trees flowering in such rich profusion as in Denmark in the early days of June; and these, together with laburnums drooping in soft showers of gold, the pink and white masses of the hawthorn, and the purple plumes of lilacs, impart to Danish landscapes at this season a tender beauty unsurpassed in the lands of the orange and myrtle, and make the recollection of a Scandinavian spring a dream of loveliness.

Copenhagen has only about three hundred and seventy-five thousand inhabitants, yet it enjoys the distinction of being rela-

A RUSTIC CHURCH.

tively the largest capital in the world, since it contains more than one-sixth of the whole Danish people. It must not be supposed, however, from this fact, that the country is very sparsely settled. The density of the population, more than one hundred and forty to the square mile, though small as compared to England, France and Germany, surpasses that of Sweden, Greece and Norway. The metropolis of Denmark cannot be called a handsome city architecturally; but its streets and sidewalks are almost immaculate, its bridges and canals are picturesque, and many of its public buildings have peculiarities that instantly attract attention and linger in the memory. One of these is the tower of the Exchange, composed of the twisted tails of four bronze dragons, the favorite symbol of the Vikings. Another is the Church of the Redeemer, surrounded by a richly gilded outside staircase of three hundred and ninety-seven steps. In strolling through the town one sees a great variety of



DRAGON TOWER OF THE EXCHANGE.

CLEAN STREETS AND PICTURESQUE CANALS.

gables, dormer-windows and quaint carvings. The horses that one meets are usually noble animals, well-fed, and of great strength and size; but dogs are conspicuous by their absence, both as companions and assistants. This is indeed a striking contrast to canine life in a German city, where laboring men and women frequently draw their carts in company with harnessed dogs. This style of work may possibly degrade the human partner, but it elevates the dog. Many of these animals seem proud and happy in their labor, pulling away with all their might, and now and then looking up at their masters for approval. Such industrious dogs evidently regard with contempt the idle pets, which must be held in leash, and work almost as hard as they in tugging at the chains which bind them to their owners.

The Danes are very fond of excursions. Never have I seen such an immense popular exodus of pleasure-seekers from any

THE LANGELINIE, A PROMENADE NEAR COPENHAGEN.

city as I beheld streaming forth from Copenhagen into its charming environs on the Whitsuntide holidays. But there was no excitement visible among these people, and I heard no shouting, singing, or gay laughter. A more orderly crowd never assembled. In fact, the Danes, as a race, impressed me as being somewhat reticent and undemonstrative. When a smile breaks over their naturally serious faces, the effect is as startling as it is agreeable. I do not mean by this that they are gloomy or morose, but merely that they enjoy their pleasures quietly. It is, however, probable that Hamlet was not the only "melancholy Dane." Below the surface of the stream of Danish life there flows an undercurrent of inexplicable sadness. The number of voluntary deaths in Denmark exceeds that of any other country in Europe. Thus, for every million of people there occur here, annually, two hundred and fifty-five suicides, as contrasted with one hundred and fifty-five in France, one hundred and forty-three in Prussia, eighty-six in Sweden, seventy-two in Norway, sixty-eight in England, and thirty-seven in Italy. Why this astonishing difference should exist, particularly in the neighboring country of Sweden, where the climatic influences are so similar, is a sociological problem worth investigating.

Denmark is not a rich country, and I fancy that most of its inhabitants are obliged to practice strict economy. It is perhaps to save the expense of bar-tenders and servants that "Automatic Cafés" have recently been introduced into Copenhagen. Curiosity led me to inspect one, but I never cared to repeat the experience. Imagine a long, lonely sideboard, from which emerge at regular intervals twenty or thirty faucets, resembling those of a soda-fountain. Each customer walks up to this mysterious tank, and selects from its extensive array of labels the beverage that he desires, whether it be whisky, brandy, gin, sherry, beer, or ale. Then, having taken one from a number of empty glasses, he "drops a nickel in the slot," and turns a faucet; when lo! the wished-for liquid gushes forth in just such quantity and quality as the coin has called for. The air of secrecy and lack of sociability that hung about this automatic "bar-tender" were to me dispiriting, since the only employé visible about the premises was the servant, who

A COPENHAGEN PARK.

washed the glasses with a reticence worthy of a Trappist monk. Two or three patrons had ventured to sit down at a table, but they wore the restless look of one in haste to catch a train. Others were standing around and drinking furtively, as if they had stolen what they were imbibing; and I was, myself, only too glad to leave my glass and hurry out again into the freer company of my fellow-men.

Judging from the educated Danes whom I met, I should say that both English and German are spoken by the upper classes fluently. Naturally the use of the latter tongue is more general in a country contiguous to the territory of the Kaiser; but many of the shop-keepers, railway and steamboat officials, and even cab-drivers in Copenhagen speak English with much accuracy. This is not strange, however, when one considers that by far the greater part of Denmark's trade is with England. The two countries are in close commercial contact, and the wharves of Copenhagen present a scene of great activity. No less than thirty-five thousand ships and

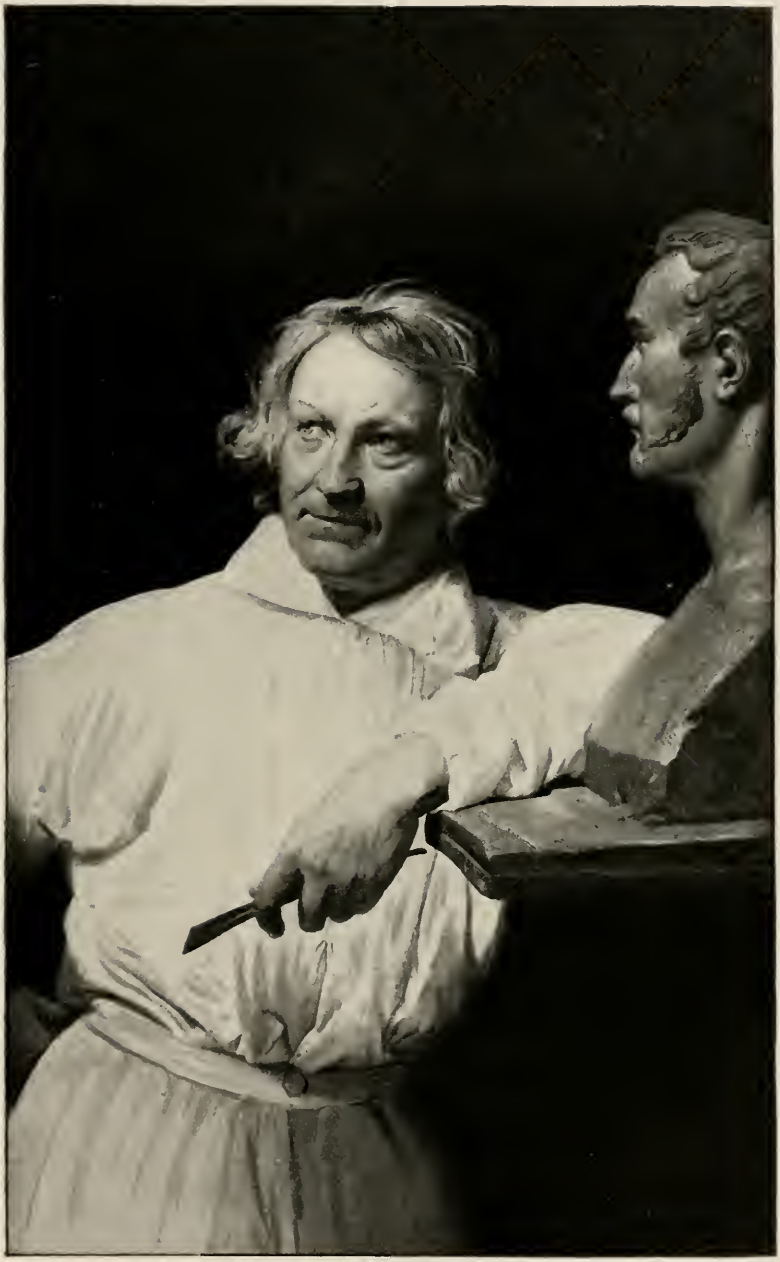
THE HARBOR OF COPENHAGEN.

COMMERCIAL ACTIVITY.

steamers enter and leave the harbor annually, and business with foreigners has quadrupled in the last thirty years. The Danes receive from England timber, coal and firewood and in their turn send back to Britain live stock, butter and provisions. Danish horses are in great demand abroad as draught animals; and, for its size, this little kingdom has the largest herds of horned cattle in Europe. It is, however, from the exportation of farm products that Denmark receives her largest revenue. About twenty million eggs are shipped to England every year, and nearly twenty-five million pounds of butter. I do not wonder that the latter commodity finds a ready market. Never have I tasted purer, sweeter and more delicious butter than in Denmark; and if an extra charge of five cents be made for it at meals, one pays it gladly, not only on account of its excellence, but because the amount thus served is usually generous enough for a party of four persons.

Thorwaldsen is the glory of Copenhagen, and toward the two buildings of that city made famous by his genius the traveler soon wends his way. One of these is the Church of Our Lady, a modest edifice, the portal of which is a portico of Doric columns, surmounted by a pediment containing a group of sixteen marble statues, representing the preaching of John the Baptist. The works of Thorwaldsen may be sharply divided into two classes, — secular and sacred. In the early part of his life the sculptor devoted himself principally to heroic and mythological subjects; but after his first return to Copenhagen, from which he had been absent nineteen years, he directed his energies largely to religious themes and enriched this church in particular with some of his greatest masterpieces. The Church of Our Lady may, in fact, be called the Sacred Museum of Thorwaldsen's works, since all its sculptural ornamentation, even to the mural decorations of the chapels and the collection-boxes for the poor, is due to him. No one whose privilege it has been to enter this northern sanctuary can ever forget the solemn impression produced by his famous Christ-figure — that matchless representation of divine compassion which stands above the altar in a black marble shrine. This is approached between two lines of life-sized statues of the twelve apostles,

THE CHURCH OF OUR LADY.



THORWALDSEN.

identified by their traditional emblems or tokens of martyrdom. Saint Paul replaces Judas in the series, and these imposing, dignified figures, together with the noble form of the Master, constitute a group that has no rival in the realm of sacred sculpture. Of the Christ but little can be said, so profoundly does it move the reverent beholder. The ineffable pity, love and tenderness expressed in face and gesture, as with extended arms he stands ready to enfold all sorrowing humanity, while uttering the words, "Come unto Me," cannot be adequately portrayed by pen or picture. In harmony with the spirit of this figure there runs above the chancel a high relief, depicting the procession of the Man of Sorrows on its way to Calvary.

THORWALDSEN'S CHRIST.

In the front of the chancel stands another exquisite work by Thorwaldsen, a baptismal font, the bowl of which is a beautiful fluted shell presented by an angel upon bended knee. The face is serene, the form stately, and the attitude dignified even in its posture of humility, while the wings, with their strong, feathered quills, are cut with consummate delicacy and fidelity to nature, and seem capable of untiring flight.

THE ANGEL FONT.

However plain, therefore, the church itself may be in its severe simplicity of architecture, it certainly contains a wealth of art in statues and reliefs unequaled in the world, as the productions of one master. It is interesting to remember that the statue of Christ was evolved slowly in the mind of Thorwaldsen through several stages of conception. Preliminary sketches and models show that his first idea was to have the face uplifted, the right arm raised, and the left extended. The Danish professor, who was present in his studio at Rome when the sculptor finally decided on the attitude which he would give to this masterpiece, states that Thorwaldsen was on the point of going out with him, when, in the very act of crossing the threshold, he turned back and stood for a few minutes before the model of his Christ, contemplating it in silence. Suddenly he stepped forward, made several rapid changes, which gave to the gracious figure

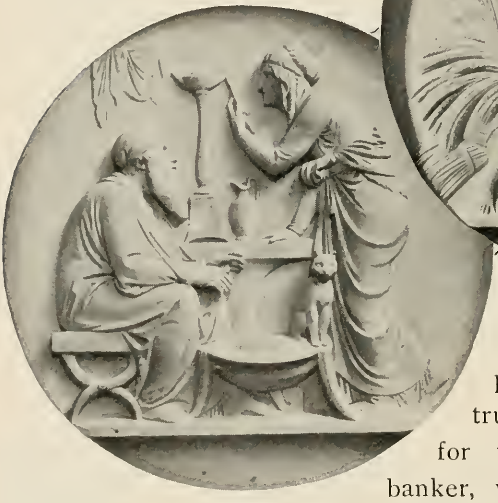
the appearance it now presents, and exclaimed: "That is my Christ, and thus it shall remain."

The building known as the Thorwaldsen Museum contains a complete collection of the sculptor's works, either in originals, replicas, or models. What first impresses the visitor there is the wonderful productiveness of the Danish master. Two stories of a large edifice are filled with creations of his genius, which overflow from the rooms into the corridors and stairways. In all, no less than eighty statues, one hundred and thirty busts, two hundred and forty reliefs, and three large friezes here claim admiration, besides a multitude of Thorwaldsen's models, sketches and personal relics. Among the latter are his modeling-stand and tools, and the unfinished bust of Luther on which the agèd sculptor worked, only a few hours before his death. Although it is the contents of this treasure-house that principally interest us, it is impossible not to regret that its exterior should appear neglected. It is a matter of surprise that the government does not restore at least the weather-beaten frescoes on its outer walls, which represent the

THE THORWALDSEN MUSEUM.

enthusiastic reception given the illustrious artist in 1838, on his return from Rome, where he had resided, in all, more than forty years. While the first part of that period had been marked by poverty and almost hopeless struggle, the later years had been replete with marvelous success and world-wide fame. Who can read, unmoved, of the turning-point in his career, when the first clay model of his "Jason" had crumbled into fragments because he could not afford to have it cast in plaster, and when the second model stood neglected and unknown? Just as Thorwaldsen, baffled and discouraged, was on the point of returning to Copenhagen, and when his trunks were actually packed for the journey, an English banker, who bore the appropriate name of Hope, gave him an order for the "Jason" in marble. From that moment Fortune smiled upon the youthful Dane, and his genius, recognized and encouraged, speedily proceeded to enrich the world.

SUMMER.



WINTER.

The interior of the Museum is admirable in that it carries out, as far as possible, the master's wish that each room should contain only one statue, with the addition of two busts and a

few reliefs, so that the attention of the visitor might be concentrated for the time on these alone. It can be safely said that Thorwaldsen (with the possible exception of Michaelangelo) is more widely known, and certainly more beloved, than any other sculptor in the world. There is scarcely a city or town, possessing the slightest claim to artistic culture, that cannot show in terra-cotta, bisque, or photograph some reproductions of his figure of the Christ and his reliefs of Day and Night. That the latter have a remarkable intrinsic beauty is proved by their universal popularity. The contrast between them repays careful study. It is the difference between joyous movement and an almost solemn repose. Day is portrayed as springing upward, and scattering flowers in her rapturous flight, as the beautiful wingèd boy, resting lightly on her shoulder, holds aloft a lighted torch. Night, on the other hand, crowned with poppies,

THORWALDSEN'S NAPOLEON.

DAY.

floats gently downward. Even her wings show the descending movement, and in her arms she holds two infants, one representing Sleep, the other his twin brother, Death. The feet of Day are separated in activity; those of Night are folded and turned back, while over them appears the emblematic owl. The drapery of both figures is beautifully modeled, and in each case is as expressive of radiant motion or peaceful immobility, as are the forms themselves.

It is manifestly impossible to describe, or even to enumerate here, all the creations of this prolific genius; but many of them, such as the Jason, Venus, Ganymede and the Eagle, Hope, Hebe and the bust of Napoleon, will occur at once to every reader. It may seem unfair to praise particularly any special department of his work, yet in my opinion it is the reliefs of Thorwaldsen that best show his strength and originality. This class of sculpture, which from the time of the first masters had fallen into neglect, he resurrected and perfected. His magnificent work, the Triumph of Alexander, considered by many

NIGHT.

to be his masterpiece in relief, is a remarkable illustration of his fertility of imagination, combined with scrupulous adherence to nature and historic detail. His four medallions of the Seasons, also, are as eloquent and idyllic as pastoral poems, Summer and Winter being especially strong and refined. Serious and full of fine sentiment as Thorwaldsen was, his delicate humor shows itself frequently in his delineations of the infant Cupid. Of these perhaps the most interesting is that which represents a shepherdess holding upon her knees a nest of little Loves. Two of them innocently kiss in pretty, baby fashion; three sleep with unaroused emotions in their cozy home, while a solitary, faithful Cupid plays with the impersonation of fidelity in the lower animal kingdom, a dog. To all of these the shepherdess pays no heed; but she extends her hand in vain to recover fickle Love, which flies away without regard to her entreaties. The dainty grace of the modeling, the simple charm of the design, and the careful fidelity to detail mark this as one of the cleverest of the artist's works, as well as one of the gentlest satires ever expressed in marble. It was in his reliefs, also, that Thorwaldsen found himself most at ease, and he improvised them with an almost incredible facility. It is

A NEST OF CUPIDS.

said, for example, that even his famous "Day" and "Night" were modeled in a single day.

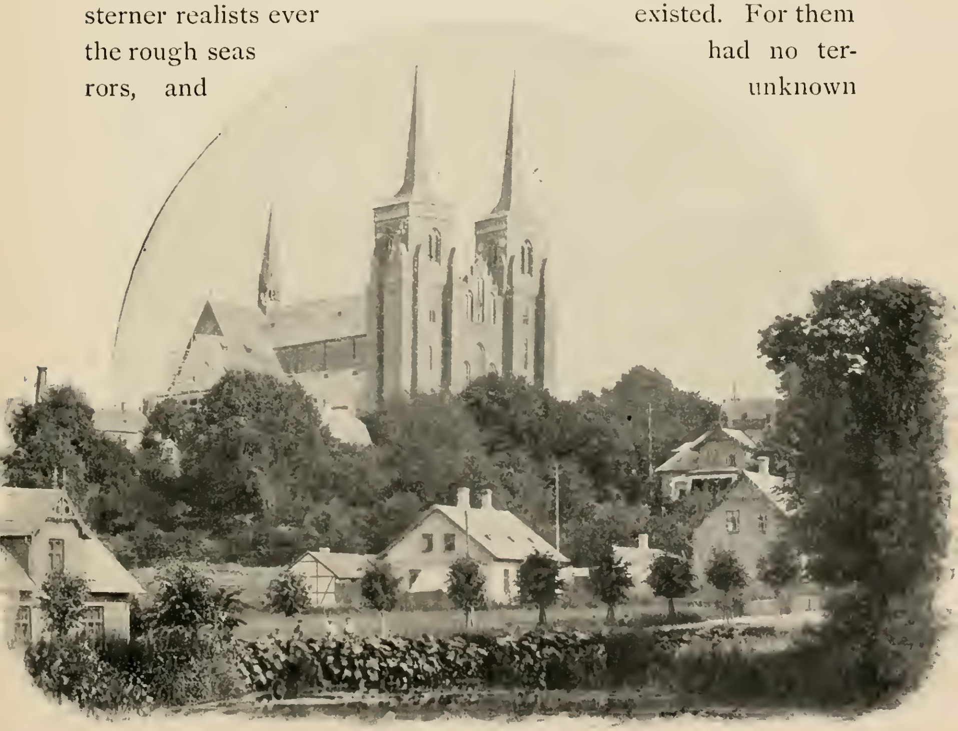
In Copenhagen, the city of his birth, rests all that is mortal of Thorwaldsen — the clay which the Divine Sculptor left when He removed His finished statue to the Halls of Immortality. But hundreds of Thorwaldsen's noble thoughts, embodied in marble pure and white as his ideals, live to give delight and inspiration to generations yet unborn. It was his unexampled fortune to see completed, shortly before his death, an edifice exclusively devoted to the reception of his works; and, as he superintended their arrangement, he expressed the wish that he might ultimately rest among them. His desire was fulfilled. No other man possesses such a burial place; glorious in artistic treasures of his own creation, yet simple as the humblest grave beneath the grass and flowers. In the Museum courtyard, whose only canopy is the blue dome of heaven, the sculptor lies at peace, beneath a coverlet of ivy, surrounded by a sleepless guard of gods and heroes, saints and angels. When the adjoining doors are open, on a summer day, the master seems to be reposing in a sunny garden, holding communion with his children. His is indeed an enviable immortality, enshrined not only in a multitude of noble forms, but

THORWALDSEN'S GRAVE.

THORWALDSEN'S GANYMEDE AND THE EAGLE.

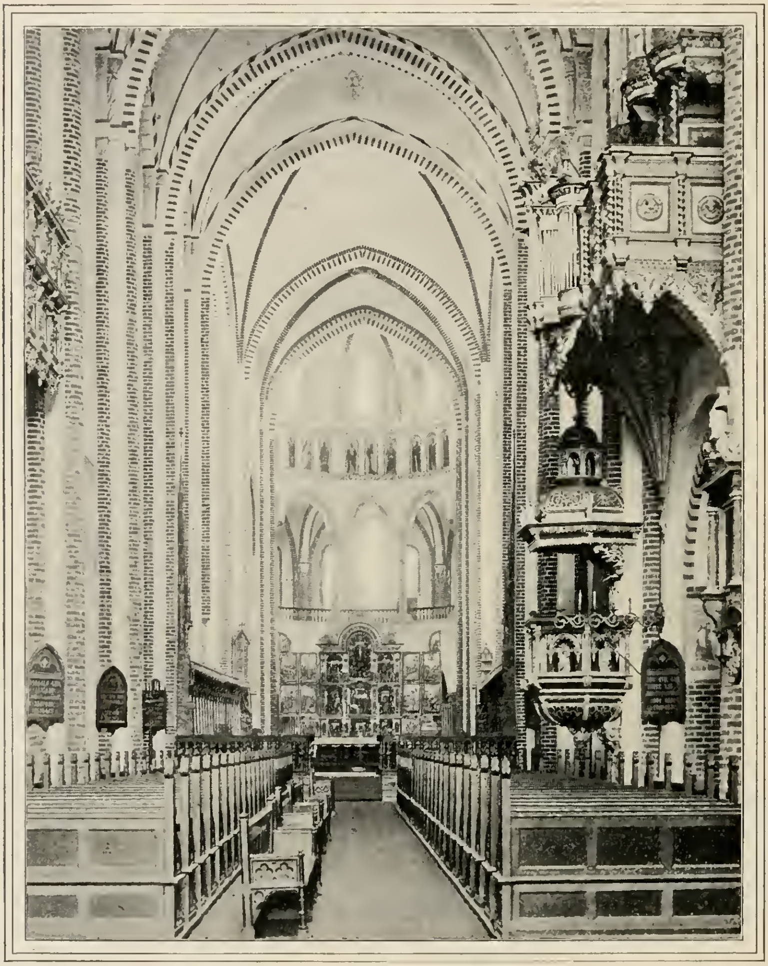
in innumerable souls made happier by his life and labors. Hence, as I turned for a last look at his low, ivied couch, it seemed appropriate to behold, through the great portal of the courtyard, his stately figure of the Prince of Peace, with gaze bent lovingly upon the sculptor's resting-place, and hands outstretched in everlasting benediction.

An interesting excursion from Copenhagen brought me one day in half an hour to Roskilde, the former capital of Denmark, and the residence of Danish sovereigns as late as 1416 A.D., when the seat of government was removed to its present site. Beneath the roof of Roskilde's cathedral rest all the kings and queens of Denmark, from the tenth down to the present century. I wondered, as I looked upon their tombs, where the fierce Vikings who preceded them are buried. They figure as the demi-gods of Denmark. Wild, reckless sea-rovers and conquerors, their forms appear colossal on the horizon of the Danish past. They are, however, by no means mythical. No sterner realists ever existed. For them the rough seas had no terrors, and unknown



ROSKILDE CATHEDRAL.

lands aroused in them no fears. For centuries they ravaged Britain, Ireland, and the north of France; and for a time the Danish sovereign, Canute, was also king of England. Though this great conquest was in a few years lost to Denmark, the Scandinavian kingdom added to its territory on the east, and at the beginning of the thirteenth century was the most power-



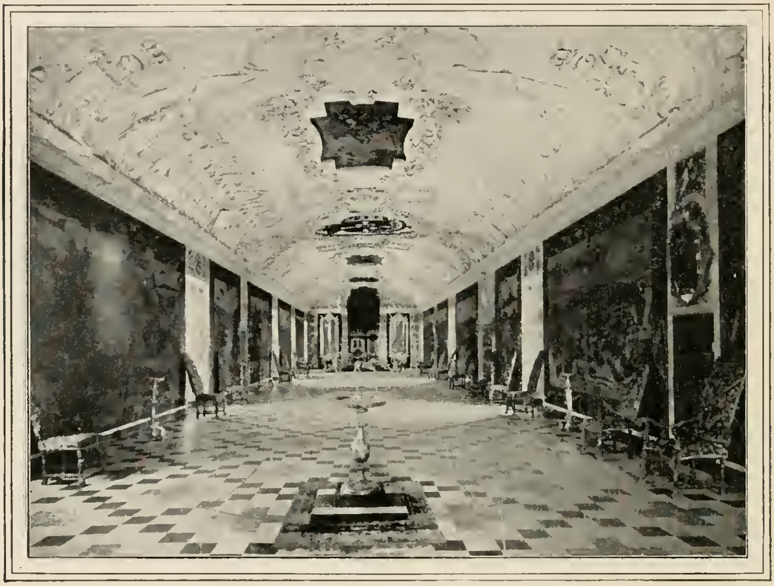
THE BURIAL PLACE OF DANISH SOVEREIGNS.

AMALIENBORG, THE ROYAL RESIDENCE, COPENHAGEN.

ful realm of northern Europe, possessing the entire Baltic coast from the river Trave to the Gulf of Finland; while, in the following century, Queen Margaret, daughter of the heroic Valdemar, reigned as sole sovereign of Denmark, Sweden and Norway. Remembering this, as I walked through Roskilde's royal burial place, I could but think how all the smaller European countries, which were once so powerful, have sunk into a subordinate position, dependent for their national existence on the rivalry of the greater Powers. Greece, Italy, Holland and Denmark, in numerical and martial strength, live only in the past. Yet it is well to remember, in these days of imperialism, that a nation's quality is fully as important as her quantity. In the opinion of scholarly critics the little kingdom of Denmark, with her two millions of inhabitants, has, during the nineteenth century, kept abreast of any country in Europe in intellectual activity, and in one department of art she has surpassed the world.

Moreover, Denmark's present ruler, Christian IX., has done more to preserve the independence of his realm than the most warlike monarch could have possibly achieved. For from this quiet northern home his children have gone forth to govern literally more than half the world; and, while they live, the Danish throne will stand secure from outward molestation.

Thus, one of his daughters, Dagmar, as the consort of the late Alexander III., was Empress of the vast dominions of the Tsar; another, Alexandra, formerly Princess of Wales, is Queen of the great British Empire, on which the sun never sets; the eldest son, the heir apparent to the Danish throne, has married a daughter of the King of Sweden; while his brother George is King of Greece, and has for his heir to the Greek kingdom a son who is wedded to the sister of Kaiser William II. But

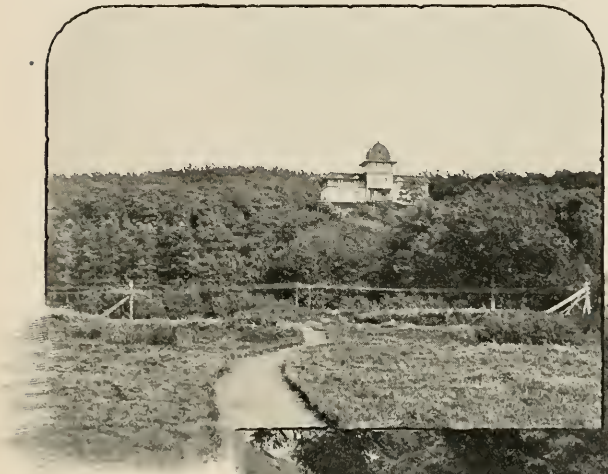


A RECEPTION ROOM IN THE ROYAL PALACE.

though these powerful alliances have now removed all danger of such loss of life and territory as little Denmark suffered in 1864, in her unequal, hopeless struggle with the combined forces of Austria and Prussia, the reign of the present king has not been free from much internal discord. After her crushing defeat and dismemberment by the two great Powers of central Europe, a part of the nation wished to expend large sums of money for the defense of the country. In particular, a line of fortifications

THE PALACE SQUARE, COPENHAGEN.

around Copenhagen was insisted on as absolutely necessary. The rest of the people, however, argued that the real defense of such a tiny land as theirs (which is only one-thirteenth the size of France, and has a population of only a trifle more than two millions) lay in moral safeguards, rather than in heavy armaments.



A DANISH COUNTRY SEAT.

A DANISH VILLAGE.

They claimed, moreover, that the nation was impoverished, that its coast line was enormous, and that if the capital alone were scientifically defended, the other ports of Denmark would be all the more exposed to the attacks of an enemy. This difference of opinion led to a bitter conflict on financial matters, which has been in many ways a serious injury to the country. Year after year the official budget has been rejected, and only a provisional one has been obtained as a temporary measure. Hence it has been extremely difficult to make improvements and reforms which an unfettered govern-

THE STORK FOUNTAIN.

ment, with a free, full purse, could easily have accomplished.

In 1886 a royal order was necessary to empower the ministry to pay the current expenses; and from that time till 1894 there was no regular budget, and many expenditures deemed necessary by the government were made under continual protest from the Folkething, or House of Commons. Since then there has been a compromise between the two branches of the legislature, and regular budgets have been issued; but it is probable that another controversy will soon arise over the old question of fortifying the capital, since the military party, supported by the government and the Landsthing, maintains that the city is not sufficiently defended.

In one of the busiest and brightest thoroughfares of Copenhagen stands a fine bronze fountain, representing a vase surmounted by three storks with outspread wings. It is a favorite

resort for children, and perhaps this circumstance first led me to associate it with the stories of Hans Christian Andersen, that tender-hearted, lonely man, who, although childless himself, has nevertheless become the personal friend of the innumerable children who have read his fairy-tales. These (like the very different, but admirable, Franconia Stories by Jacob Abbot) have been largely superseded of late years by a more sensational literature; but childhood is the poorer by their loss. Unfortunate is the adult whose prosaic maturity has been reached from a fairyless childhood. Wherever Hans Andersen's tales form part of the reading of the young, not only does the world itself become to them more beautiful, ideal and significant; but even the helpless birds and beasts are made happier, because such children will respect their rights, and shrink from any suggestion of their persecution. So deftly does he invest dumb beasts with human sentiments and affections, and so closely does he link their lives with ours, that children who become imbued with his spirit regard all animal life as sacred. Much of the love and sympathy that I have always felt for the furred and feathered members of life's lower kingdom, I owe to a familiarity in my early years with those charming tales, so eagerly devoured and implicitly believed. Life is with most of us a gradual disenchantment. As we advance, illusion after illusion is dispelled, and one by one the threads of faith break

IN THE DEER PARK.

STATUE OF HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

under the strain of rude experience; but of the losses of my childhood the most irreparable was that of my belief in the fairies with which Hans Andersen had peopled my little world.

In the park of Rosenborg Palace at Copenhagen stands a simple, yet dignified, monument erected by the grateful people to this gentle Dane who, touched by the hardness of their lives, devoted his own to making theirs more beautiful. A grove of noble trees stretches away from the spot where the old man sits in serene repose. A tender smile rests on his agèd face, softening and beautifying its rugged, homely features. In one hand he holds a book, and with the other he seems to be blessing the children who romp in happy abandon through the adjoining avenues of spreading beeches; for this garden is the favorite playground of the little ones of Copenhagen. On one side of the pedestal is portrayed a stork carrying an infant, and on the other are three swans, commemorating two of his dearly loved stories. Around its base are beds of pansies and forget-me-nots; but this mute, delicate appeal, made in the language of flowers, is not needed. Hans Andersen will not be forgotten. One may forget the volumes of philosophers, historians and scientists; but those delightful fairy-tales can never die in the mind of one who has read and loved them in his youth. They are as fresh in the memory of threescore years as any incidents or influences of life's first decade; and men and animals owe more

than ever will be rendered to this dear old son of Copenhagen, beloved by the children of every land.

Two palaces in Copenhagen, known as Rosenborg and Amalienborg, stand in striking contrast to each other. The former was from the fifteenth to the middle of the eighteenth century the principal residence of Danish royalty; the latter is the home of Denmark's present sovereign. One reared its stately form outside the city, and was separated from the people by stout ramparts; the other is surrounded by shops, streets and dwellings, in the centre of the capital. Rosenborg was splendid. Amalienborg is simple. The castle of Christian IV. represented absolutism and the divine right of kings. The residence of Christian IX. is typical of constitutionalism and the increasing democratic spirit of the age. The tourist goes to Rosenborg to see how Danish sovereigns used to live. He knows that in Amalienborg they now live no less plainly than their subjects. Rosenborg is a storehouse for ancient royalty's stage scenery and costumes. It is divided into rooms, in each of which the ceilings, fireplaces, mural decorations and furniture portray the style of art prevailing at the period when the objects in that room were used. One gains here, therefore, a

ROSENBORG PALACE.

practical illustration of the weapons, dresses, ornaments, desks and chairs belonging to four centuries of kings and queens. Some individual relics of these rulers are extremely interesting. Thus, in the room of Christian IV., who is commemorated in the national song, —

"King Christian stood by the lofty mast,"

are portions of the blood-stained uniform worn by that monarch in a naval battle in the Baltic, when he was wounded by a Swedish cannon ball. Near by are two small, gold-enameled hands, each holding a tiny piece of the metal with which the king was struck, and these were worn as earrings by one of his daughters in memory of her father's heroism.

The Dane who has in recent times done most to embellish Copenhagen, and to benefit his countrymen, is Mr. Carl Jacobsen. One of the most imposing and elaborately ornamented buildings in the city is the New Glyptothek, erected mainly at the expense of this enthusiastic art-patron, to contain his previous gift of a large collection of modern sculpture. Like many other noble enterprises, this had a modest beginning. The statues which the donor first purchased were intended merely for his own gratification; but the love of art and the joy of the

THE NEW GLYPTOTHEK.

A CORNER IN THE OLD GLYPTOTHEK.

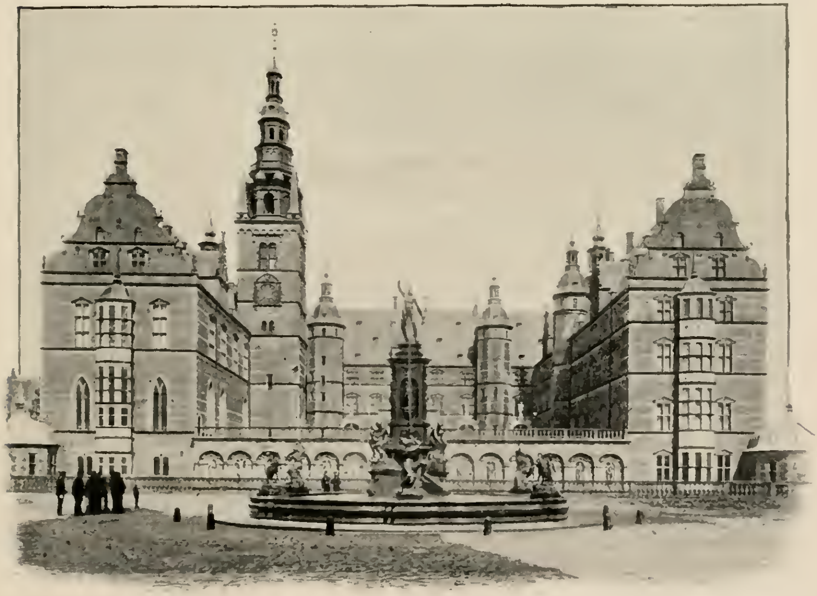
collector increased with each new acquisition, till finally the accumulated treasure seemed to its owner too vast to be retained in private hands for personal enjoyment. Accordingly, in 1888, the entire collection was presented by Mr. Jacobsen and his wife to the Danish nation. This, of itself, would be enough to insure his country's everlasting gratitude; but the philanthropist did more. Desirous of giving to Copenhagen specimens of Greek and Roman, as well as of contemporary, art, he applied himself with indefatigable energy and princely generosity to the founding and furnishing of another museum, called the Old Glyptothek. The result is no less surprising than superb. Here is now the most complete display of Roman busts and portrait-statues gathered in any one museum in the world. Yet the building and its contents were, in 1899, presented as freely to the State as the New Glyptothek had been. I was astonished and delighted to find two such collections in this comparatively unfrequented city of the North. At the time of my first visit here, ten years before, these noble halls had not been built, and the great masterpieces of Thorwaldsen were Copenhagen's only sculptures of transcendent value. But in a single decade, the patriotic devotion of one man has given to the Danish capital a wealth of art which every visitor must appreciate and admire. Denmark has been singularly fortu-

FREDERIKSBORG CASTLE.

nate in possessing two sons who, within half a century, have royally enriched her: one a magnificent creator, the other a munificent collector. While she reveres the first, she must feel deeply grateful to the second. When, therefore, in addition to all the gifts that have been mentioned, I learned that this same noble-hearted Dane had placed in one of Copenhagen's parks twelve reproductions in bronze of famous antique statues; had erected in one of the squares of the capital a statue of the Danish painter, Carstens; and had built, entirely at his own expense, the beautiful "Jesus Church," with its richly decorated interior, besides establishing a fund for the future adornment of public places and gardens with works of art, I thought I had never known of a single individual who had done so much for the embellishment of a city, the elevation of the popular taste, and the education of the people. Surely, if any modern Dane deserves a monument in marble or in bronze, and a still more enduring one in the hearts of those whose lives he will for centuries make happier and richer by his gifts, it is this national benefactor, whose services, it is to be hoped, will, contrary to

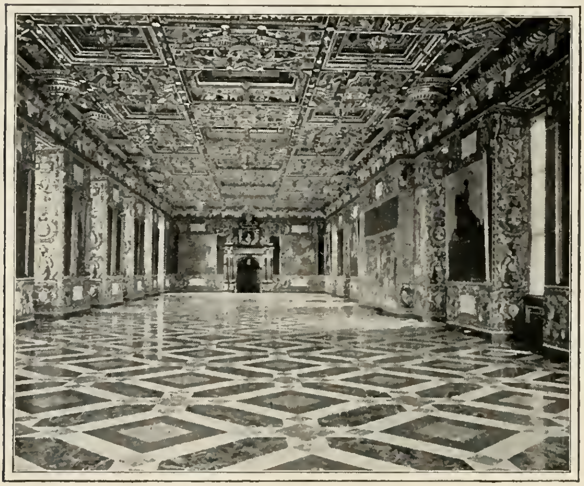
custom, be appreciated and recognized while the generous heart which prompted them can still be thrilled with pleasure by a people's gratitude and love.

In a lovely section of country, only a few miles distant from the Danish capital, stand two castles, whose names, Frederiksborg and Fredensborg, are so similar that by a stranger one is frequently mistaken for the other. A greater contrast, however, than that existing between these buildings it would be difficult to find. It is the difference between Rosenborg and Amalienborg intensified. Frederiksborg is a stately edifice, rising from a pretty lake of the same name, and covering no less than three islands, one of which is occupied by the stables and the servants' quarters, another by the official apartments, and the third by the residence itself. Its walls of old red sandstone are diversified by frequent layers and window-frames of gray. Quaint pinnacles and gables greet the eye at every turn; statues surprise us on the corners of the roofs like elevated sentinels; and numerous towers, half enclosed in the thick walls, give strength and grandeur to the massive pile, above which rise



FREDERIKSBORG COURTYARD.

three spires crowned with ornaments of gold. Founded by the most renowned of Denmark's warrior-monarchs, Christian IV., three hundred years ago, this was for generations a royal residence, and is to-day a national landmark of which the Danes are justly proud. In 1859, however, a catastrophe occurred here that shocked the entire country. In the winter of that year, while Frederick VII. was living in the palace, a fire broke out which in a few hours reduced the splendid structure and its contents to a mass of ruins. This was a blow at Denmark's heart. At once the nation manifested its desire to rebuild the castle in its original form; and, costly as the undertaking was, it was speedily accomplished. Subscriptions for the enterprise poured in alike from rich and poor. Mr. J. C. Jacobsen, the father of the patriotic citizen already mentioned, alone contributed for the furnishing and interior decoration of the castle one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, on condition that it should thenceforth be used as a National Museum. Such, then, it is to-day, bearing to Denmark about the same relation that the palace of Versailles maintains to France. Upon its walls hang admirable portraits of Denmark's famous heroes, musicians, poets, painters and sculptors; as well as



THE KNIGHT'S HALL, FREDERIKSBORG.

paintings portraying many of the prominent events in Danish history; while tapestries and furniture of former periods reveal the taste and luxury of Scandinavian kings, and the fine work of Scandinavian artisans.

A visit to Frederiksborg is a positive revelation to most travelers, even to those who think they have seen all that is worth inspecting in royal abodes. I know of few rooms so richly ornamented as the Knights' Hall in this Danish palace; and the Chapel, a restoration of the one where many sovereigns were crowned, is one of the most magnificently decorated apartments I have ever entered. One could spend hours here in studying and admiring the pulpit of ebony and silver, the exquisite mosaic woodwork of the stalls, and the superbly embellished ceiling, walls and arches; while that portion of it known as the King's Oratory has a marvelous display of carving in wood and ivory, and more than a score of pictures on sacred themes by the celebrated artist, Carl Bloch. Its beautiful organ, too, is said to rank among the finest in Europe.

THE CHAPEL, FREDERIKSBORG.

One needs to bear in mind that almost all this splendor is but a reproduction of the castle's ancient elegance before its ruin in 1859. It is indeed this fact that justifies its existence; for it has thus become a National Museum, not merely

FREDENSBORG.

in its contents, but also in the framework which encloses them.

It was on a famous national holiday, the 5th of June, that I last visited Frederiksborg; and on its lofty towers, as well as on innumerable private houses, I saw, conspicuous in the brilliant sunshine, the handsome Danish flag. Apparently no palace was too proud, no home too humble, to display the national emblem which, with its clear-cut, beautiful design of a white cross on a red field, is certainly one of the most attractive standards in the world.

The Museum, as was natural on such an occasion, was visited all day long by crowds of patriotic Danes; and, after having once more made the round of its apartments, I spent the summer afternoon ensconced with book and pencil among the shadows of the neighboring forest, watching the people come and go, like pilgrims to a hallowed shrine. Yielding completely to the fascination of the place and time, I lingered in the peaceful solitude and silence of the waning day, until there stole across the sunset-tinted lake the deep, sonorous tones of the new castle bells, successors of those melted by the flames. Foreigner though I was, I shall not soon forget the impression made upon me by both scene and sound; and, had I been a Dane, my heart would have

been thrilled, as those rich waves of harmony intensified the majesty and beauty of the noble structure, — a nation's gift, a nation's treasure-house, a shrine of art, a school of patriotism!

A pleasant drive of five miles from Frederiksborg to Fredensborg conveys the tourist from the princely to the pastoral, from the past to the present, and from pageantry to peace. Fredensborg is the modest summer home of Danish royalty at ease. It is the little Trianon of Copenhagen. Its name, signifying the Palace of Peace, was given to it in commemoration of the peace-bringing treaty of 1720, and its walls and towers are appropriately white as the wings of a dove. A tiny lake, but a few paces from the door, reflects the smile of heaven; while from its threshold stretches silently away a lovely park of oaks and beeches, beneath whose sheltering arms one walks enchanted with the softened light, the pure, sweet air, and that mysterious charm which such old trees possess for those who love and reverence them. It would be an ideal place for painter or poet, even if no human foot save theirs had ever pressed its shadowed turf. But Fredensborg is not devoid of history. Within this Castle of Repose there has been enacted, summer after summer for many years, a domestic scene, not less important than impressive. For here the children and grand-children of the king and queen have loved to assemble to render hom-

AMONG THE DANISH BEECHES.

age to that model couple, Christian IX. and wife, as well as to fraternize with one another in the delight of unconstrained and cordial intercourse. Beneath these mighty trees, or on the gently sloping lawns, have frequently been seen at one time, not only the agèd sovereigns of Denmark, but their daughter Dagmar, the Tsarina, and by her side the heroic figure of her husband, Alexander III.; the Prince and Princess of Wales; the King and Queen of Greece; the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland; and the Crown Prince of Denmark with his Swedish bride; and while this first generation of descendants and their consorts have talked and jested here as brothers and sisters, their children have strolled through the park, or played upon the lawns, unmindful of the grave responsibilities which in their different realms awaited them. At such a time, one may see, lying at a little distance from the shore on the blue waters of the Sound, several royal and imperial yachts; such as the "Osborne," in which the Princess of Wales was wont to come when visiting her parents; or the "Standard," that superb vessel built in Denmark, at a cost of one and a half million dollars, for the late Alexander III. The Russian Emperor for whom it was designed did not, however,

QUEEN OF DENMARK, EX-EMPRESS OF RUSSIA, AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

A FAMILY REUNION AT FREDENSBORG.

live to enjoy it; but it was delivered in 1896 to his son, the present Tsar, and that same summer Nicholas II. sailed in it on its first voyage from Copenhagen to England.

In these family gatherings only the trees hear the conversation of the various crowned heads; but one would like to know what confidences they exchange about the cares and dangers which infest their lives in their respective kingdoms. It is as true to-day as in the past that

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

ALEXANDRA.

There is hardly one of the princes who assemble here, whose life has not been threatened, and who has not escaped one or more attempts at assassination. It is not strange, therefore, that sheltered Fredensborg was the place to which, above all others, the late Tsar preferred to come — perhaps the only spot in the whole world where, with his wife and children, he felt free to walk out unattended. Something of sadness, too subtle to be defined, floats on the breeze that stirs the foliage of these whispering trees. One thinks instinctively of the future. Already one of the royal group is missing, and Dagmar, once the Empress of the Russias, is a widow. What a contrast is presented in the lives of the three Danish sisters! Behind the domestic happiness of the Tsarina lurked always the shadow of a violent death, and her exalted station has made her live in regal isolation, almost removed from human sympathy. On the other hand, the youngest daughter of Christian IX. wedded unostentatiously the son of the ex-King of Hanover, and, as the Duchess of Cumberland, has lived a

ON THE OERESUND.

happy, quiet life, free from distressing fears and the trammels of royalty. Alexandra, as Queen of England, is now the most prominent member of the family, and probably no woman in the world is more beloved. From the day on which she first set foot on English soil, greeted by the words of Tennyson:

> "Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
> But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee,"

she has so endeared herself to the British people, that the title which they have loved to give her is "Her Royal Sweetness." Soon, in the natural order of events, the King of Denmark must pass away, and the principal reason for these annual visits will, with him, cease to exist. One feels, however, that the trees, those leaf-crowned monarchs whose dynasties so long outlast the short-lived reigns of human potentates, will not forget them. Amid the snows of Russia, the frosts of Sweden, the smoke of London, and the classic ruins of Athens, these children of King Christian will work out their several destinies; but when they are all sleeping in their royal tombs, the trees of Fredensborg will still be standing here solemn and silent, casting their shadows upon other actors in the world's great drama, whose dénouement is for us a mystery.

Between the eastern coast of Denmark and the southwest shore of Sweden extends for thirty miles — from Copenhagen to Helsingors (the Elsinore of Hamlet) — the Oeresund, or Sound, the silvery link which joins the Baltic and the Cattegat. This

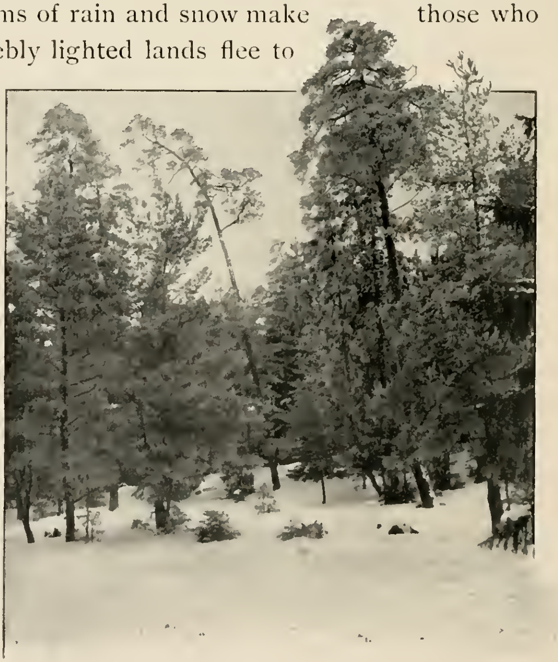
is the Scandinavian Bosphorus, brilliant, blue and beautiful. All Danish poets have extolled its charms. In sight of it the subjects of King Christian love to dwell, and at its name the eyes of every exiled Dane grow soft and luminous. To familiarize myself with its attractions, I spent two weeks beside it, at a pleasure-resort called Scodsborg. This lovely spot, a few miles out of Copenhagen, appeared to me ideal in its peace and beauty. Its admirably kept and scrupulously clean hotel stands on a terrace fifty feet above the sea. From its front balconies a pebble can be tossed into the waves, yet its rear rooms are shaded by a noble forest. This was a combination that I had never elsewhere met in such perfection and proximity. Thus from my windows, reaching almost to the floor, I could look straight across the violet-blue water to the cliffs of Sweden; yet by a little bridge, leading directly from my corridor, I could in a moment enter an arboreal temple, whose stately columns, long-drawn aisles, and delicately groined roof made all the cathedrals of the world seem insignificant. If I grew weary, therefore, of the Sound, with its continually changing hues and ever varying panorama of yachts, ships and steamers, I could retire to this leafy labyrinth, which skirts for miles the terraced shore. Here I could walk for hours in the shadowy silence of grand beech-trees, often six feet in girth and eighty feet in height, through whose soft, fern-like tops the sunlight filters in big drops of gold,

SCODSBORG HOTEL.

FOREST AT SCODSBORG

flecking their clean round trunks of dappled gray, and forming brilliant arabesques upon the emerald turf or last year's leaves of russet brown.

Denmark is at its best in early summer. Winter in northern Europe has few outdoor charms to those who love the sun. The limited amount of daylight then enjoyed, the great preponderance of cloudy over sunny days, the chilling fogs and long-continued storms of rain and snow make those who can escape such feebly lighted lands flee to the South, as worshipers of Phœbus. But spring and summer in these higher latitudes present some features which in part atone for the prolonged seclusion of the solar god. To watch a northern spring unfolding, one by one,

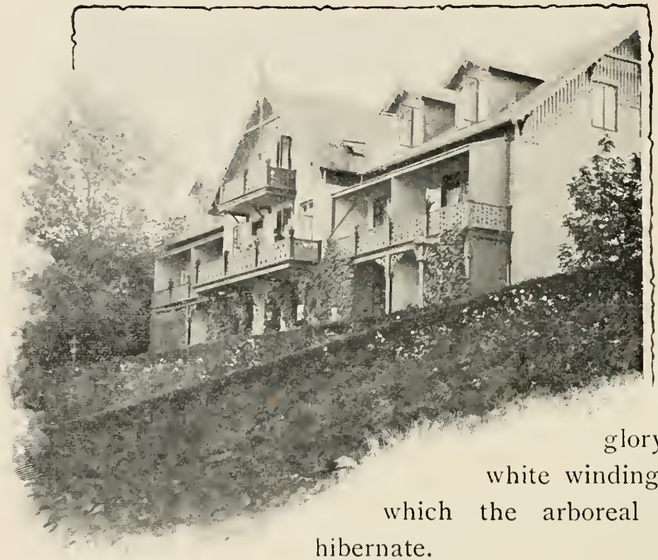


WINTER IN NORTHERN EUROPE.

the beauties treasured for so many months in expectation of this period, — each tree a herald, and every shrub a pretty, winsome page, announcing by their waving banners the coming of the king of life; to see the evergreens, those faithful guards that never lay aside their armor, growing more glossy and resplendent in the warmer air; to note the pulse of Nature once more stir where all has been so cold, apparently so dead; and to behold its heart-throbs break the ice which has so long concealed the face of inland waters,— all this is to enjoy something denied to those who dwell among the olives and the palms, and flowers that bloom the whole year round. The trees of Denmark awakened not alone my admiration, but my enthusiasm. I love a noble tree, and nothing in the way of natural scenery gives me greater pleasure than a well-kept forest. To watch the reawakening of a tree, to see the quickened vital current clothe its bare limbs with an exquisite green veil; then to discern the first few daring birch buds throw aside their silken wraps; and finally to see the unfolding of the leafy canopy, and the pinks and whites of fruit-trees gleaming in the sun, this is to witness in a fortnight's time a miracle such as Aladdin's lamp never achieved. Nor is the ground beneath forgotten. A wave of color ripples over the breast of Mother Earth, and speedily the

A PURE WHITE WINDING SHEET.

wild rose, sweet brier and azalia mantle it with beauty, while buttercups and daisies light the grass with glints of gold and silver. Such is the spring in northern woodlands. In autumn, too, how glorious are the trees, when some invisible power sets their foliage aflame! A prophecy of it has already gleamed in the clusters of grapes, turning to amethyst or amber on the hill-sides. A little leaf glows brightly a few hours, then floats down through the eddies of the air, its life forever separated from the parent tree, and doomed to quick extinction. Then, one after another, its comrades also blaze with color, fall and die, until a morning comes with crisp and frosty air, and lo! the scarlet maples, purple beeches and brown oaks all stand denuded of their glory, above a pure white winding-sheet, beneath which the arboreal forces are to hibernate.



A VILLA ON THE SOUND.

A trip in one of the little boats that several times a day glide up and down the Sound is thoroughly delightful. It is like sailing on Lake Maggiore, save that the vegetation and architecture are northern rather than Italian, while the cool, saline breeze assures us that we are slipping through a channel of the sea. The Danish shore consists of gentle slopes, covered with woods, in whose continuous frame of lustrous green are set, like pictures, scores of

SUMMER TWILIGHT ON THE OERESUND.

villas, home-like rather than palatial, embowered in shade, approached by lawns, and often bright with flowers.

A summer night upon the Sound can hardly be surpassed for beauty. It is not really night, but only curtained day. In June one reads here without artificial light at ten o'clock at night and at two o'clock in the morning. In the brief interval the heaven is not dark, but merely a deeper blue. At the first hint of coming twilight the scene is often glorious. Watch, then, the surface of the Sound, and you will see a wonderful expanse of varied colors, — sapphire, amethyst, beryl and topaz; now mingled, now in alternation, but always followed by the violet that comes with shadows. Over this rainbow-tinted area sea gulls are wheeling

KRONBORG CASTLE.

THE OUTER MOAT AT KRONBORG.

high in air, or swooping down so low that their white breasts are stained by the brilliant hues beneath them, into which at times they sink, to float upon the iridescent plain, too wearied with their flight to keep on wing. Later, the water is like a mirror, holding at once the last faint blush of sunset and the silver of the dawn. When the first light steals over Sweden's hills, the Sound seems never to have slept. Life is already active on its surface. The fishing boats are in their places; steamers are passing northward or southward, trailing sable plumes; ships come forth tremulously from the silvery haze, white-winged and noiseless as a troop of swans, we know not whence or whither; while, here and there, some tiny sails, floating upon the rim of the horizon, and tinted by the deepening color of the sky, look like the scattered petals of a pink rose wafted on the morning breeze.

At the upper entrance to the Sound, just at the point where Sweden and Denmark approach each other most closely, and only about three miles of water intervenes between them, stands the imposing castle of Kronborg, renowned alike in peace and war. A kinglier site could not be found; yet this has ceased to be a royal residence, and is to-day used chiefly as

a barrack and a lighthouse, although a few historic rooms are still preserved and shown to visitors. As a fortress, it would now be powerless against modern ordnance; but formerly this grand old stronghold was a watchful and aggressive foe, guarding the northern gateway of the kingdom as its most important sentinel. In 1574, when its fine towers and massive walls were reared, and rendered doubly safe by deep, encircling moats, Denmark was mistress of both shores, and every ship that passed between them had to pay tribute to the Danes. The latter were by no means satisfied with the formality of lowering a flag or firing a salute. Hard cash was demanded and obtained, the vessels of all nations being obliged to halt before the adjoining town of Elsinore, until their captains had, in person, come ashore and paid their tolls. Now that this "Golden Vein of Denmark" has become an artery of international commerce, it seems incredible that all the world should have consented to this tax, from which the Danes derived their principal revenue. But it was not abandoned until 1857, and then only in return for a payment, by the countries interested, of over seventeen million dollars to the Danish government.

It is a delightful experience to stand upon the ramparts of this ancient fortress and watch the ships and steamers gliding

HAMLET'S TERRACE, KRONBORG.

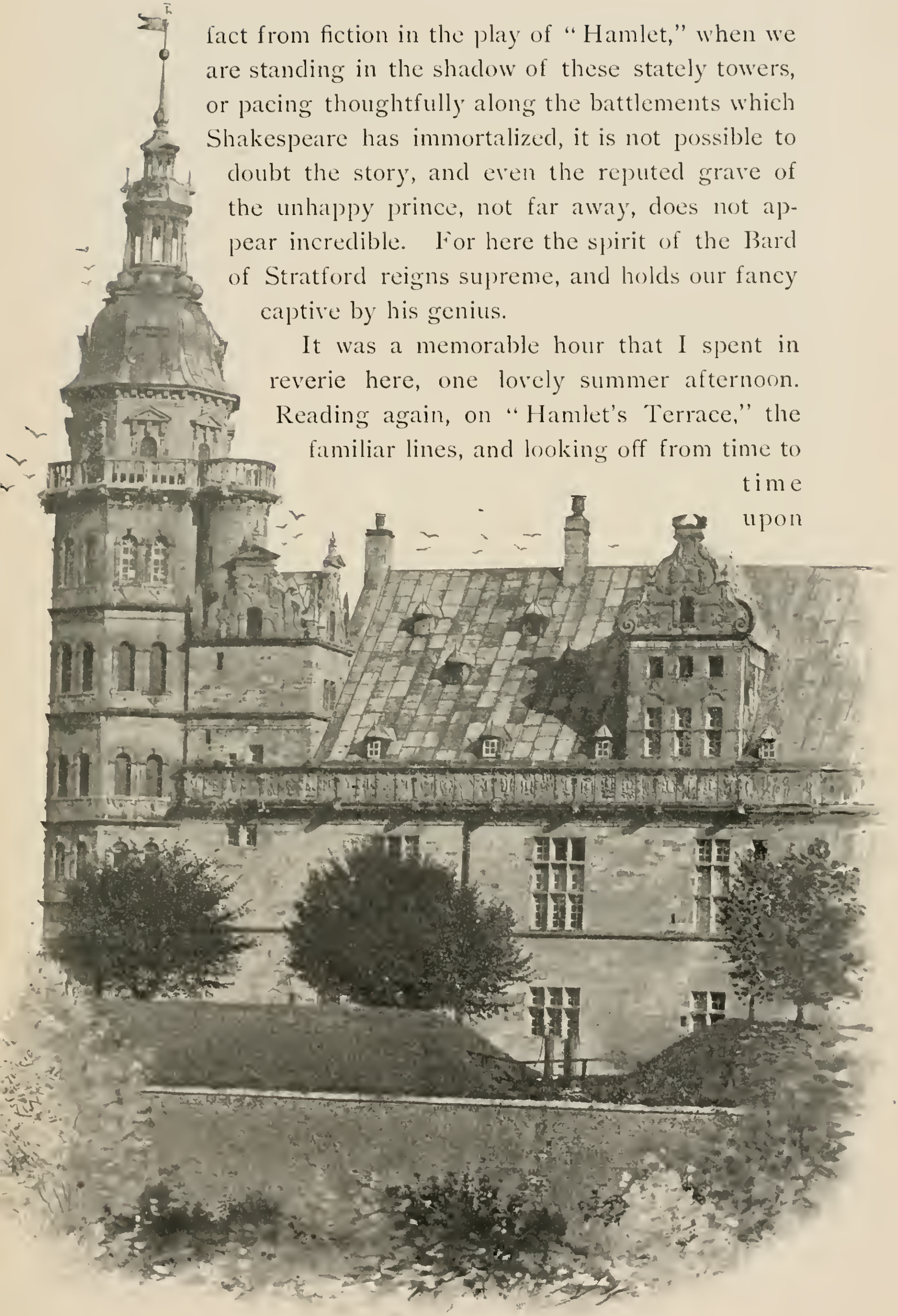
HAMLET'S GRAVE.

by with unchecked speed. No less than forty thousand vessels, on an average, pass the castle annually; but now the record made of them is merely a matter of statistics, not of revenue. Beside me, as I lingered on the parapet nearest to the sea, stood a Danish officer whose duty it was to mark upon a blackboard the nationality of each passing ship and steamer, and the direction in which it was moving. Among those registered that day in half an hour were five from England, two from Russia, and one from Turkey. None thinks of halting now. To their commanders Kronborg has become as harmless as a captive lion, crouched behind his bars.

Kronborg, however, calls to mind more memories than those of maritime control. Close to its moat, and dominated by its guns, lies Elsinore, the home of Hamlet. Here Shakespeare laid the scene of his great tragedy, and on the terrace which he styled the "Platform before the Castle of Elsinore" the Danish prince held watch at midnight with Horatio and Marcellus, and saw his father's restless ghost, while in the neighboring banquet-hall the royal murderer and guilty queen were feasting. However much we may in distant lands attempt to separate

fact from fiction in the play of "Hamlet," when we are standing in the shadow of these stately towers, or pacing thoughtfully along the battlements which Shakespeare has immortalized, it is not possible to doubt the story, and even the reputed grave of the unhappy prince, not far away, does not appear incredible. For here the spirit of the Bard of Stratford reigns supreme, and holds our fancy captive by his genius.

It was a memorable hour that I spent in reverie here, one lovely summer afternoon. Reading again, on "Hamlet's Terrace," the familiar lines, and looking off from time to time upon



A CORNER OF KRONBORG.

AN EVENING AT KRONBORG.

the spires of Elsinore, or on the blue Sound dotted with white sails, I had but to close my eyes to see once more the many representations of that drama which had impressed it on my memory, and different actors in the rôle of Hamlet appeared before me with such vividness that I recalled the very intonations of their voices. Alas, of all whom I had seen, how few remained! Salvini, it is true, still lives, though in retirement; but Fechter, Barrett, and the ideal Hamlet, Booth, have passed on into the Unknown, to learn perhaps the answer to that query, old, yet ever new: —

"To be, or not to be, that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them?"

Peace to their ashes! The world, too negligent of Shakespeare

now, owes much to those who once interpreted his genius to America. Their mantles can, apparently, find no shoulders strong enough to bear them. Strangely enough, it is in German theatres, subsidized by the government, that Shakespeare's tragedies are at present heard far oftener than in the United States. But in a foreign tongue these plays can never be the same to one familiar with the grand, sonorous lines of the original. I felt, therefore, on leaving Kronborg, a strong desire to revisit at the earliest opportunity the grave of Edwin Booth in beautiful Mount Auburn, and gratefully and reverently to lay upon his quiet resting-place some flowers gathered on the spot with which his genius has identified him.

It was a perfect evening when I crossed the Sound from Elsinore to Sweden. The sun had set, and yet it was not night. As I looked backward toward the glorious west, the castle's silhouette stood out in dark relief against a red-gold sky, while at its feet lay, like an outstretched Persian rug, the gorgeously illumined sea. Thus seen, the outlines of the fortress shaped themselves into the form

THE TOWER BENEATH WHICH HOLGER DANSKE SLEEPS.

of a gigantic dragon, having for its crested head the tall bronze spires, its darting tongue the flashes from the lighthouse tower, and for its glittering coils the double walls and moats. The weird appearance of the place recalled the curious legend that down in Kronborg's deepest vault, unseen and unapproachable, sleeps the old national hero, Holger Danske. For more than a thousand years has he been sitting there, his long beard meantime growing fast to the stone table over which it trails. While no calamity threatens Denmark, he will slumber undisturbed. But should the independence of the nation become jeopardized, he will awaken, wrench his white beard from its stony bed, and rush forth to the rescue of the Fatherland. Sleep on, old hero! If thy country's danger be the only reason for thy wakening, may thy repose be as serene as summer twilight on the Oeresund, as deep as Denmark's love for thee, and as enduring as the ocean's murmur by the walls of Elsinore.

LEAVING KRONBORG FOR SWEDEN.

SWEDEN

GRAVE OF BARON VON PLATEN, THE PROMOTER OF THE GOTHA CANAL.

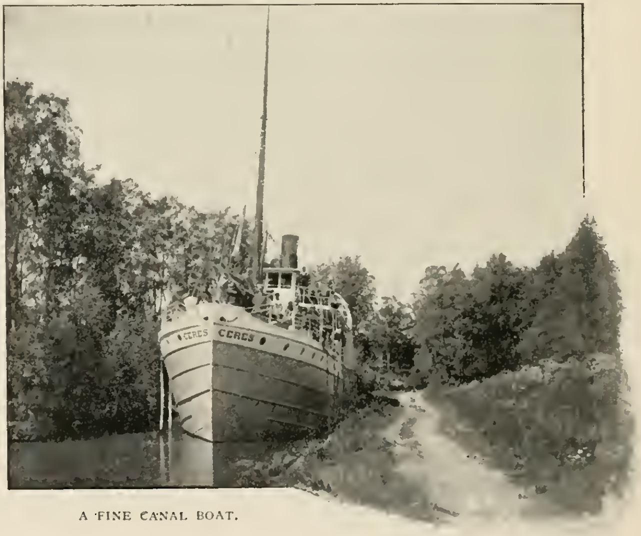
Sweden

WHEN God divided the waters from the dry land, He is said to have forgotten Sweden. At least that is the explanation given by the Swedes for the extraordinary fact that one-twelfth of the entire area of their country is composed of lakes. It is probable that these sheets of water, like the hairs of our heads, are all numbered; but in both cases exact statistics are wanting. Glance at Baedeker's map of Sweden, and you will find it as thickly dotted with lakes as the midnight sky with stars; while the innumerable islands on its eastern coast look not unlike the roe of shad. Under these circumstances, one cannot be surprised to learn that he can sail directly across Sweden by a canal connecting the Cattegat and the Baltic. The word "canal" suggests to an American a scow, a mule and a tow-path; and traveling by that means is now as obsolete in the

THE GOTHA CANAL, PASSING A BRIDGE.

THE "PALLAS."

United States as reading by candle-light. The Gotha Canal, uniting Stockholm and Gothenburg, is, however, a magnificent undertaking, reflecting honor on the nineteenth century which achieved it, and giving profit and pleasure to the twentieth century which still uses it. In 1890 I traversed Sweden in this manner. In 1900 I purposely made the same journey, in the same boat, the "Pallas," and with the same captain. The first voyage was delightful; the second was still more enjoyable; and if I could repeat the trip to-morrow, I would do so. A fast express train takes the traveler from Gothenburg to Stockholm in about ten hours; while



A FINE CANAL BOAT.

the canal trip requires fifty-six, or practically three days and two nights. Tastes differ, of course, and what is pleasurable to one may prove extremely wearisome to another; but unless some very unusual circumstance occurs, I think that all who wish to have a thoroughly unique experience, and desire to see the country as no other mode of travel can reveal it, will be abundantly repaid for the extra time consumed in traveling by canal. The vessels in which the voyage is made are by no means "canal boats" in the common acceptation of the term. They are screw-propelling, iron-hulled steamers, about a hundred feet in length, and seaworthy enough to cross the Atlantic. To one accustomed to ocean-liners they seem, indeed, like toys; but even toys are sometimes entertaining. Their tiny staterooms are like small compartments in a European railway carriage. In place of regular berths, such as most cabins have, we find in them two sofas, opposite each other, which are at night made up as beds. It is almost worth the price of the passage to learn in what an incredibly small area two human beings can sleep, dress and move about, without coming to blows; for the length of these diminutive bedrooms is but six feet and the width but five. It is especially necessary that those who desire to enjoy friendly relations at the end of

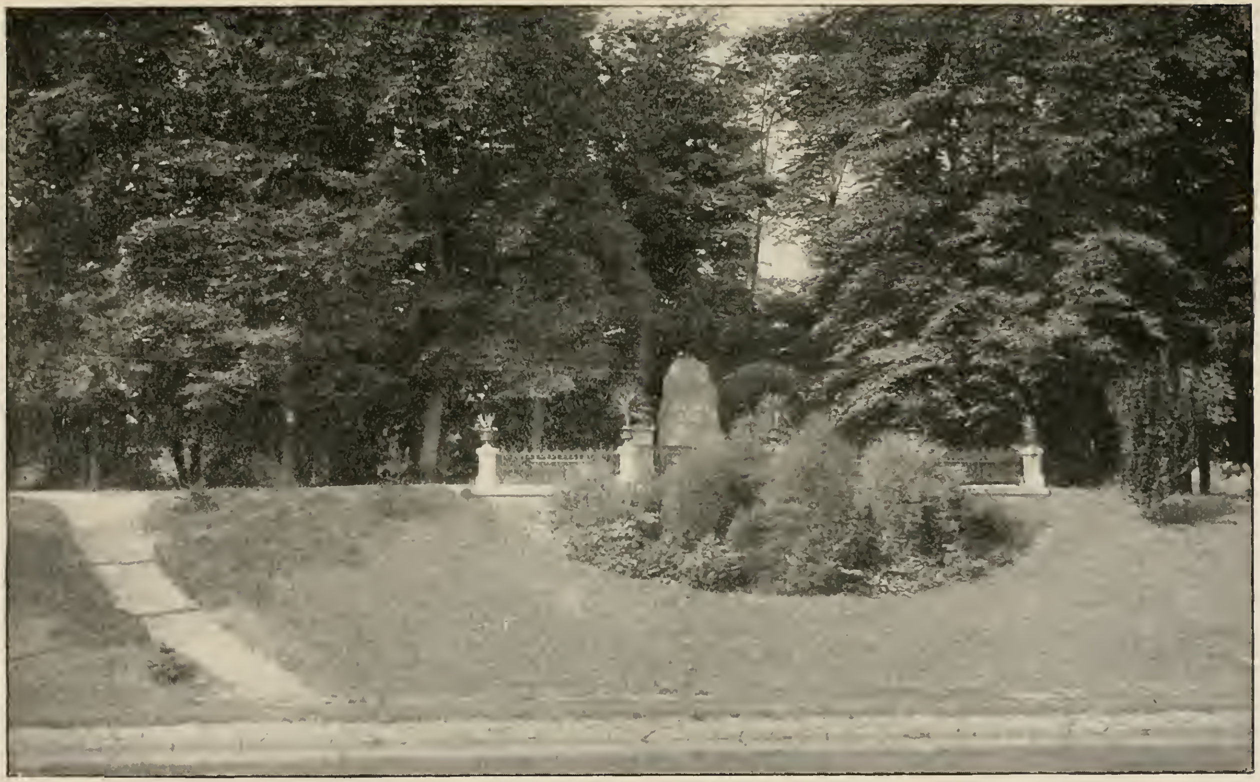
SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE DAY.

the voyage should always recollect that in the narrow crevice between the couches there is room for only one pair of feet, and that while one occupant of the stateroom is moving about, the other should steadily cling to his perch. Nevertheless, for a few days, this Lilliputian life is quite amusing, and in any case the trifling discomforts are more than counterbalanced by the pleasures of the trip. Deck space of course is limited, when the full complement of passengers is carried; but there is plenty of room for seats, if not for promenading, and

A SMALL CRAFT.

LIFE ON THE CANAL.

when the steamer is passing some of the locks, one has an opportunity to take long walks on shore. The dining-rooms on these boats are relatively as small as the cabins, the tables being so narrow that an absent-minded traveler, looking off at the scenery, has been known to help himself to soup from his opposite neighbor's plate. Here a table d'hôte dinner is served at two, and supper at eight, o'clock; but one can have a cold lunch, coffee and eggs, at any hour of the day. Moreover, the food is good and abundant, and unless the tourist is unreasonably exacting, he will have no cause to complain. A pretty

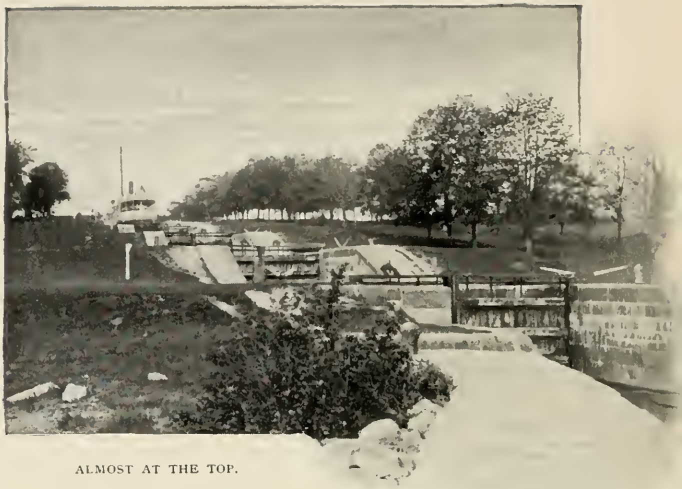


GRAVE OF BARON VON PLATEN, THE PROMOTER OF THE GOTHA CANAL.

feature of this life on the canal is that the waitresses who serve the meals present you with a book, in which they request you to open an account with yourself, and to note down under your own name whatever meals, drinks, or extras you may order. At the end of the journey you call a waitress and pay the amount that you have charged yourself with. Surely, if the Company is satisfied with this arrangement, the traveler ought to be. The Swedish system of the smörgåsbord prevails upon these boats, as elsewhere in the country. At one end of the dining-room, as in most restaurants in Sweden, stands a sideboard, covered with several kinds of cold meat, bread and butter, and smoked fish, besides a number of bottles containing alcoholic "appetizers." Around this table, before the real repast begins, the passengers assemble informally, and help themselves to whatever pleases them, exactly as guests would do in the supper-room at a ball. For this preliminary lunch a small fixed charge is made, no matter what may be the quantity consumed. Personally, I never fancied this Swedish custom; as the smörgås, instead of stimulating my appetite, had precisely the opposite effect, and weakened my desire for the subsequent meal.

CLIMBING UP THE LIQUID STAIRS.

The canal route across Sweden naturally takes advantage of all the intervening waterways, and thus one is continually



ALMOST AT THE TOP.

changing from river to canal, and from canal to lake, while at the eastern end the steamer threads a perfect labyrinth of islands in a sheltered corner of the Baltic. On the first morning after starting on this novel mode of travel, my companion thrust his head into my stateroom, and exclaimed in great excitement, "Come quick, and see a steamer climb a hill!" I hastened to the deck, and there beheld a truly marvelous achievement. In order to pass from the level of the sheet of water we had just been traversing, to a higher one, our boat had now to ascend a massive granite staircase more than a hundred feet in height. Even to one accustomed to the use of locks the scene is always interesting, and to a traveler unfamiliar with the process it seems at first almost miraculous. In one place there are no fewer than eleven basins, one above the other, mostly hewn and blasted out of solid rock. Each of these basins is one hundred and

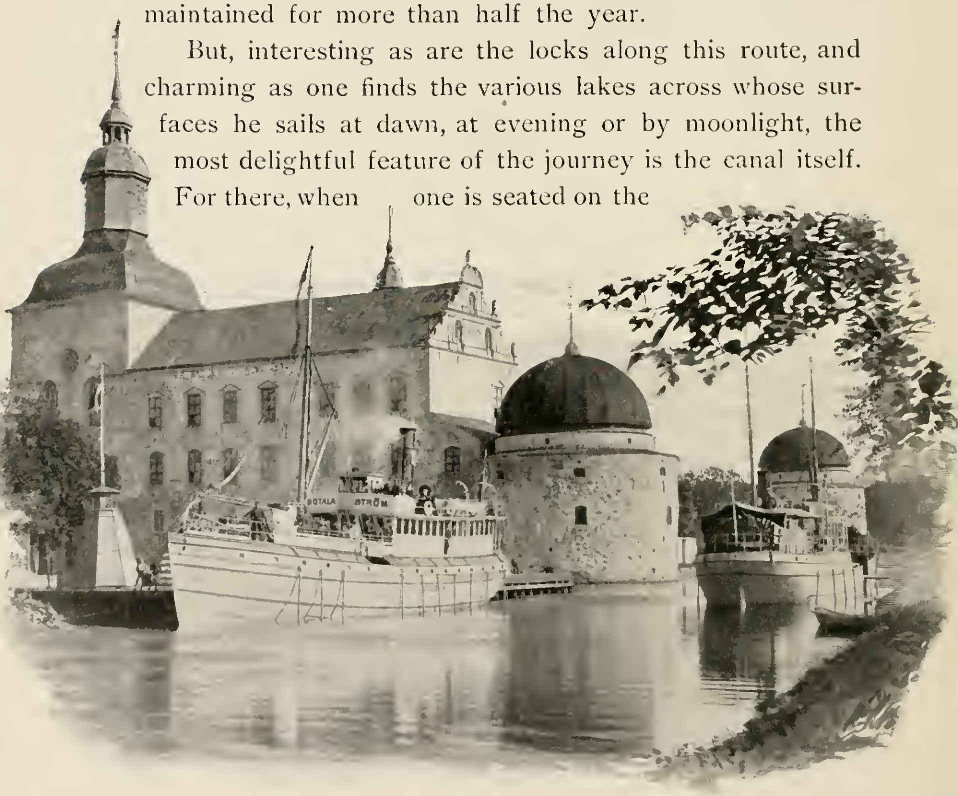
READY TO STEP DOWN AND OUT.

twelve feet long, and wide enough to receive an ordinary ship or steamer of that length. As soon as the vessel enters the lowest of these tanks, which is on a level with the lake or river over which it has been coming, two heavy gates are closed behind it, and separate it from the water it has left. Forthwith a slide is opened in the lock above, permitting the water in that reservoir to flow into the one below it; and lo! as the descending flood foams up around the vessel's hull, the iron ship is lifted like a feather, until, the basin being full of water, the steamer finds itself upon a level with lock number two. The gates of this enclosure are then opened, and into it the vessel glides, completing thus the first step in the ascent. A similar operation now takes place, whereby the water, introduced from the third lock, raises the ship another step, till finally the whole hill is surmounted, and the steamer, far above the foot of the great staircase where it started, moves swiftly forward on the next stage of the journey. There is a charming sense of novelty and wonder in seeing heavily loaded ships and steamers moving thus, as if by magic, up and down the hills, without the slightest insecurity or hesitation. Nature has here become a willing slave, and bears the burdens laid upon her without the faintest sign of insub-

ON LAKE VETTERN.

ordination. It is a striking illustration of the power gained by man when he has learned the secrets of the elements, and makes of them submissive servants, instead of cruel and imperious masters. Thus, going either way between the Baltic and the Cattegat, the fettered water lifts each ship to a height of three hundred feet above the level of the sea. In winter, of course, this route is closed by ice; but during the months when it is open for navigation, thousands of vessels use it annually. Not all of them, however, make the entire trip. About midway between the oceans lie Lakes Venern and Vettern, the former of which may be fairly called an inland sea, since it is more than a hundred miles in length and nearly fifty in breadth. Upon their shores are several large towns, between which and the capital on one coast, and Gothenburg on the other, communication by boat is thus maintained for more than half the year.

But, interesting as are the locks along this route, and charming as one finds the various lakes across whose surfaces he sails at dawn, at evening or by moonlight, the most delightful feature of the journey is the canal itself. For there, when one is seated on the



THE CASTLE OF VADSTENA ON LAKE VETTERN.

THROUGH SILVERY BEECHES.

deck, unless he looks ahead, he sees no water, but simply gazes on a series of sweet, peaceful landscapes through which he glides in silence and in mystery. At times a bridge swings noiselessly to let him pass. At other times a shaded path lies almost by the gunwale of the boat, and with a bound he could secure a foothold on the turf and walk beneath the trees. Thus, hour after hour, mansions, estates and well-kept farms, succeeding one another on each side, present the pictures of a pastoral paradise. Looking ahead, the line of water frequently suggests an avenue winding through a beautiful garden. Often the turnings are so sharp that it is necessary to throw a rope ashore, and by the aid of huge stone capstans warp the steamer round the point. Never shall I forget some vistas which I here enjoyed of Sweden's sunset light pervading in a luminous dust the adjoining walls of foliage, and paving the long, liquid avenue with gold. In every walk that I shall take hereafter through a stately forest, the curving

path before me will recall this bright, bewitching waterway of Sweden, bordered with silvery birches, quivering aspens, and majestic oaks, and forming a long, glittering belt, uniting east and west, and sparkling with equal beauty in the splendor of the sunset or the glory of the dawn.

Stockholm has incontestably the right to claim that it possesses one of the best hotels in Europe and one of the finest situations in the world. The one contributes to the enjoyment

THE STATUE OF GUSTAVUS III., AND THE GRAND HOTEL.

of the other. No scenery was ever spoiled for the spectator by the fact that he looked off upon it from luxurious surroundings; and nowhere is this better proved than in the Swedish capital. All travelers, for example, know how rarely one can find in any European hostelry private baths connected with its suites of rooms; but in the Grand Hotel at Stockholm these luxuries are as numerous and well-appointed as could be desired.

Accordingly, refreshed in body and serene in mind, one is prepared here to enjoy unqualifiedly the delightful view out-

ON LAKE MÄLAR.

spread before his balcony. In the immediate foreground is a spacious quay, where, all day long and far into the night, arriving and departing steamers cause a continual excitement of greeting and farewell. Yet this activity is not disturbing. Whistles and bells are rarely heard. The white hulls glide up to their moorings noiselessly as swans. Four or five times an hour, however, one sees a flutter of white objects, suggestive of a flock of sea-gulls startled into hasty flight. It is a multitude of handkerchiefs, with which the Swedes invariably welcome the coming, and speed the parting, guest. So long as a steamer is in sight, the snowy undulations cleave the air, and just as faithfully the answers float forth from the vessel's after-deck, as if a basketful of carrier-pigeons had been suddenly let loose.

Beyond this busy quay sweeps the swift river, Norrström, rushing from Lake Mälar, just above the city, on toward the Baltic, just below. In swirls of dazzling green and white, like an inextricably mingled flood of molten emeralds and pearls, the sparkling current dances in a thousand eddies, giddy with joy, apparently, at this its exit from the land-locked lake. Meanwhile, attached to either bank, a score of steamers strain their

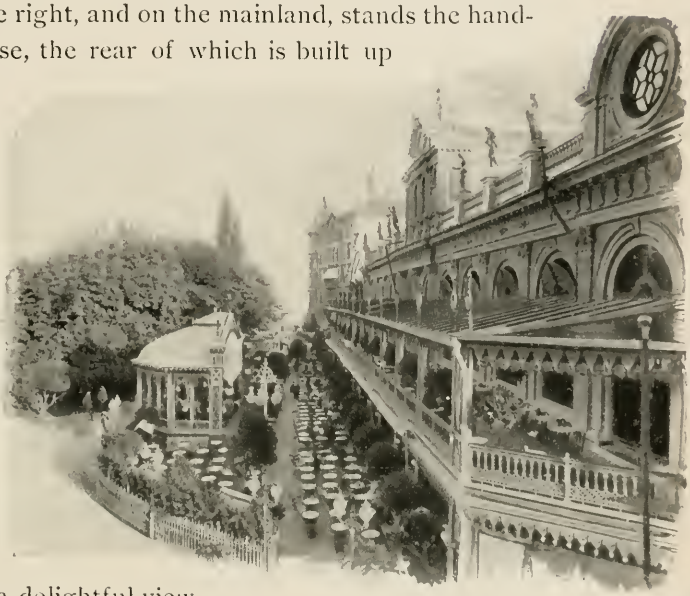
QUAY OF THE GRAND HOTEL.

THE NORRSTRÖM AND THE ROYAL PALACE.

cables, and quiver with impatience, so potent is the influence of the eager river which urges them to join it in its journey to the sea. Moreover, at frequent intervals, we see some tiny ferryboats dart back and forth from shore to shore, like shuttles weaving a beautiful carpet. Upon the opposite bank, and face to face with the hotel, stands the immense square palace of the King of Sweden and Norway, rising three stories high from a lofty terrace. The railing round the roof of this imposing building is reassuring, when one learns that on that elevation, far above the observation of his subjects, his Majesty regularly takes his morning "constitutional." Look to the right of this royal dwelling, and you will see in the centre of the river a little island, shaped like a tightly drawn bow, the bridge behind it serving as the cord. It is a garden set in the

THE STRÖMPARTERRE.

midst of the tumultuous stream, and bears the pretty and appropriate name of Strömparterre. Listen, and, if it be in the afternoon or evening of a summer day, you will hear issuing from it a selection from some opera or a strain from Strauss; for this is a popular pleasure-resort, and when at night its lamps are lighted, one might easily fancy it a brilliant barge, radiant with colored lights and resonant with music, floating down the stream. Still farther to the right, and on the mainland, stands the handsome Opera House, the rear of which is built up as a garden-terrace, where those who will may sit at little tables in the lingering twilight, and, far enough above the highway to escape its noise and dust, may hear the music from the neighboring island, enjoying at the same time a delightful view.



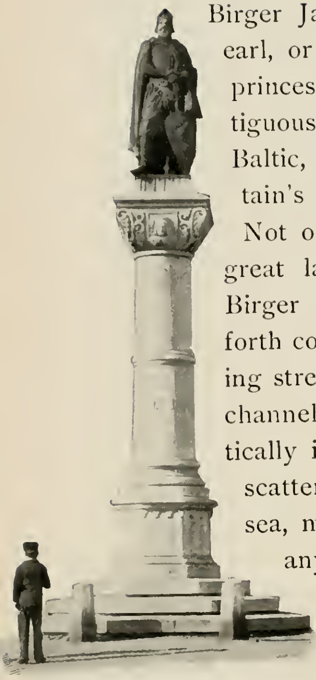
BERNS' SALONG.

The people of Stockholm are unquestionably pleasure-loving, and to a foreigner their spirits are as contagious as their courtesy is charming. For a city of its size, it has a remarkable number of open-air restaurants and cafés, where one can take a meal, or sip his coffee, while listening to an orchestra. Notable among these are the well-known Berns' Salong in the city itself, and the still more famous "Hasselbacken" in the lovely park, a mile or two from Stockholm, called the Djurgården. Moreover, the number of excursions to be made by boat to interesting places on or near

the Baltic is practically inexhaustible. Yet one must not suppose from this that one can sail directly out from Stockholm on the open sea. Between the city and the ocean lies a network of small islands, many of which repay a visit; while on the other side extends Lake Mälar, eighty miles in length, bearing upon its breast a veritable labyrinth of wooded islets which, with the winding shores, are rendered beautiful, not alone by nature, but by historic castles, royal palaces, more than one hundred villages, and twice as many pretty villas. I always think of the Swedes in summer as reveling in a long-continued holiday, and eagerly extracting all the happiness possible from the sunshine of which they are so woefully deprived in winter. Nor is this strange. In June and July the nights have very little darkness, even as far south as Stockholm; and there is no celestial radiance so mysterious and enchanting as that which lingers at that season until midnight in these northern skies, spreading a silvery sheen upon the surfaces of sea and land, as if the sky were a vast opal, softening the light, and blending therewith its own jeweled lustre — mingled frost and fire.

HASSELBACKEN RESTAURANT.

In a small, sunny square of Stockholm stands a marble column, surmounted by a fine bronze statue of the city's founder,



STATUE OF BIRGER JARL.

Birger Jarl. Jarl, in the Scandinavian tongue, means earl, or chief; and Birger, one of the powerful princes of the land, in 1255 A.D., fortified three contiguous islands, lying between Lake Mälar and the Baltic, and made of them his capital. The chieftain's choice has never ceased to be commended. Not only is this insular stronghold the key to the great lake behind it, into whose sheltered waters Birger was resolved no pirate fleets should thenceforth come, but all the moats surrounding it are rushing streams. In front of it, too, a maze of winding channels makes the approach of a naval enemy practically impossible; while from innumerable islands scattered broadcast between Stockholm and the sea, masked batteries could harass to destruction any hapless ships that should be caught within the meshes of that Baltic net.

A very different statue from the sombre, mediæval figure of old Birger Jarl, is the lithe, slender form of Charles XII., standing in a pretty garden by the Norrström. Called at the age of fifteen to the throne, and killed on a Norwegian battle-field at thirty-six, this monarch's short life of adventure, brilliant triumphs, and disastrous failures

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE AND TERRACE.

gave to Voltaire the theme for a biography far more exciting than most novels. For, when not yet nineteen, the youthful hero had destroyed by force of arms a coalition of three hostile nations, compelling first the Danes to make an advantageous peace with him, and in the same year inflicting on the Russians a crushing defeat at Narva, although his army numbered only eighty-four hundred men, as against forty thousand soldiers of Peter the Great. His third antagonist, Poland, he disposed of in the following year, and forced it to give up to him the province of Curland. Then came, however, the sad years when Fortune proved as cruel to him as she had been kind; and the astonished world beheld his own defeat by Peter at Pultava; the tragic death of his ally, Mazeppa; his flight into Turkey; his imprisonment there by the Sultan; his escape from the Orient, and return to Sweden; and finally his death, in the winter of 1718, before the walls of Fredrikshald. It would be hard to find in ancient or modern times a royal life so thoroughly adventurous and dramatic as that of Charles XII. Fearless and chivalrous, virile and virtuous, the Swedes forgive him for his youthful rashness, and recall his memory with indulgent pride. He touched the imagination of the people, and he who does that is remembered by them for all time. In the Museum at Stock-

STATUE OF CHARLES XII.

BRINGING HOME THE BODY OF CHARLES XII.

holm hangs a noble painting by Cedarström, portraying a company of Swedish soldiers bringing back the body of their idolized king, whose singularly varied life had come to its untimely close. Homeward, through storm and sleet, the heroes, many of them wounded, bear the lifeless monarch on their shoulders, while the mute peasants stand with bowed heads by the roadside in their reverent sorrow, and even Nature's face is veiled in mist, and her form shrouded with a winding sheet of snow. All that is mortal of Charles XII. reposes now at Stockholm in the famous Riddarholm's church, which has for centuries been the burial place of Sweden's royal dead. Neither the exterior nor the interior of this mortuary temple can be truthfully called beautiful; yet, seen at a distance, its tapering, openwork spire, piercing the air to a height of two hundred and ninety feet, is picturesque and pleasing; and the great nave within, whose pavement is composed of tombstones, and on whose walls hang hundreds of armorial bearings, is solemn and impressive. No ceremonies of religious worship have been celebrated here for nearly a century, except when members of the reigning family have been brought within its walls for burial. At other times the silence of the sepulchre is undisturbed, save for the footsteps

THE RIDDARHOLM'S CHURCH AND THE STATUE OF GUSTAVUS VASA.

of occasional visitors. Conspicuous among these tombs is that of Gustavus Adolphus, whose military fame is even more illustrious than that of Charles; while his beneficent reforms at home, together with his victories abroad, raised Sweden to the highest point of influence and glory she has ever known. The chapel where he lies is draped with faded battle-flags which he so often led to victory, together with a multitude of tattered trophies taken from the enemy. To right and left of the sarcophagus rise pyramids of drums and trumpets, which many a time have given the signal for a desperate charge, or sounded joyously to celebrate a victory. Their muffled tones were last heard when they heralded the hero to the grave. Now they are mute beside his tomb. The drum-heads, once so resonant, no longer vibrate to the rhythmic beat; the trumpets' throats are choked with dust. Some striking parallels between Gustavus II. and Charles XII. suggest themselves to one who stands by their adjacent graves. Both became sovereigns when in their teens. Both fought against Russians, Danes and Poles, and were victorious. Both compelled Poland to relinquish territory to Sweden. Both, also, lost their lives on foreign battle-fields (Gustavus Adolphus falling at Lützen, in 1632, as a leader of the Protestants in the Thirty Years' War), and both now lie beneath the same roof in the city where they reigned.

THE RIDDARHOLM'S CHURCH FROM THE WATER.

THE STATUE OF BERNADOTTE.

There is something touching and inspiring in the fact that, go where we will, north, south, east, or west, mid Arctic pines or under tropic palms; beside the Jumna, at the grave of Akbar, or by the sacred Nile, at Thebes; among the cromlechs of the Celts, or under the huge cryptomerias of Shogun sepulchres, we find no land too poor to have its heroes, and none with skies so dark that they have totally eclipsed the memory of a brighter dawn. In many cases death has given to those demi-gods more glory than they knew in life. The softening veil that Time, with kind indulgence, draws between them and posterity conceals their human imperfections while magnifying their heroic qualities; and even Mediocrity, which while they lived would only envy and malign them, now renders homage to their memory, because there is no possibility of being overshadowed and belittled by too close a contrast. "Whom the gods love die young," the ancients said. Gustavus Adolphus died at thirty-eight, as Charles XII. and Lord Byron did at thirty-six, Raphael and Burns at thirty-seven, and Alexander the Great at thirty-three. Fortunate those who die at any age, while still secure of love and admiration! For it is life, not death, that can estrange.

The most elaborate tomb in the Riddarholm's church is that of "Charles XIV.," which was the title assumed by Marshal Bernadotte, the founder of the present dynasty. In 1810, when Napoleon was at the height of his glory, his marshals were among the most conspicuous personages in Europe. Accordingly, in view of the fact that the King of Sweden was at that time a feeble, childless old man, it is not strange that the Swedish Parliament, in considering who should succeed him, decided to elect, as heir apparent to the throne, one of the Napoleonic heroes. The choice fell upon Bernadotte, who was forthwith adopted by the aged monarch as Crown Prince, and in that capacity soon turned his arms against his former chief and sovereign, and his native land. For, in 1812, after Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, Bernadotte joined the Allies in the great coalition of nations which ultimately overthrew the Emperor, his military talents and intimate knowledge of Napoleon's methods contributing much to the result. Posterity holds divided views as to this conduct of a former marshal of France; but there can be no doubt that Bernadotte's descendants, as sovereigns of Sweden and Norway, have been universally respected and beloved.

THE COUNCIL HALL, ROYAL PALACE.

The present highly accomplished king of the United Coun-

THE QUEEN'S DRAWING-ROOM.

tries, Oscar II., is the grandson of Bernadotte, his principal residence being the enormous edifice at Stockholm known as the Royal Palace. The exterior of this building has little to attract the tourist, save its commanding situation and immense proportions; but its interior well repays a visit. The state apartments are sumptuous in decoration and majestic in dimensions, the Banquet Hall especially being very imposing. This superb room, which must present a magnificent appearance when lighted for a festival, is, on account of its snow-white, glittering walls, entitled the "White Sea." I was, however, particularly interested in the private apartments of the King and Queen, as well as in those of the Crown Prince and Princess. These are usually open to visitors in the absence of the family, and are characterized by an attractive air of comfortable domesticity; their furnishings, though elegant and tasteful, being neither too rich nor formal to be freely used and thoroughly enjoyed. Thus, on the floor of the sitting-room of the Crown Princess I saw the playthings

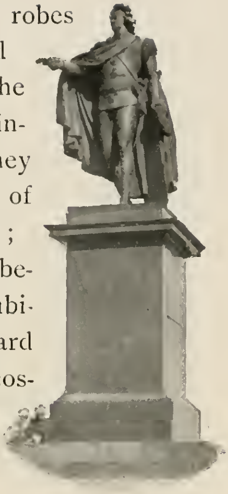
THE SITTING-ROOM OF THE CROWN PRINCESS.

THE STUDY OF THE CROWN PRINCE.

of her children; and there, as elsewhere in the palace, are proofs in clay and marble of that lady's talent as a sculptress. The study table of the Crown Prince, which he had left but a few hours before, bore many portraits of his family, and very pleasant were the stories which my attendant told me of the happy life, and cordial, unaffected intercourse of the members of the royal household. Beautiful paintings also decorate the walls of these immense but well-filled, hospitable-looking rooms, and countless seem the handsome ornaments which have from time to time been given to the king by royal relatives and friends.

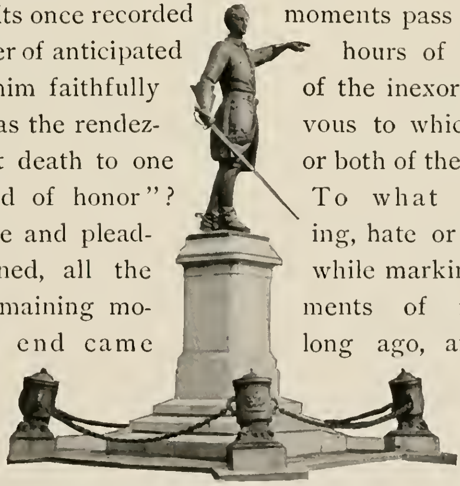
ARMORY AND COSTUME HALL.

One portion of this edifice is devoted to an Armory and Museum of Costumes, and contains relics of exceptional interest. Thus, amid many panoplies of war for men and horses, surrounded by a multitude of guns, spears, swords and helmets, are several personal mementos of great Swedish warriors, such as the armor of Gustavus Vasa, worn in his conflicts with the Danes; the sword and pistols carried by Gustavus Adolphus in the battle where he lost his life; and even the blood-stained shirt which, in that hour of death and victory, covered as brave a heart as ever beat. Moreover, among the wooden figures, made to exhibit the styles of ancient equine decorations, we see (preserved by taxidermic skill) the very horse on which the hero


STATUE OF GUSTAVUS III.

rode at Lützen. Here, also, are the coronation robes and gala dresses worn by the sovereigns and dignitaries of the Swedish Court on many of the notable occasions of the last three centuries. Linger before them, for a little, thoughtfully. They merit more than a mere hasty glance. Each of them once commanded admiration, if not envy; each was the cynosure of many eyes; and beneath each has throbbed a heart, it may be jubilant with joy, or, notwithstanding all this outward splendor, heavy with corroding care. This costume may have decked a breast whose thoughts and aspirations were as pure as Arctic snows; that may have hidden one in which were nurtured infamous desires and the basest crimes. Through one of them the shaft of Death has found its way. It is the suit of King Gustavus III., worn by him at the masked ball where he was assassinated.

Here is a watch without a name, or other indication of its history. To whom did it belong? Through what eventful changes did its once recorded moments pass? Did it remind its owner of anticipated hours of delight, and, later, warn him faithfully of the inexorable flight of time? Or was the rendezvous to which it led one which meant death to one or both of the participants, on the "field of honor"? To what impressive words of love and pleading, hate or threatening, has it listened, all the while marking off relentlessly the remaining moments of its master's life? The end came long ago, and now the hands point mutely to a certain hour and minute. Why did it stop just then, — and how?


STATUE OF CHARLES XII., FRONT VIEW.

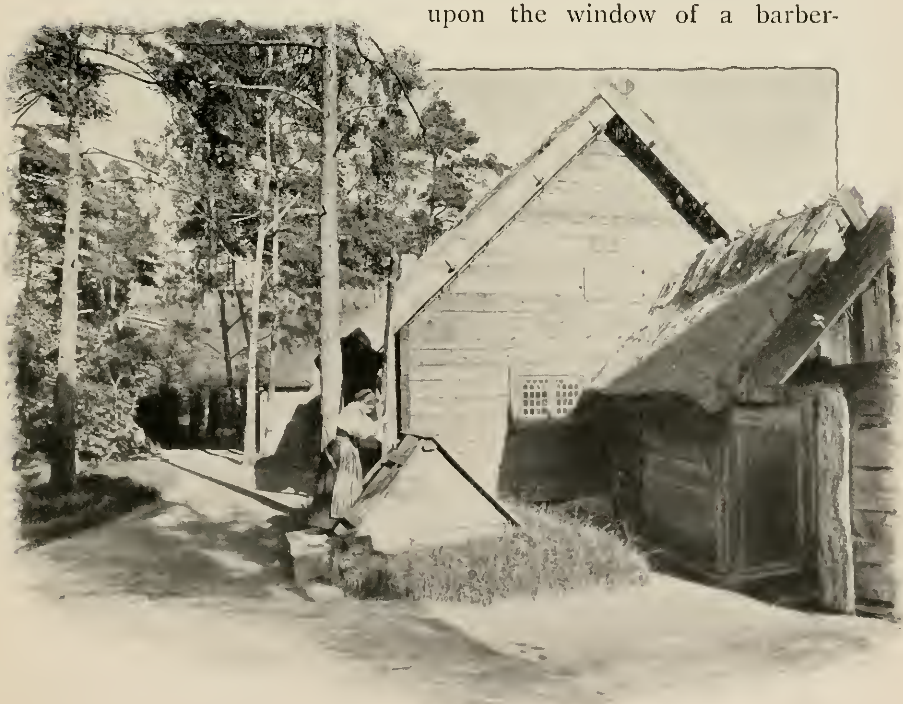
NEW RESIDENCE QUARTER, STOCKHOLM.

Here also stands the cradle of Charles XII.; and there, but a few paces distant, lies his hat, pierced by the fatal bullet at the siege of Fredrikshald, — pathetic emblems of the opening and closing of his brief existence, — the alpha and omega of his brilliant life.

Stockholm, in 1800, had but seventy-five thousand inhabitants. To-day its population numbers more than two hundred and fifty thousand. After an absence of only ten years, I found that great material improvements also had been made in the northern portion of the city, fine shops, elegant residences, and spacious boulevards having been added to its former attractions.

In walking through the Swedish capital, the traveler is at first surprised by the peculiarities of the language, as displayed on street signs or on passing vehicles. There is a similarity in many of the words to their English and German equivalents; but the way in which they are spelt suggests entirely different meanings. Thus, when I first read on an express wagon the sign, "Godsexpedition," I felt for a moment like the Italian priest who, on perceiving in a hat the name of its London

maker, "Christie," protested to the shopkeeper against the seeming blasphemy. But as I reflected that "Gods" in this instance undoubtedly meant "goods," the misunderstanding became amusing. So also, when, a little later, I saw on a large building the word, "Godsmagazin," I knew the name did not refer to any divinely inspired publication, but merely indicated a storage warehouse. Over a door, in every Swedish railway station, is inscribed the somewhat ambiguous legend, "Dam Rum"; but even the most devoted member of the Women's Christian Temperance Union must pass beneath this if she would enter the "Ladies' Room"; and in a similar way when one is offered in a hotel "Bad Rum," or even "Dam Bad Rum," it must be understood that it is only a bath-room, or a ladies' bath-room, that is meant. "Buljong" looks startling on a bill of fare; but on remembering that "j" in Swedish is pronounced like "i," we recognize our old friend, "bouillon." No amount of reasoning, however, can prevent a man from experiencing a momentary shock of apprehension when he reads upon the window of a barber-



RURAL SWEDEN.

shop "Rak Salon"; nor is a lady less alarmed when she perceives above the door of a coiffeur's establishment the notice, "Dam Friseur."

Rising conspicuous and graceful above the buildings of Stockholm, stands an open-work structure of iron, which looks like the skeleton of a lofty castle-turret. It is the tower of the Telephone Exchange, whose wires, vibrating with the accents of the human voice, extend, like nerves, from this gigantic ganglion to every portion of the city, and form a medium of communication with distant sections of the kingdom. The use of the telephone is surprisingly common in Sweden. In Stockholm alone there are more than fifteen thousand connections.

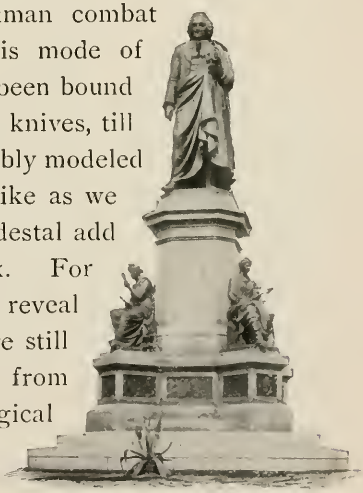
THE TELEPHONE TOWER.

Even the canal steamers are provided with instruments which, on the docking of the boats in Gothenburg or Stockholm, are immediately connected with the central station, thus placing the passengers in instant communication with friends whom they may wish to notify of their arrival. The method of telephoning in Sweden is also remarkably convenient. In every room of the Grand Hotel, for example, there stands upon a table a pretty, metal telephone-box, by means of which the traveler can, without leaving his apartment, converse with friends or trades-

A ROOM IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM, STOCKHOLM.

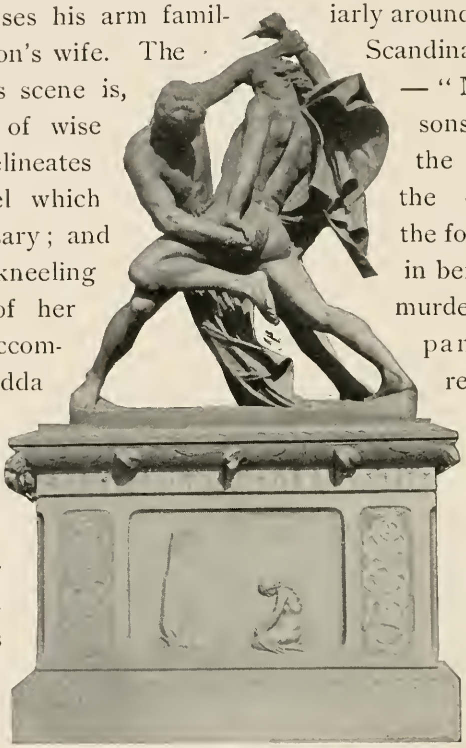
people in the city, or even at a distance. This little box is not only ornamental, but can be moved about from place to place, as easily as the portable electric lamps which are now found everywhere in Europe in many private dwellings, as well as in the best hotels. The Swedish transmitter and receiver are combined in a light metal handle, about the size of a small dumb-bell, one end of which covers the listener's ear, while the other receives his vocal tones. Hence, one can give and receive a telephone message in different parts of the room, and in almost any position, whether seated in an easy chair or even reclining in bed.

Though Stockholm has not many works of art compared with Copenhagen, the home of Thorwaldsen, it nevertheless possesses some fine statues of illustrious Swedes, including not alone the figures of her greatest kings, but also those of her distinguished scientists, such as Berzilius, the chemist; Nils Ericsson, the founder of the Swedish railway system; and Linnæus, the botanist of world-wide fame. Beside the National Museum, however, stands a veritable masterpiece by the Swedish sculptor, Molin, particularly worthy of attention, since it portrays the ancient Scandinavian custom of the belt duel. It would be difficult to imagine anything in the form of a human combat more sanguinary and ferocious than this mode of dueling, in which the combatants, having been bound together by their belts, fought with long knives, till one or both of them were killed. Admirably modeled as the figures are, and spirited and lifelike as we find their pose, the sculptures on the pedestal add not a little to our interest in the work. For here are four reliefs which in themselves reveal the origin and issue of the conflict, yet are still further explained by inscriptions taken from the old collection of Norse mythological poems, called the Edda. The first scene



STATUE OF LINNÆUS.

represents two men drinking liquor, which the wife of one of them is serving. Around this runs the Runic sentence, — "Not so good as they say it is, is ale for the sons of men; for the man knows in his mind always less, the more he drinks." The second relief depicts the influence of jealousy, as one of the men passes his arm familiarly around the waist of his companion's wife. The Scandinavian comment on this scene is, — "Mighty love makes fools of wise sons of men." The third delineates the preparation for the duel which the quarrel has made necessary; and the fourth portrays the widow kneeling in bereavement at the grave of her murdered husband, while the accompanying text from the Edda reads, — "Solitary am I become, like the aspen in the grove; poor in relations as the fir in branches." Intemperance, Jealousy and Murder! They are as old as the human race, and not yet has the world outgrown them. From these same causes spring earth's greatest tragedies to-day, though they are rarely characterized by the desperate courage which marked the conflicts of the Scandinavian Bältespänner.



THE BELT DUELISTS.

One of the pleasantest excursions to be made from Stockholm conveys the tourist over the sparkling waters of Lake Mälar to the classic city of Upsala. No spot in Sweden is more interesting. Upsala was the ancient capi-

tal, as Stockholm is the modern. Measured by space, forty-one miles of charming scenery divides them. Reckoned by time, one antedates the other by a half-millennium. Both have been great religious strongholds: one of Paganism, the other of Christianity. As the chief sanctuary of the old religion, Upsala was, in ancient times, the nation's heart. To-day, as the possessor of its largest university, it may be called the nation's head. In Stockholm are the tombs of Charles XII. and Gustavus Adolphus; but in Upsala rests their valiant predecessor, Gustavus Vasa, who drove the Danes from Sweden, founded an independent nation, and with his sword carved out the throne on which those two descendants were to reign. The word "Upsala" signifies "The Lofty Halls," and four important structures in the city justify the name. One is the old Cathedral, at the head of whose long nave, in an imposing choir-chapel, Gustavus Vasa lies, superbly

THE UPSALA CATHEDRAL.

sepulchred. Another is the huge and still unfinished castle, begun by him three hundred and fifty years ago. A third is the famous Library of Upsala, containing more than two hundred thousand books and twelve thousand manuscripts. Of the latter, one in particular is world-renowned. It is the Codex Argenteus, a transcript of the translation of the Gospels into Gothic made by Bishop Ulphilas in the latter part of the fourth century. The copy itself is supposed to have been executed only a century later, and hence is considered one of the rarest and most valuable manuscripts in the world. The fourth prominent edifice in Upsala is the recent addition to its University buildings, completed in 1886 at a cost of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It is a noble structure, containing about fifty lecture-rooms and halls, one of which can seat two thousand five hundred persons. Its vestibule impressed me by its fine proportions. Lighted from domes in the roof, one sees along its corridors, in both the upper and lower stories, numer-

WHERE GUSTAVUS VASA LIES.

ous reproductions of classic statuary, while the broad stairways leading from the lower court have steps and columns of green marble. But, new as this particular building is, Upsala's University is much older than the earliest similar institution in America. When painted savages were roaming, undisputed masters of the land, from Maine to Mexico, and from the shores of the Atlantic to the coast of California, students were being educated here; for Sweden's University was founded fifteen years before Columbus sailed for the New World.

More ancient still are other memories connected with Upsala. Some two miles distant from its walls rise three great mounds, known popularly as the graves of Odin, Thor and Freya. They are no doubt the burial-places of three prehistoric kings; for in each have been found the ashes of a human body, together with the bones of dogs and horses, burned with the chieftain whom they were to accompany, as he passed in spirit to the Warriors' Paradise. It is appropriate, however, that these tumuli should bear the names of the old Scandinavian gods; for we are thus reminded that a stately temple to the northern deities formerly stood upon this spot, within whose richly decorated shrine the last of pagan priests conducted worship as late as the close of the eleventh century. Accordingly, the influence of Scandinavia's

THE GRAVES OF ODIN, THOR, AND FREYA AT OLD UPSALA.

old religion still pervades Upsala, as though the spirits of her outcast gods were haunting it. This was, in fact, their final resting-place. Here the last worshiper of Odin knelt in prayer. Here the last follower of Thor poured out libations to that mighty deity. Here the old Faith of Norseland made its final stand; and, falling, saw the vision of Valhalla fade forever from the northern skies. This paganism of the North was bloodthirsty and cruel; but it contained both strength and majesty, and was as virile as the Vikings whom it nerved for combat. All its conceptions of the gods and immortality were characteristic of the men who conquered northern Europe, and in their dragon-pointed ships brought colonies to many lands. Their life in this world spelled but one word, — Victory. Their future life was summed up in the word, — Valhalla. What ideas were evolved from their imagi-

CASTLE GRIPSHOLM ON LAKE MALÄR.

nations, fired by conquest, lighted by the Aurora, inspired in summer by a midnight sun, in winter by the twilight of the gods! Strange land; strange Faith! Stronger than Greek mythology, as snow is stronger than rain, and Boreas mightier than Zephyr. Wagner could find for his grand compositions no themes so well adapted to his genius as those which formed

the songs and stories of the Scandinavian sea kings. Their heaven was called Gladsheim, or the Home of Joy. There the abode of Odin had a roof of gold, and on the walls of its innumerable halls hung, as their choicest ornaments, swords, spears, and shields. Forth from its hundreds of wide portals issued daily multitudes of heroes to contend in

THE NEW UNIVERSITY BUILDING.

battle, returning in the evening to a banquet, where Odin sat as host, and the Valkyrs passed among the tables, serving foaming mead. These maidens were by day the messengers of Odin, and swift as meteors was their flight when sent out on their errands through the sky. Among them was Brunhilde, Odin's daughter; and one of their most important duties was to act as "Choosers of the Slain"; when, riding through the air, invisible, above the scene of conflict, they designated with their spears the warriors who should fall, and whom they must themselves bear off in triumph to Valhalla.

There is something sad in the extinction of a really fine mythology. Together with much worthless superstition, a certain element of poetry is thereby taken from the world, never to be replaced. Hence, standing on this last great stronghold

of the Norse religion, I felt as I had done at Philæ, the final refuge of the Faith of Isis and Osiris; and on the site of Grecian temples, where headless statues and abandoned shrines recalled the vanished Hermes and Apollo; and in the sacred grove of Nikko, where Japan's immemorial beliefs are falling, one by one, like autumn leaves. The childhood of the race was credulous; its youth intolerant and zealous; but its maturity is cynical through skepticism. The world grows old. Crusaders and cathedral builders come no more. Most of man's former faiths are now regarded fabulous. Their prophets have become as phantoms, and their gods as ghosts. The Dryads have been driven from the trees, and from the streams the Nymphs. The sun is robbed of Phœbus, and the stars of souls. The sea no longer recognizes Neptune and his Tritons; and Aphrodite comes not to her native waves. We

A VALKYR, FROM A PAINTING BY ARBO.

speak continually, in our weekly calendar, of Odin's or Wodan's day, Thor's day, and Freya's day; but to the Norse divinities, whose names are thus perpetuated in our common speech, we rarely pay the tribute of a thought. Our warriors charge in battle; but they have not the creed which thrilled the Vikings of the olden time; for where are the Valkyrs to uplift them on their fiery steeds and bear them to Valhalla? The universe has been depopulated of its deities. Even the most devout of men fears now to form a mental image of Divinity, perceiving that the Infinite cannot be defined and limited, and that his former anthropomorphic God was but the magnified reflection of his own ideals. Thus, man is left — superior in science, but bereft at heart — standing upon the planet's rim, and gazing into shoreless space. From time to time he sees a comrade slip into the silent void; but, peer as keenly as he can into the darkness, nothing meets

THOR, A STATUE BY FOGELBERG.

his gaze; strain as he may his hearing, he detects no sound. The one thing certain is that he, too, in his turn must make the plunge. Yet, though the Tree of Knowledge cannot truthfully be called the Tree of Happiness, one who has tasted of its fruit must live by it for evermore; and though his heart may yearn at times for the sweet, sheltered valley of his childhood, he still elects to stand upon the lonely height, and looks off wistfully and wonderingly at the distant stars.

A WINTER SCENE IN SWEDEN.

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AND

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